To reyſe a toure ſo high ſo large and longe

For to this day touchynge the great might
Of this toure which babell men yit call
Men fro ferre may haue therof a ſight
It ſurmounteth other toures all
Of which werke thus it is bifall
Of ſerpentes and many a great dragon
It is nowe callyd cheef habitacion

That noman dare as they it ſe
For wickyd eyre and for corrupcion
By a great ſpace and in a grete cuntre
Aproche nor nere that merueylous dungeon
So venymous was that manſion
And ſo terrible that noman dare approche
Lyke to a mountayn byldyd on a roche

And as men ſay that hadde therto repeyre
This toure atteyneth vnto the ſterres clere
And tranſcendeth the region of the eyre
The ſtones and the ſyment were made of ſuch mater
And the ioynynge ſo ſtedfaſte and entier
Though fyre and water both dyd it aſſeyle
But lytell or nought their power ſhulde auayle

It was made ſo mighty to endure
So well aſſueryd by diſpoſicion
That in this worlde no lyuynge creature
Sawe neuer none lyke in comparison
whoos reryng vp was cheif occaſion
And the riches of the maſonrie
were through Nembrothe of pryde and ſurquedie

Demyd proudly as in his auice
he tranſcendyd all other in nobleſſe
Thought himſelf moſte mighty and wyſe
felowe to god as by lykneſſe
But god that can all worldely pride oppreſſe
And make princes eclypſen in their glorie
Suche as truſt in thynges tranſitorie

The ſame lorde of his eternall might
This toure which Nembroth lyſte to edifye
he made with thondre and leuyn light
Therof to fall a full great partye
The boiſtous wyndes and the rage ſkye
And goddes power on that other ſyde
Bygan thus abate a parcell of his pryde

And in diſcente and fallynge of the ſtones
Of the werkmen full many a man was dede
And oppreſſed their backe broken and bones
The maſonrye with their blode was rede
yet proud Nembrothe that of this werke was hede
With all theſe ſygnes his lorde he lyſt nat knowe
For which his pompe was after brought full lowe

But in his errour procedith furth of newe
Thought he wolde gete him ſelf aname
Of melancoly can chaunge loke and hewe
And begawne alſo to temple and atame
For to encreas and magnify his fame
A newe toure to edifye ageyn
Lyke as god had ben blynde and nothynge ſeen

He wolde haue raught vp to the ſterrys ſeuyn
By thaſſent of them that can him firſt counſeyle
Robbyd god and from him raught the heuyn
But who preſumeth the lorde aboue taſſayle
It were no reaſon that he ſhulde auayle
Prynces may well ayenſt him cry loude
But his powere may clipſe with no cloude

For in the myddes of his grete empriſes
This proude Nembroth makynge his maſons
For to cumpas and caſt their deuiſes
Geometries in their diuiſions
But god that hath his aſpeccions
Seynge thentente of euery erthly man
As he that is moſte mighty and beſt can

Ayenſt their malice make reſiſtence
Their worldly power their dominacion
Of his vengeable and moſte magnificence
He can chaſtyce and ouer wheline downe
The pryde of princes in euery region
By enſaumple of Nembrothe as ye ſhal here
whoſe pompe raught aboue the ſterres clere

For whanne his werkmen ſtode at a auauntage
And mooſt were beſy to his intencion
And byfore that tyme ſpake all one langage
All ſodenly by tranſmutacion
There was of tonges made a diuiſion
That in their wyrkynge as they can obreyde
No man wiſt what that other ſaide

And it is lykly accordynge with reaſon
So as chaunge was made of their langages
So of their hertys was made diuiſion
Bothe of their wyll and of their corages
And in aſcendynge of their worchynge ſtages

There was ſuch chaunge of brother vnto brother
Lyke ſtraungers noon knewe thentent of other

Myne auctour trowith that this aduerſite
Was for ther gilt cauſyd by vengeaunce
Or elles god of right and equyte
Diſpoſith hath in his ordenaunce
To be amonge theym ſo greate a varyaunce
That thurgh the worlde they ſhulde theym ſelf diuide
And for Nembroth diſſeuer and nat abyde

They ganne anone amonge theym ſelf diſdeyn
To accepte this Nembroth for theyr kynge
And amonge forſoth there was nat tweyne
Oon of another that had clere knowynge
Neither of their ſpech that knewe the pleyne menyng
For which the cuntre of ſennaar they forſoke
And ech of theym aſundry cuntre toke

They deptyd and made no lenger ſpace
Folowyng the fortune of their diuiſion
And beganne to cheſe theym a newe dwellynge place
In the ptyes of many a region
And thus Nembroth was pryuyd and put doun
And of babell the myghty famous toure
He was callyd no lenger poſſeſſoure

For ayenſt the pride of this Nembroth
Frowarde fortune gan her cours to varye
And god alſo was in maner wroth
Of ſurquedie that he was ſo contrarie
And for the place was wilde and ſolitarie
Of this ſennaar a furious ſauage
Nembroth gan to feble and falle in greate age

And yit ſūme bokes of him ſpecifie
He waxe frowarde of his condicion
And was firſt grounde of ydolatrie
And fynder vp of falſe religion
Cauſynge people to haue an opinion
Goddes to worſhip in paynymes wyſe
Founder of rightes and of falſe ſacrifice

Towarde perce chees his dwellynge place
The which cuntre is in the orient
That his lordſhip ſhulde ſtretche a greate ſpace
He bowyd him vnto the occident
For Perce lande hath his extent
Towarde the parties of the rede ſee
And this londe Perce who ſo liſt to ſe

As bochas olde remembre and put in mynde
Howe that perce coſtith enuyron
Septemtrion and the greate ynde
And many an other myghty region
Where Nembroth hadde firſt dominacion
Which extēdith as bokes ſpecifie
Oute of mede into Garmanye

But in lordſhippes as myn auctour ſaith
Withoute that vertue be ther true gyde
In theym there is ſuraunce none ne faith
Thinge that paſſith may no while abyde
Wherfore bochas in aſpyte of pride
And in rebukynge of all folkes proude
Makynge his compleynt crieth to them full loude

¶ An exclamacion of bochas ayen all proude men ſhewynge howe god may theym and their pride whā him beſt liſt by many diuers meanes and wayes punyſſhe and chaſtiſe

y Ye all proude mooſt ryall in your flourres
Which that mooſt truſt to reigne longe
Dreſſith vp your roches and your toures
And ayenſt god make your ſelfe ſtronge
And lete your power proudly vnderfonge
Your ſelf with pride for to magnifye
Ayēſt the heuyn to holde the champartye

Bildyth vp your caſtelles reyſe theym vp on hight
Of adamantys with yron ſtronge ybounde
With ſquare ſtonys large and huge of hight
Reyſe vp youre walles mooſt myghty and profounde
And ſhyt your dungeons with myghty cheynes roūd
Lete men of armes who euir wake or ſlepe
Nyght and day your watch ſo ſtraytly kepe

As god ne may in your opinions
Your fortreſſes myght nat aſſayle
Your caſtelles ne your ſtronge dungeons
Stuffyd with men and plenty of vitayle
Like to ſtonde euir and neuir for to faile
As god nat myght ayenſt youre falſe puiſſaunce
Whanne euir him liſt of right to do vengeaunce

Set afore youre iyen that ben blynde
The monſtruous werke of great babilone
The pryde of Nembrothe there was put behynde
Maugre his might and his towre ſmyte downe
For all the crafte of werkmen and maſon

BRITISH MUSEUM

Diſtroyed was with a ſoden leuene
To auenge his pryde ſent adowne fro heuyn

For though youre ſtrength is ſo aſſuryd be
That non engyne may therto attayne
Gunne ne bumberdys no ſubtylite
Shot of arowblaſt ne touche of dundayne
Yit god that is lorde and ſouerayne
Whiche liche deſertys can bothe ſpyll and ſaue
May confunde with an erth quaue

Myne auctoure aſkyth what caſtell or what toure
May be ſo ſtronge made in any wyſe
But that by meane of ſum falſe traitoure
Or by ſum way that he can deuiſe
It may be loſte or ſolde for couetyſe
And delyueryd for all the ſtronge bondes
Into the power of enmyes hondes

Or by ſum other ſoden auenture
Caſtellys and cities and many ryche towne
Haue be loſt they might not theim aſſure
For to reſiſte ayenſt falſe treſon
Sūme haue be loſte alſo by rebellion
And all theſe meanes the truthe to begynne
Is but puniſſhynge which god ſent for ſynne

God hath a thouſand handes to chaſtyſe
A thouſand dartes of punicion
A thouſand bowes made in dyuerſe wyſe
A thouſand arowblaſtes bent in his dongeon
Ordeyned echon for caſtigacion
But where he fyndeth mekeneſſe and repentaunce
Mercy is maiſtreſſe of his ordinaunce

Ye that ben wiſe conſidereth howe the rote
Of vices all is pryde ye may well ſe
Pulleth him downe and puttith vnderfote
And takyth your counſell of humilite
And if ye lyſt to ſtonde in ſuretie
Byldeth in herte for more ſekerneſſe
A toure of vertues groundyd on mekeneſſe

Whoſe maſonrie is of no coſtage
Of vertues grounde and ſouerayne
Blaſtys of wyndes and of wedres rage
Neither no tempeſt haſty ne ſodeyne
Pompe ne blaſt though they do their peyne
This vertue mekenes for to vndermyne
They be to feble to make her to inclyne

For where mekeneſſe is groundyd verely
Though he ſumtyme fele aduerſite

[illegible]
He ſuffrith euir and ſuffrith paciently
And venquiſſhith all maner enmite
The aſſaute alſo and the contrarioſite
Of infortune and of worldly trouble
And of victory conquerith a palme double

And though mekenes amyddys the flodys flowe
Of worldely myſcheef and perſecution
Whyle paciens in her boat doth rowe
Though froward wawes poſſe her vp and downe [illegible]
A calme ſhall folowe of conſolacion
Whan ſterne wyndes their blaſtys haue layde lowe
The name of mekeneſſe ſhall ſhewe & be wel knowe

She may be trowblyd but ouircōme neuir
And for a tyme ſhe may ſuffre werre
But at the ende ſhe venquiſſhith euir
On londe and ſee whedir ſhe be nere or ferre
To the hauyn of lyf ſhe was the lode ſterre
I take recorde of the humilite
Of mary ſo blyſſyd moot ſhe be

The roote of mekenes flourith vp ſo faire
Whoſe bewte dredith no tribulacions
In ſomer wynter hir flowres nat apeyre
And her fruite laſtyth in all manere ſeaſons
Pryde may aſſayle with his boſtfull ſownes
And fynally for her encreaſe of glory
With humbleneſſe ſhe wynnith the victory

## Lenuoye

O Folkes all that this tragedies rede
Haueth to mekenes amonge your aduertence
Of proude Nembroth alſo taketh hede
Howe that he fyll from his magnificence
Only for he by ſturdy violence
Lyſt of malyce the mighty lorde aſſayle
But in ſuch caſe what might his pryde aueyle

Noble princes which this worlde do poſſede
Ye that be famous of wiſdome and ſcience
And haue ſo many ſubiectis that you drede
In gouernaunce vndre your excellence
Let your power with mekenes ſo diſpence
That falſe pryde oppres nat the porayle
Which to your nobles ſo moch may auayle

Pryde of Nembroth dyd the brydell lede
Which him conuayed with great inſolence
Pryde apperteyneth nothynge to manhode

Haue in armys to ſhewe his preſence
Wherfore honoure laude and reuerence
Be to mekenes that hath the gouernaile
Of all vertues which man may mooſt auayle

¶How many yeres was bitwixte Adam
and Nembroth and bitwixte Nembroth and
Cadmus and of other kynges

These olde poetis with their ſawes ſwete
Full couertly in their verſe do feyne
How olde ſaturne was ſumtyme kynge of Crete
And of wyſdome dyd his beſy peyne
And of his goodneſſe lyſt to ordayne
That he ſhulde as of his nature
Echeon deuoure as by his engendrure

In this mater ſhortly to ſoiorne
To vnderſtonde of poetys the proceſſe
They mene playnely at this worde ſaturne
Doth in it ſelf nothynge but tyme expreſſe
And philoſophers bere alſo witneſſe
That as in tyme furthe euery thynge is brought
So tyme ayenwarde brigyth euery thyng to nought

Clerkys alſo recorde in their writynge
Vndre ſupporte as I dare reherſe
Howe that fyre waſtyth euery thinge
And yron herde doth neſſhe thynges perce
Is ought abydith that they may not tranſuerce
yit conuith tyme and by continuaunce
And all conſumith with his ſherpe launce

His ſharpe toth of conſumpcion
In ſylk wyſe doth his beſy cure
For to auentiſſh in concluſion
All thynge that is brought forthe by nature
By longe abydynge ye may them nat aſure
For olde thyngys deuouryd men may ſe
Ferre out of mynde as they neuir had be

Who can or may remembre in any wyſe
The glorious prowesse of theſe prynces olde
Or the nobleſſe of philoſophers wyſe
Or of poetis their feynynge to vnfolde
Proceſſe of yerys alas as I you tolde
Deuouryd hath their name and their nobleſſe
Derkyd their renoune by foryetfulneſſe

Thus of their names is left no memorye
Tyme with his raſoure hath done ſo grete vengeaūce
Shauen awaye the honoure and the glorye
Of many noble full myghty of puiſſaunce
That there is lefte no we no remembraunce
Of princes/ poetys/ ne philoſopheres
For whan that deth nayled them in their cofres

Cam tyme vpon and by proceſſe of yeres
Their memory hath duſkyd and their mynde
And reuolucion of the heuenly ſperys
By oft turnynge their glorie hath left behynde
Thus euery thynge which ſubget is to kynde
Is in this lyfe without more auauntage
waſtyd with tyme and proceſſe of langage

In the firſt tyme from adam to Noe
Prudente Liſtres which liſt in bokys to rede
Fonde of fortune no mutabilite
Neyther of her chaunge they toke tho none hede
But from adam there rekened been in dede
Vnto Nembroth by turnynge of the heuene
A thouſand yerys vii hundryd and eleuene

In which ſpace who that conſiderith well
There ben no thinges writen in eſpeciall
Digne of memorye ne ſpeken of neuer adell
Which that been notable ne hiſtoriall
But for the tyme Nembroth had a fall
Vnto cadmus the yeres to contene
They were a thouſande/ iii hundryd/ and xiiii

Touchynge this Cadmus as Bochas liſt endite
It is reherſid by rethoriens
Howe one Vryoſes in bokes as they wryte
was made firſt a kynge of the egipciens
whan philoſophers and nigromanciens
Byganne firſt to abounde their renoune to auaunce
Nachor that tyme hauynge the gouernaunce

Of the ebrewes as made is mencion
After nembroth by true reherſaile
Thre hundryd yere by computacion
Foure ſcore and yii which tyme it is no fayle
That Vryoſes beganne werres and greate bateyle
Of volunte ayenſt ſtraunge nacions
And to conquere cites borowes and townes

By force only withoute title of right
He wanne all egypte to encreaſe his name name
But for al that who liſt to haue a ſight

There is nowe left no reporte of his ſame
Saue bochas writith howe he firſt dyd attaine
His mighty conqueſte of intencion
That the glory and the high renowne

Aſcryued were vnto his worthineſſe
And the reſidue and ſurpluſage
Of golde and treſoure of good and of riches
Turne ſhulde to cõmon auauntage
Of all his people that euery maner age
Reporte might it was to him more nerre
Aboue ſingularite his comon to preferre

Alſo thomas of cithie firſt kynge
Whan ſarnell was duke and ſouerayne
Ouir the iewes by recorde of wrytinge
Two hondrithe yere ly alſo and twayne
After Nenbroth this thomas gan ordeyne
A mighty power and a ſtronge batayle
Theym of cithie proudly to aſſayle

Conqueringe from thens vnto the ile
Callyd Ponte in ful cruell wyſe
And thought his lordſhyp laſt nat but a whyle
All that he wan was for couetyſe
And as bochas doth of this folke deuiſe
Proces of yeris for all their great puyſſaunce
Hath put their namys out of remembraunce.

Zoraſtres alſo for all his great might
Of bactrians kynge and poſſeſſour
Lorde of trace and a ful mighty knyght
Of all his dedis and his great laboure
Of his conqueſt ne of great honoure
Is nothynge leſte of wrytynge vs biforne
Saue that he lough the houre that he was borne

He began ful ſone for to be merye
With ſoden laughter at his natiuite
And worthy Ninus that was kynge of Aſſirie
Expownyd his laughter to great felicite
The which Ninus wan many a faire cuntre
And day by day his power gan encreas
For which he wolde nat of his conqueſte ceas

For this is the maner of theſe conquerours
Whan they haue had in armys victorie
They do their might their payne and their laboures
With newe empriſys to be put in memorie
For their corage ſuppriſyd with veyne glorye
Can not be ſtyll contente in their eſtate
Tyll their paradie ſay to theim chek mate

Fortune of armys in bokes ye may rede
With a fals la ughter on folkes though ſhe ſhyne
She froward euir as they can take hede
Of nature woll falſly theym begyle
Conqueſt by werre laſtyth but a whyle
For who by deth doth ſturdy violence
God woll by deth his vengeaunce recompence

This worthy ninus gan mightely preuayle
Ayenſt zoraſtres of whome I ſpake tofore
For he with him faught laſt in batayell
In which ninus hath him ſo well y bore
That zoraſtres hath the felde y lore
And he was auctour as bokes ſpecefy
Of fals magik and nigromancy

He fonde the nature of euery element
Their kyndly worchynge and their mutacions
The cours of ſterrys and of the firmament
Their influences their diſpoſicions
Their aſpectes and their connunctions
Wrote in pylers deuiſed of metall
The ſeuyn ſciences callyd liberall

Alſo in pylers of bricke full herd ybake
Where were vp ſet longe large and huge
He began alſo write theym and vnder take
To make theim ſure as for their refuge
That they ſhulde by flode ne diluge
Diffacyd been as of their ſcripture
But in their grauynge perpetuall endure

But though zoraſtres theſe craftys out fonde
Full lytyll or nought it might to him auayle
And though he were a good knyght of his hõde
He was of ninus ſlayne in batayle
Loſt his realme and riall appareyle
And ninus dyed within a lytyll throwe
But in what wyſe the ſtory is not knowe

Alſo moydes kynge of ſodomee
I fynde of him no memory by wrytynge
Saue in a ſtory as men may rede and ſe
He and his people were frell in lyuinge
But he that was of aſſiriens kynge
Through falſe fortune that can ſo oft varie
To babilonye made theim tributarie

We haue ſeen and redde alſo
The vengeaunce and the peſtilence
Doon in egypt to kynge pharo
For that he made a maner reſiſtence

Ayenſt god of wilful negligence
Therfore his people vpon a day and he
Were dreynt echon in myddes of the ſe

The people of god ledde by moyſes
Without trouble of any maner wawe
Went echon in quyete and in peas
And pharao as he gan after drawe
Theym to purſue by a full mortall lawe
In his purſuyte frowarde and atteynt
Amonge the wawes with his oſt was dreynt

In exody ben the mencions
Ceriouſly put in remembraunce
The vii plages and ꝑſecutions
In Egypt done by full greate vengeaunce
And of their treſoure and their greate ſubſtaunce
They were diſpoyled/ by clerkys it is tolde
Of their veſſelles of ſiluer and of golde

And oute of egypte full greate treſoure they ladde
Such as theym thought myght mooſt theym auayle
And pharo I fynde that he hadde
Two hundryd charys enarmyd for batayle
Theym to purſue and proudly to aſſayle
And fifty thouſand in whom was no lacke
Of men of armes folowynge on horſe backe

Two hundryd thouſande of fotmen hym about
And of egipt all his chiualrye
And pharo with all his greate route
Began iſrael purſue of enuye
But for his pride and falſe ſurquedye
He and his people were drownyd euerychon
Of all his noumbre was left nat one

His frowarde herte ayenſt god indurate
Fulfilled of malice and obſtinacye
And in his purpos proude and obſtynate
Theſe foule vices or he coude theym aſpye
From his glorye and his regalie
He was downe though he tofore was crownyd
Amydde the ſe amonge his people drownyd

## ¶ Of Oggigus kynge of Thebes

ANother Prince callyd Oggygus
Kynge of Thebes as bokes determyne
And founder was thus Bochas telleth vs
Of a cite callyd Eleuſyne
Which ſtant in grece whoos power to declyne
There fyll a flode in that region
Which ouer flowyd many a ryall towne

And in athia that dyde mooſt dammage
Tyme of Iacob patriarke notable
And this deluge with his wawes rage
Slewe lordes many and princes honorable
For dame fortune is ſo diſceyuable
That ſhe ſumtyme whan ſhe liſt diſdeyne
Can folke aſſayle with a flode ſodeyne

This flode alſo where it dyd aſſayle
Waſtyd cornys both crop and rote
Cauſyd alſo ſcarcete of vitaile
That many a man felt full vnſote
The pore nat wiſt where to fynde boote
For their princes ſuppriſed were with drede
Thurgh lacke of vitayle in that greate nede

## ¶ Of a greate flode in Teſſalie

ANother flode there was in Teſſalie
In the tyme whanne kyng amphion
Helde the ceptre and the regalye
Vpon thebes the myghty ſtronge towne
Beſide the kyngdome of babilown
The ſame tyme this flode fyll doutles
Whanne goddes people was ledde by moyſes

With this flode the londe hadde ben deuoured
Of teſſaylie and of all that region
But on pernaſo the people was ſocoured
And on the rockes that flode enuyron
Founde there refute to their ſaluacion
And greate ſocoure tyll the flode rage
Began diſcrece withdrawe and a ſwage

In olde ſtories alſo ye may ſe
Whanne Cecraps hadde firſt poſſeſſion
Of athenys the myghty ſtronge cyte
An hete there fyll in that region
By influence that deſcendith down
From the bodyes aboue celeſtiall
Which likely was for to deuoure all

And this hete engendryd with the ſunne
In diuers countrees both in length and brede
Hath his cours ſo myghtely begunne
That many folkes fell in greate drede
Ryuers welles who ſo lyſt take hede
Conſumyd were and dryed vp echon
The hete callyd the enbraſynge of pheton

¶Of goodly Iſis wife to Apys kynge of argyue ſlayne by his brother Dyſſeus.

WE haue redde in ſtories here toforne
Howe that Iſis to egipt toke her flyght
Duke of Crete the true doughter borne
Of Prometheus a full manly knyght
And Iſis in euery mannys ſight
So freſſhe/ ſo goodly weddyd by hir lyue
To worthy Apys that was kynge of argyue

She which Iſis excellent of bewtye
After tyme her fader was ygraue
She was put for more ſuretye
with her vncle that ſhulde kepe and ſaue
This ſayde mayde that no man ſhulde her haue
And her vncle in Ouyde ye may ſe
Lyke as he wrote was callyd Epymethe

And flowynge vp in her tendre age
This ſayde Iſis ſo pleſaunt was and mete
Of ſemelyneſſe of look / and viſage
That Iupiter the myghty kynge of Crete
was emproned with her for to mete
And ſhe excepted of femynyte
Enclynyd her hert vnto his deite

And for ſhe was of her entent ſo clene
Obeynge him in mooſt lowly wiſe
Of argynois ſhe made her to be quene
Bicauſe that ſhe was ſmyt in couetiſe
Ayenſt argus a werre ſhe ganne deuyſe
And for he was vnweldy of his age
Her to withſtonde he founde none auauntage

But yit fortune ganne vpon her frowne
And kynge argus thurgh his ſubtylite
with his counſeyll ſo prudently ganne to wyne
That ſhe was take by full greate cruelte
And her ſoudeours were alſo made to flee
And by argus there gayned no raunſon
She fettryd was and put in ſtronge priſon

But her ſonne good mercurius
Right freſſhe / ryght luſty / and full of hardyneſſe
And of his ethel y tope
Ayenſt argus gan his power dreſſe
And ſo entierly dyd his beſineſſe
And was ſlayne in concluſion
And Iſis after delyueryd fro pryſon

Of her ſleightes afterwarde nat feynt
She toke a ſhip and to egipt went
In which ſhip there was a cowe depeynt
And thoures whom Iupiter alſo ſent
Is goon with her both of one entent
To a mariage after anone right
Betwene her and apys a prince full of myght

She was right wiſe aboue other creatures
Secrete of cunnynge were experte in ſcience
She taught firſt letters and figures
To egipciens by pleyn experience
Yaue them cunnynge and intelligence
To tile the londe taught the labourerys
To ſowe their greyne / and multiplie by yeres

And in egipt her fame and her renoun
Began day by day wext her worthyneſſe
Holde of cunnynge and of reputacion
By ſignes ſhewyd nat only in princeſſe
But ſhe was holde amonge them a goddeſſe
And with worſhipes which were deuyne
And ſacrificis to her they dyde enclyne

But to declare playnly at a worde
In myddes of all her greate proſperite
Mighty apes her huſbonde and her lorde
Prince of egipt and lorde of that cuntre
Sonne of Iupiter and of Neobe
which Niobe by longe deſcendynge
The doughter was of prothemeus the kynge

And phoroneus firſt the lawes fonde
To which all crete ſtode vnder obeyſaunce
And the ſtatutes of that myghty londe
were vnſtablyſſhyd by his ordynaunce
But for to wryte the vnhappy chaunce
Of kynge Apys that is remembryd
He ſlayne was and pitouſly diſmembryd

By his brother callyd Tyſſeus
Sumwhat of hatred but more for couetyſe

For Tiſſeus was only deſirous
To reioiſe in full mortall wiſe
The myghty kyngdome as ye haue herde deuyſe
Of Arguois to haue poſſeſſion
Preſeruyd by murdre and falſe ſucceſſion

And whanne that Iſis founde her lorde ſo dede
Of entent that he was magnifyed
Firſt of wiſdome ſhe gan take hede
Ordeyned a mene that he were deified
High amonge goddes to be ſtellifyed
In egipt temples made to be ſtallyd
And god Sirapis after he was callyd

## ¶ Of Gryſiton that his membres eete for hungre

What ſhall I wryte of caas horryble
Of griſiton with hungre ſo conſtreyned
That his life was to him ſelf odible
In Teſſalie with indigence peynyd
And pitouſly his fame was diſteyned
Whan he ſolde his doughter in ſeruage
Liriope which was but yonge of age

By enchaunge of god to puruey theym vytayle
Of verry nede he was ſo woo bigon
He hadde no thynge that myght his thirſt auayle
Neyther ſtaūche his hūgre with gnawyng on a bone
Wherfore he eete his membres one by one
A prince alas was it nat grete pyte
To ſe hym dye in ſuch aduerſite

We hadde alſo radde full many a day to fore
The greate banyſſhynge and ꝑſecucion
Of Arguois howe kynge Gelanor
Was cruelly put from his region
And his lieges of indignacion
In his place they ſet one Danaus
Sōne and alſo heire to the god Belus

The people of malyce dyd him ſo encombre
To encreſe his ſorowe and his aduerſite
And fifty doughters he hadde alſo in noumbre
And edippus his broder alſo parde
Hadde fyfty ſonnes the ſtory ye may ſe
Atwene the which in ſuretye of honde
In mariage there was made a bonde

Undre the which compaſſyd was treaſon
Couertly though they dyd it hyde
But if ye liſt haue clere inſpection
Of this ſtory vpon euery ſyde
Rede the legende of Cupide
Which that Chaucer in ordre as they ſtode
Compyled of wymen that were called good

Touchinge the ſtory of kynge pandion
And of his goodly faire doughters twyne
Howe thereus falſe of condicion
Theym to diſſeyue dyd his beſy peyne
They both namyd of bewte ſouereyne
Goodly progne and yonge philomene
Both innocentys of intent full clene

Their pitous fate in open to expreſſe
It were to me but a preſumption
Sith that chaucer dyde his beſynes
In his legende as made is mencion
Their martirdome and their paſſion
For to reherce theym dyde his beſy peyne
As chief poete callyd of bretaigne

Of good wymen a boke he dyd wryte
The noumbre vncomplete fully of nyntene
And there the ſtory playnly he dyd endyte
Of theſeus/ of prongne and philomene
Where ye may ſe their legende thus I mene
Do theym worſhip and forth their life do ſhewe
For a clere myrroure bycauſe there be but fewe

I woll paſſe ouer and ſpeke of theym nomore
And vnto cadmus forth my ſtyle dreſſe
In my wrytynge yit it greuyth me ſore
Touchynge of wymen of feith or ſtableneſſe
Bleſſyd be god I fynde none exceſſe
And for there ben ſo fewe as thinkyth me
The good ſhulde be had in more deynte

## ¶ Lennoye

This tragedye bereth to you witneſſe
Howe ſaturnus by diſpoſicion
Maliciouſly of his frowardneſſe
Cauſeth in Iuno full greate infection
She of nature conueyeth the nature down
The eyre infecte which no man may ſocoure
Cometh deth anone and all thinge doth deuoure

Syne from adam myn auctour doth expreſſe
Downe to nembroth by computacion
His ſtile conueyed by greate auyſeneſſe
From zoraſtres to kynge pharaon
Of two deluges he makyth mencion
In theſſalye the vengeaunce gan laboure
And in achaia thebes to deuoure

Ye haue of hectis herde the exceſſe
Of princes princeſſes full greate diſtruction
Of egiſtus the greate wretchidneſſe
The furye of thereus the wo of pandyon
Of the two ſuſters the confuſion
And howe their fate gan vpon theym loure
Their felicite vnwarly to deuour

Princes princeſſes your iyen do vp dreſſe
I mene the iyen of your diſcrecion
Se of this worlde the chaunge the doubleneſſe
The greate vnſureneſſe the variacion
And aduertith for all your greate renoun
Fortunes dewes whan they mooſt ſwetly ſhoure
Than is ſhe falſeſt your glorie to deuoure

¶ Howe Jupiter rauyſſhyd Europe and howe
Cadmus was ſent to ſeke hir in diuers regions

t He reherſayle of many an olde poete
By diſcent the lyne conueyed downe
Next ſaturnus the myghty kynge of crete
Ioue was crownyd by ſucceſſion
As next his heire by procreacion
After his fadre the londe to enherite
Regnynge in crete as poetes liſt to wryte

One of the lynage as I you tolde aforne
Of the goddes mooſt ſouereyne and entere
And though he was of blode ſo high y borne
He chees Europe for to be his fere
And downe deſcendyd from his heuenly ſpere
And he that was for all his deite
Suppoſynge in herte with her greate bewtie

And ſhe was doughter to myghty kynge
Callyd Agenor by lynall diſcent
Whoſe myghty kyngdome and ryall faire dwellynge
Was in phenyce towarde the orient
And to arabie his londe was adiacent
Ferre by ſouth as ye may rede and ſe
Towarde the pyres of the rede ſe

But Jupiter whan he dyd aduert
Of Europa the greate ſemelyneſſe
He thought he was woundyd to the hert
Unto the deth biholdynge her faireneſſe
And for his conſtrent and his mortall diſtreſſe
Seynge ſhe was ſo faire in his ſight
He rauyſſhyd her of very force and myght

But Agenor his owne fadre dere
Bigan on this caas ful pitouſly compleyne
Whanne ſhe alas mooſt goodly and entere
Was him bicaught which doubled all his peyne
Recure was none though he dyd pleyne
Tyll he remembrynge on his regalie
Thought he wolde ſende to aſpye

His ſonne cadmus her to recure ayen
For to ſerch her in many a region
Whereſo his laboure were fructuous or in veyne
His fader ſet him a fell condicion
Not to retourne by none occaſion
And therupon made him to be bounde
Tyll that he hadde the kynges doughter founde

He toke his ſhyppes by greate auyſeneſſe
And biganne to ſaile in many a ſtraunge ſe
Dyd his laboure and his beſyneſſe
With many a worthy that were with him preue
But whan that he of reaſon dyd ſe
There was no mene for which that he was ſent
For to accompleſſh the fyne of his entent

Which glad hert deuoyde of grutchynge
Seynge the caas frowarde and contrarye
Humble of his chere tooke his exellynge
And of manhode liſt nat him ſelf diſpayre
But his meyne knyghtly gan repayre
Towarde grece and pitouſly there to londe
Of appollo for to vnderſtonde

To what partye that he myght drawe
He prayed god to wyſſe him or rede
Sūme token ſhewe or ſūme maner ſawe
Into what Ile that he myght him ſpede
Or that he wolde graciouſly him lede
Where as he myght bylde a cite
That were accordynge to him and to his meyne

And to appollo he dyde ſacrifice
And made to him his oblacion
The god requyrynge goodly to deuyſe
To what londe or to what region

For this dwellyng and habitacion
He ſhulde drawe withouten more obſtacle
For him and his to make his habitacle

And cadmus thus before appollo ſtode
Knelynge emonge with full greate reuerence
And in the temple of delpho ſtyll abode
With humble entendaunce and deuout diligence
Mekely beſekynge by worde or by ſome ſentence
That appollo wolde to him vncloſe
To what partye he ſhulde him ſelf diſpoſe

This was his anſwere in concluſion
As the ſtatue to him dyd expreſſe
To go and ſerch cuntrees enuyron
And tyll he fonde do his beſynes
a bull
A bole that were excellent of fairenes
Whiche by precept of appolles lawe
Hadde neuyr aforne in yoke ydrawe

And where that euer ſekynge that he fonde
A bole ſtonde ſtyll in his paſture
Appollo bad vpon that ſame londe
Where as he ſeeth this ſight of auenture
That he ſhulde do his beſy cure
To bylde a cite he and his folkes all
And boecia after the bole it calle

And whanne that cadmus the precept vnderſtode
And in ſerchynge dyd his beſyneſſe
He fonde a place where a bole ſtode
Fedynge him ſelf whiche as by lykneſſe
Was a place full pleſaunt of largeſſe
Where as he ſtynt he ganne a cite reyſe
Which that poetes greatly cōmende and preyſe

And that his byldynge myght the more auayle
All the forreyns that dyd aboute him dwelle
Full lyke a knyght by force and by batayle
Out of that cuntre he dyd them expelle
Reiſynge a cyte which that dyde excelle
And as Ouyde alſo recordeth the ſame
Vnto this day of thebes berith the name

And he was nat only glorified
For reryng vp of this greate cite
But he was alſo magnifyed
For his manhode and his magnanymyte
And mooſt cōmendyd if ye liſt to ſee
For the ſurmountynge and famouſe excellence
Which that he hadde in wiſdome and ſcience

For as myn auctour of him liſt endite
Thurgh his noble prudent purueaunce
He taught figures and letters for to wryte
And made lawes of full greate ordenaunce
Amonge the greges and ſet gouernaunce
Their vicious life by vertue to reſtreyne
And who outrayed was punyſſhyd with the peyne

And of entent to encreaſe his lynage
And his cite alſo for to multiplie
He toke a wife that was but yonge of age
And ſhe was callyd as bokes ſpecifie
Hermyone and touchynge her allye
Though that ſhe were borne of riall blode
She was alſo both Joly faire and gode

And this was done as writith myn auctour
After the deth of worthy Joſue
Gothonyel beynge ſucceſſour
Hauynge the ledynge and the ſouereynte
Of iſraell whanne thebes the cyte
Was foundyd firſt in the dayes olde
By kynge cadmus tofore as I you tolde

Foure doughters he had by his lyue
Full faire echon and goodly vnto ſe
And their names to reherce blyue
Semely was the eldeſt and next to anthonoe
The thrid in ordre was callyd ynoe
And Agaue was yongeſt of theym all
Of the whiche doughters thus it is byfalle

They were echon of port and of manere
Full wele fauouryd in euery mannys ſight
Right womanly and heuenly of their chere
And for their bewte their fader anone right
As it was ſittynge with all his full myght
Like their eſtates their byrth and alſo their age
Made theym be weddyd and ioynyd in mariage

To worthy prynces his lynage to auaunce
And they encreſyd by procreacion
Whereof the kynge had full greate pleſaunce
And greate reioyſynge in his oppynyon
To ſaue his lyne by generation
With his neuewys and coſyns of allye
Fro to day to day to wexe and multiplye

And this encreaſyd his felicite
Whanne he coſideryd verely in dede
The riche byldynge of his ryall cite

And fortune dyd his bridell lede
To greate riches in bokes as I rede
To greate nobles hauynge greate reſidence
In his cite of mooſt magnificence

His doughter Semel recorde of myn auctour
Though ſhe deſcendyd were of the blode riall
To Jubiter ſhe was pamour
And by his power ſupceleſtiall
She conceyuyd in eſpeciall
As poetis of hir liſt to endite
Him that is god of grapes rede and white

Callyd Bachus which hath the gouernaunce
Of wynes all and the regalie
Wherof after was take full greate vengeaunce
For whanne Juno dyd firſt aſpye
Of Jupiter the greate auoutrie
Of greate hatred and enuyous deſire
She made ſemel to be brent with ſodeyn fyre

By deſcendynge of a ſodeyn leuene
And on ſemel the vengeaunce is downe went
And for the flawme conſumyd was and ſpent
There was of hir left no remembraunce
But of the ende the woſull mortall chaunce

Alſo actheon the ſonne of Acthonie
The greate myſcheuys and infortunys borne
Whoſe fader was callyd Ariſtee
Come of the kynred that I you tolde toforne
With cruel houndes allas he was to torne
For that he ſawe as bokes of him tell
Diane nakyd bath hir in a well

And as poetys remembre at the leſt
Whan the ladyes of thebes the cyte
Helde of Bachus ſolempnly the feeſt
The yongeſt ſuſter callyd agaue
Doughter to cadmus allas it was pite
Ayenſt hir owne ſonne dere
She was ſo wode and mortall of hir chere

Murtherynge him in ful cruell wyſe
In hir rage ſhe was ſo furious
For he lough at the ſacrifiſe
In Thebes doon by wymen to Bachus
The which ſone was callyd Pantheus
Whom that ſhe ſlewe with a ſharpe darte
In hir woodneſſe as ſhe him fou̅de aparte

Theſe greate myſcheuys fyll in the lyue
Of kynge cadmus thurgh his vnhappy chaunce
Fortune his nobleſſe ganne vndermyne
And thought ſhe wolde his glorie diſauaunce
All worldly gladneſſe is medlyd with greuaunce
Experiens in Cadmus ye may ſe
So importable was his aduerſite

For while he ſat mooſt higheſt in his glorie
No parte eclipſyd of his proſperite
His bright renowne and his riall memorye
In realmes ſpredde and many a faire cuntre
He mooſt wilfull in his high ſee
Sat with his lynage mooſt high in nobleſſe
Than cam fortune the falſe enchaunthereſſe

Of wilfulneſſe and fonde occaſion
Ayenſt cadmus and made his renown dulle
Of his kynred by falſe colluſion
She ganne away the brighteſt fethers pulle
And whan his ſhynynge was wey vp to the fulle
After the chaunge of fortunes lawe
His glorye gan diſcrece and withdrawe

It was more greuous to his dignyte
A ſodeyn falle from his high nobleſſe
Than if that he had neuir be
Set in the ſtate of ſo greate worthyneſſe
For the furious mortall heuyneſſe
Of his kynrede withoute any more
Wolde haue greuyd a pore man full ſore

And amonge his ſorowes euerychon
To reherce playnly as it was
I dare afferme howe that there was one
Mooſt horrible and dredefull in ſuch a caas
For Cadmus ſonne callyd adamas
His ſonne in lawe thurgh fals malencolye
Fell ſodenly into a freneſye

Of whome the wife was callyd Inoe
Cadmus doughter as ye haue herde expreſſe
Which through the conſtreynt of his infirmyte
In his rage and furious wodeneſſe
Thought that his wife was a lioneſſe
And in his wilde ymaginacions
That his ij children was alſo ij lions

And vpon theym full loude he ganne to crye
Towarde his wife in haſt he gan anone
And from hir armys there was no remedye
The childe he rent and on a cragge ſtone
He gan to birſt it and breke it euery bone

The which childe bochas writith thus
Full tendre and yonge called was learchus

And all this woful and ſodeyne auenture
Of this rage whanne that ſhe toke hede
As mooſt ſorouful of any creature
Hir other childe ſhe hent anone for drede
For of ſocoure ſhe knewe no better ſpede
So as ſhe myght gan haſt oute of his ſight
But wellaway as ſhe toke hir to flight

And hir huſbonde cam after purſuynge
Like a wode lyon in his cruelte
Doun from a mounteyn which was dependynge
She and hir childe fill into the ſe
was it nat reuth/ was it nat pite
A kynges doughter hir lorde in thebes crownyd
He to be wode and ſhe for fere to be drownyd

Lo here the fyne of Cadmus eueridele
His children ſlayne and his allies all
And he him ſilf from fortunes whele
whanne he wenyd leeſt ful ſodenly is fall
His litell ſugre tempred with moch gall
For amonge all his mortall peynes
His liege men of thebes Citeſynes

Made ayenſt him conſpiracion
Put him in exil and his wife alſo
His ſonnes his doughters brought to deſtruction
And to the encreaſynge of his mortall woo
He and his wife compellyd both two
For verrey pouert and verrey indigence
In their laſt age to purchace their diſpence

Thus of cadmus the ſorowes to deſcryue
And his miſcheif to put in remembraunce
He banyſſhyd was twyes by his lyue
Firſt by his faders cruell ordinaunce
Of his ſuſter to make enquyraunce
And al there laſt in his weldy age
He was compellyd to holde his paſſage

Out of thebes his wife and he allone
In ſorowe and wepynge to accompliſſhe their dayes
Into Illerie togeder they be gone
Ther paciens put at fell aſſayes
whoos bitterneſſe felt none alaies
Alſo of their ende and vnhappy fale
Neither of their deth I finde none other dale

Saue that Ouide makith mencion
And John Bochas the poete excellent
Saye that two bretherne zeto and amphion
Oute of thebes both by one aſſent
Haue thus cadmus into exil ſent
His wife alſo after their high nobleſſe
To ende their life in ſorowe and wretchidneſſe

But the goddes of mercy and pyte
whan they theym ſawe by fortune thus caſt doun
From their eſtates into greate pouertye
Hauynge of theym full greate paſſion
They made of theym a tranſſformacion
Of both twayne theym peynge a lykeneſſe
Of ſerpentys to lyue in wyldeneſſe

## Lenuoye

O what aſtate may him ſelfe aſſure
For to conſerue his life in ſikerneſſe
what worldly ioye may here longe endure
Or where ſhall men fynde nowe ſtableneſſe
Sith kynges princes from their high nobleſſe
Record of cadmus ben ſodenly brought lowe
And from the whele of fortune ouerthrowe

who may ſuſteyne the pitous auenture
Of this tragedie by wrytynge to expreſſe
It is like vnto the chaūtplure
Begynnynge with ioye endynge in wretchydneſſe
All worldly bliſſe is meynt with bytterneſſe
The ſodeyn chaunge therof moy no man knowe
For who ſittyth higheſt is ſoneſt ouerthrowe

was in this worlde yit neuyr creature
Rekyn vp princes for all their high nobleſſe
Fortune coude encline theym to hir lure
And theym experiſſh through hir frowardneſſe
wherfore ye lordes with all your greate richeſſe
Be ware afore or ye daunce in the rowe
Of ſuch as fortune hath from hir whele ouerthrowe

## ¶ A proceſſe of Oetes kynge of Colchos/ Iaſon/ Medee. Theſeus Scilla Niſus and other mo

W han John bochas was mooſt indigent
To conſider the ſucceſſions
Of lynagys with all his entent

In his writynge and deſcripcion
To compile the generacions
Of many noble famous of eſtate
I mene of ſuch as were infortunate

In his ſerchinge he fonde nat out a fewe
Were vnhappy founde in their lyuynge
To his preſence anone there gan him ſhewe
A multitude full pitouſly wepynge
Amongys whiche full doolfully pleynynge
Cam forth Oetes and hath compleynt begūne
Kynge of Colchos and ſone vnto the ſūne

For of Phebus which is bright and clere
Poetis write that he was ſonne and heire
Bycauſe he was ſo myghty of power
So freſſhe/ ſo luſty/ manly/ and right feyre
But of fortune he fyll in greate deſpayre
Curſynge his fate and his deſtayne
Whan Iaſon firſt entryd his cuntre agayne

By Pelleus ſent from Teſſalye
Therfore to accompliſſh by diligent laboure
The greate empriſes thorugh his chyualrye
If god and fortune liſt do to him fauour
They myght wynne the treſoure
This is to mene that he were ſo bolde
The ram to aſſaile which bare the flees of golde

This Iaſon thorugh counſeil of Meder
By ſorcerye and incantacion
The bole ſlough horrible for to ſe
And venqueſſhed the venymous dragon
The kynge deſpoilyd of his poſſeſſion
A compliſſhed with carectis and figuris
Of Colchos the dredefull auenturis

And afterwarde whanne he his purpoſe had
He lefte Oetes in full greate deſpeire
And Medea forth with him he ladde
And hir brother which was the kynges heire
But as I fynde howe in his repeire
Oute of Colchos whanne they ganne remewe
Kynge Oetes after theym ganne ſue

Vpon Iaſon auengyd for to be
Without taryinge he folowed proudly
The which thynge whanne Iaſon dyde ſe
This medea ganne ſhape a remedye
She toke his brother and ſlewe him cruelly
And him diſmembryd as bokys make mynde
And pecemeel in a feeld behinde

He ganne him caſt all beſpreynt with blode
Wherof his fader whanne he had a ſight
Ful pale of chere ſtill in the felde he ſtode
While ſhe and Iaſon toke theym vnto flight
I trowe that tyme the mooſt wofull wyght
That was on lyue whanne he dide knowe
His childe diſmembryd and a brode Iſowe

Which cauſe was alas and welawaye
That he ſo ſtynt as man diſconſolate
While that Iaſon fro Colchos went awaye
And Medea mooſt infortunate
Was rote and grounde of this mortal debate
For who ſawe euer or redde of ſuch another
To ſaue a ſtraunger liſt to ſle hir brother

Forſoke hir fader/ hir cuntre and kynrede
The londe enpoueriſſhid through hir robberye
Of hir worſhip toke none other hede
Loue hath hir brought in ſuch a fantaſye
And while that ſhe abode in Teſſalie
And with Iaſon dyde there ſoiourne
She made Eſon to youth retourne

A yerde ſhe toke that was drye and olde
And with hir herbes and cōmixtions
She made it boile/ in Ouide it is tolde
And by carectys and incantacions
And with the craft of hir coniuracions
The yerde bygan to bud and bloſme newe
And to bere fruite and leuys freſſhe of hewe

And ſemblably with hir confections
His olde humours ſhe hath depuryd clene
And with hir luſty freſſh porions
His empty ſkyn tremlyng and right lene
Pale and wanne that no blode was ſene
But as it were a dedely creature
Al this hath ſhe transfourmyd by nature

Made him luſty and freſſh of his corage
Glad of herte / lifly of chere and ſight
Right wele cheryd and clere of his viſage
Wonder deliuer both of force and of myght
In all his membres as weldy and as lyght
As euir he was in the ſame eſtate
By craft of Meder he was ſo alterat

After all this ayenſt kynge pelleus
She beganne to maligne vncle vnto Iaſon
And of enuye ſhe procedith thus
The kynges doughters ſhe drawith vnto hir anone
Theym counſeylinge that they ſhulde goon

Vnto their fader and pleynly vnto him ſeien
If he deſired to be yonge ayen

But reſtoryd his force to reture
And therwithall in luſty age floure
She behight to do hir beſy cure
Like his deſire to helpe and ſocoure
And in this mater ſo craftly laboure
Fynally ſtonde in the ſame caas
To be made yonge as his broder was

Touchinge which thinge for more euidence
This Medea hath to the doughters tolde
Of entent to yeue the more credence
She bad them take a ram that was right olde
And with a knyfe for to be ſo bolde
To ſle the beſt afore theym there he ſtode
And in a veſſell drawe oute in olde blode

Fully affermynge like as it were trewe
That he ſhuld be a lombe agayne
For ye by crafte wolde his blode renewe
In ſuch wiſe by euydence pleyn
That of elde no token ſhulde be ſeyn
In all his membrys as luſty and entere
As was a lombe eyned of one yere

And hereupon in ſuch ſleyghty wyſe
She beganne a proceſſe of full falſe treaſon
The ſuſter made vpon that lombe to practyſe
Drewe oute his blode like hir entencion
And ſhe by crafte of falſe illuſion
Lent hir yen by apparence in veyn
The olde ram to ſeme a lambe ageyn

Thus Medea by hir ſleyght cumpaſſynge
Of enuye and venymous hatrede
Excityd hath the ſuſters in werkynge
Ayenſt their fader mortally to procede
With ſharpe knyues they made hir fader blede
Amyddes the herte thrugh oute euery veyne
Suppoſyng the ſely ſuſtern tweyne

That Pelleus renewyd ſhulde be
To youth ayen of force and of ſubſtaunce
But fynally by treaſon and Medee
He loſte his life ſuch was his woful chaunce
She this wrought only for vengeaunce
As rote and grounde of this cruell dede
Ayenſt the nature of all womanhede

Suppoſynge in hir opinion
The deth greatly ſhuld pleaſe
Of pelleus vnto hir lorde Iaſon
Thorugh greate encreaſe ſet his herte at eſe
But it reboundyd into his diſeſe
That finally Iaſon hir forſoke
For his offence and he his wey toke

In to Corynth to the kynge of Creon
Whoos doughter Crewſo for hir greate beautye
Was afterwarde weddyd to Iaſon
But whan this weddynge was knowen to Medee
Laſt ſhe wolde theron auengyd be
Beganne to conſpyre of malice and enuye
And thorugh hir magik and hir ſorcery

In ful greate haſt ganne to ordeyne
A lytyll coffre only of entent
And by hir yonge faire ſonnes tweyne
With other Iewels ſhe hath it ſent
Vnto Crewſo makynge a preſente
Which of malice ſhe liſte to diſpoſe
That whanne crewſo the coffre dyde vncloſe

The fire braſt oute a full large ſpace
Brent crewſo by full greate violence
Set a fyre playnly all the place
By enchauntement there was no reſiſtence
All went a fyre that was in hir preſence
By vengeaunce dyde full greate damage
But whan Iaſon this fire ſawe in his rage

And conſiderid the malice of Medee
Thought he wolde do execucion
For to punyſſhe the greate inequyte
Ayenſt him compaſſyd of treaſon
For ſhe of vengeaunce ayenſt all reaſon
After that Crewſo conſumyd was and brent
Hir owne ſonnes with that ſhe had ſent

Withoute routh or womanly pyte
She falſly murdryd the children that ſhe bare
Lyke a ſtepmoder auengyd for to be
Cutte their throtys or that they were ware
Ayenſt nature there was none other ſpare
But for hatred ſhe hadde vnto Iaſon
After this murdre ſhe fled awaye anon

So eſcapynge his indignacion
By craft of magyk ſhe went at liberte
To Athenys and in that regyon
She weddyd was vnto the kynge Egee
Nat longe after a ſonne by him had ſhe
The which childe myn auctour tellith thus

After Medea callyd was Medus

Aftir whoos name the famous region
In myd was which callyd is mede
But folowynge euer hir olde condicion
This Medea voide of ſhame and drede
Compaſſyd hath of wylfull fals hatrede
That theſeus the ſonne of kynge Egee
With newe poyſon ſhall deuouryd be

But theſeus ful lyke a manly knyght
In repayringe home to his cuntre
Of high prudence aſpyed anone right
The mortall vengeaunce the greate cruelte
Of this ſtepmoder which of enmyte
Concludyd hath in hir entencion
Him to deſtroye vnwarly with poyſon

Hir herte of malice cruell and horrible
As ſhe that was with treaſon euer allied
Whanne that ſhe ſawe hir purpoſe mooſt odible
By kynge Egeus fully was aſpyed
She hath hir herte and wyttys newe applied
As in their bokys poetis haue complyd
Ayen to Jaſon to be reconciled

She fledde away for fere of theſeus
Leſt he had doon hir vengeaunce
And fynally as writt ouidius
And morall ſenek concludith in ſentence
In his tragedies makynge remembraunce
Howe medea like as poetis ſeyn
Vnto Jaſon reſtoryd was agayn

Touchynge the ende of their furious diſcorde
Poetys make therof no mencion
Neither telle no meene howe they fyll acorde
But if it were by incantacion
Which ſo well coude turne vpſo down
Sundry thynges of loue and of hatred
And in bochas of her no more I rede

Saue whanne ſhe hadde fulfyllyd hir purpos
Myn auctour tellith that Jaſon and mede
Retournyd haue ayen vnto Calchos
Hir fadre Oetis and from hir pouerte
Brought him ayen into his riall ſe
And to his crowne by force they him reſtore
Touchinge his ende of him fynde I nomore

Thus his fortune hath turnyd to and fro
Firſt like a kynge hauynge full greate richeſſhe
After lyuynge in pouerte and in woo
Sithen reſtoryd to his worthyneſſe
Thus euer ſorowe meynt with gladneſſe
Who can aduert in all worldly thynge
Recorde of Mynos the noble worthy kynge

To whome I muſt newe my ſtyle dreſſe
Folowe the trace of bochaſius
The which Minos as ouyde doth expreſſe
Touchinge his birth he writith playnly thus
That he was manly wiſe and vertuous
Sone by diſcent of iubiter the grete
And of Europa born to be eire of crete

And of his perſone wonder delitable
Ful renomyd of wiſdome and of ſcience
By diuers titles of laude commendable
Of birth/ of blode/ of kynghode ⁊/ prudence
For by his ſtudye and entere diligence
He foonde firſt lawes groundyd on reaſon
Wherby of Crete the famous region

Gouerned was and ſet in ſtableneſſe
All iniuries and wronges to reforme
Made ſtatutys extorcions to repreſſe
Of rightwiſneſſe they toke the firſt fourme
And that eche man ſhulde him conforme
Like their degrees ſuget and ſouereyne
That no man had a mater to compleyne

He made his liegis to lyue in quyete
Clere ſhinynge in his riall nobleſſe
With ſwerde and ceptre ſyttynge in his ſete
And while he floured in his worthyneſſe
He toke a wife of excellent faireneſſe
Doughter to phebus in bochas ye may ſe
And ſhe was callyd faire poſiphe

And hir fader by recorde of wrytynge
In his tyme was holden ful famous
Of the Ile of roodes he was lorde and kynge
And in his dayes of port ful gloriouſe
Right proude in armys and victorious
Takynge witneſſe Methamorphoſeos
His doughter had thre children by Mynos

The firſt a ſonne callyd Androgee
And afterwarde ful faire doughters tweyne
Right goodly and womanly vnto ſe
But like as fortune dide for theym ordeyne
They felt their fill greate trouble and greate peyne
The one callyd Adryana and phedra that other
Folowynge their fate it myght be none other

Androgeus by kynge Mynos was ſent
For he ſhulde profyte in clergye
To athenes of vertuouſe entent
There to ſtudye in philoſophie
And for he beganne to encreace and multiplie
And paſſe all other by ſtudye in lernynge
And to excelle his felowes in cūnynge

They of enuye and falſe malice alas
Made ayenſt him a conſpiracion
And from a pynacle ſacryd to pallas
Of ful greate heith they made him tumble downe
For which iniurye bochas makyth mencion
His fader Minos a vengyd for to be
Leide a greate power aboute the cite

He caſt him fully that no man ſhulde him let
But that he wolde do cruelly vengeaunce
And rounde aboute ſo ſore he theym beſet
With men of armes and with his ordenaunce
That fynally he brought theym to outraunce
And theym conſtreynyd within a lytell ſpace
Their life their deth ſubmyttynge to his grace

But while they made ayenſt him reſiſtence
Suppoſinge his power to withſtonde
Niſus that was kynge of Magarence
Ayenſt Minos their ptye toke an honde
And oft tymes as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
Whan kynge Minos dide the cyte aſſayle
Niſus withinne with myghty apparayle

Upon the wallys ſtode in his defence
Whanne that Minos ful lyke a manly knyght
Faught withoute with ſturdy violence
Like mars himſilfe in ſtele armyd bright
Wherof whanne Scilla ones had a ſight
Doughter to Niſus aduertynge his prowes
Anone for loue ſhe fyll in greate diſtreſſe

She was ſupprized with his high nobleſſe
His manly force expert many folde
Set ſcilla in greate heuyneſſe
For loue of Minos in poetis it is tolde
Make her herte preſume and be bolde
Firſt hir life to put in iupdye
Hir faders life the cite the clergie

From hir herte loue hath ſette a ſide
Ayenſt nature hir blode and hir kynrede
And all frendſhip from her game diuyde
And of her worſhip ſhe toke no maner hede

Loue made hir cruell ayenſt all womanhede
Firſt hir herte ſo ſore ſet a fyre
Hir faders deth falſly to conſpyre

For kynge Mynos beynge a ſtraungere
Was ſo enprentyd in hir oppynyon
Of creatures there ſtode none ſo nere
And for his ſake by ful falſe treaſon
She compaſſyd the diſtruction
Firſt of hir fader and the cite
So ſtraunge a thinge alas howe myght it be

That a woman of yeres yonge and tendre
Coude ymagyne ſo merueilous a thinge
But it fallith that creatoures ſlendre
Vnder face of angelik lokynge
Been verrey wolues outewarde in werkynge
Alſo vndre coloure of their port femynyne
Sūme been founde verrey ſerpentyne

Lambys in ſhewynge ſhadowyd with mekeneſſe
Cruell as tigris who doth to theym offence
Of humble chere pretendynge a lykeneſſe
But wo alas what harme doth apparence
What damage dothe counterfete innocence
Vnder a mantyll ſhrowdyd of womanhede
Whanne feynyd falſneſſe doth the brydell lede

For this Scilla the kynges doughter dere
In whome he ſet his hole affection
His hertis ioye his pleſaunce mooſt entere
His worldly bliſſe his conſolacion
But ſhe all turnyd to his confuſion
Not like a doughter but lyke a ſorcereſſe
His deth compaſſyd the ſtory berith witneſſe

Hir fader had a fatell heer that ſhone
Brighter than golde in which dyde aſſure
Manly to fight ayenſt his mortall foon
For in his hede while it dyde endure
He ſhulde venquyſſh and recure
And thorugh his knyghthode to his encreas of glorye
In euery quarell wynne the victorye

But whanne kynge Nyſus hir fader laye and ſlepe
Vpon a nyght ſpecell afore day
Full ſecretly or that he toke kepe
The heer of golde this ſcilla cut away
And vnto Mynos armyd where he lay
She him preſentyd thorugh hir ordynaunce
Of fals entent him for to do pleſaunce

But in this mater like as writith ouyde
Methamorphoſeos who ſo takith hede
Her fader ſlepynge ſhe knelynge by his ſyde
Toke a ſharpe knyfe without feere or drede
While he lay nakyd ſhe carf atwo his hede
Stale away of full fals entent
And to kynge Mynos the hede ſhe doth preſent

And in hir comynge to his preſence
Hir faders hede whan ſhe afore him layde
Nothinge aſhamyd of hir great offence
Vnto Mynos thus ſhe dyde obrayde
And with bolde chere euyn thus ſhe ſayde
My lorde q̄d ſhe with ſupport of your grace
Yeueth to my tale leyſer tyme and ſpace

Certys my lorde loue hath excityd me
And conſtreyned to this cruell dede
To ſle my fader diſtroye my cyte
For to gete me worſhip forſake womanhede
And made me hardy to make my fader blede
Thinges horrible thus haue I vndertake
For to accompliſſh only for youre ſake

My ſelf diſheritid for loue of your perſone
Called in my cuntre a fals traitoureſſe
Diſconſolate ſtale awaye alone
Of newe diffamed and namyd a maiſtreſſe
Of fals murdre I bringe a grete witneſſe
My faders hede and his dedly viſage
Ayenſt nature to forther your viage

Wherfore I pray that ye lyſt aduertyſe
And conſidre lyke a gentyll knyght
Howe I for loue towarde your greate empriſe
And to greate fortherynge alſo of your right
Haue firſt my fader depriued of his myght
Raft him his life deſpoilyd his riches
To do pleſaunce to your high nobleſſe

And no thynge aſke vnto my guerdon
Neyther to my rewarde that me auaile
But that I myght haue full poſſeſſion
Of your perſone mooſt worthy in bataile
For there is no treſour that myght countreuayle
To my deſire as that ye wolde in dede
Goodly accept me and my manhede

Ye may me ſaue and ſpyll with a worde
Make mooſt glad and mooſt dolerous
I nat requyre of you my ſouereyn lorde
But that ye wolde be to me gracious

For londe and kyn and my faders hous
All lefte behynde if ye liſt aduerte
And vndepartyd yeue to you my herte

Which to your highneſſe ought ynough ſuffiſe
All thynge conſideryd in your riall eſtate
Conceyued alſo howe in vncouth wyſe
For your loue I ſtonde deſolate
Saue of your mercy full deſconſolate
Here is al and ſum your loue I bye ſo ſore
But ye do grace I can ſay you no more

And whan ſhe had her tale tolde knelynge
With a maner of pretenſe of womanhede
Of all her treſon a poynt nat concelynge
The kynge yſtonyed of her horrible dede
By greate auys peiſed and toke hede
It was nat ſittynge to prince or to kynge
To do fauour to ſoo frowarde a thynge

With troublyd herte and with a face pale
His look vpcaſt ſaide god forbede
That euer in cronycle in ſtorye or in tale
That any man ſhulde of Mynos rede
Howe he ſupportyd ſo venymous a dede
Fauour a woman alas and welawey
Which ſlough her fader whan he abed lay

But for your hatefull and vnkynde rage
I pray the goddes echon and ſaturne
For to take vengeaunce on your fals outrage
For euery where wheder ye do retourne
And euery place where as ye ſoiourne
Londe and ſe ſhortly to expreſſe
They been enfecte with your curſydneſſe

Youre owne mouth your outrage doth accuſe
And your actes ben ſo abhomynable
That your giftes fully I do refuſe
They been ſo frowarde and ſo reprouable
That your perſone diſnaturell and vnſtable
Within my court it were a thynge nat faire
That ye ſhulde abyde or haue repaire

Ye be ſo hatefull on euery ſide
And contrarious of condiſion
I pray Tellus which of the erth is gyde
And to Neptunus I make this oryſon
As ferre as ſtretchith their dampnacion
Vnder the bonde of their regaile
A dwellynge place that they to you denye

Whanne Mynos his anſwere thus deuyſed
On reaſon groundyd and equyte
And ſcilla ſawe howe ſhe was deſpyſyd
Knewe no partie paſſage ne entre
To fynde ſocour wheder ſhe myght fle
But deſpited lyke a traitoureſſe
Towarde the ſe anone ſhe gan hir dreſſe

To entre the watir playnly if ſhe myght
For verrey ſhame hir ſelf for to ſhroude
And whan the goddes therof had a ſight
They turned her as they that myght and coude
Into a quaile for to ſynge loude
Her fader Nyſus they dyde alſo tranſmewe
Into a ſparhawke the quayle to purſue

This was the ende of Niſus Scille
And afterwarde of athenes the toun
Was yeldyd vp to ſtonde at the will
Of kynge Mynos withoute condicion
Euery yere by reuolucion
They of the cite ſhulde nat delay
Nyne of their children for a tribute paye

This was by Mynos the impoſicion
Vpon athenes and of verry drede
They obeyed as made is mencion
And their children yere by yere they lede
In to crete the Minataur to fede
Vnto this monſtre ordeyned for repaſt
Which at their comynge deuoured were in haſt

But or that I forther do procede
In this mater I woll do my cure
To declare if ye lyſt to take hede
Of this monſtre to tell the engendrure
Vncouth to here and ayenſt nature
For by the wrytynge of Ouidius
This ougly beeſt was engendryd thus

Bule
Methamorphoſeos the maner ye may ſe
Mynos had a bole of greate fairneſſe
White as mylke and the quene poſiphe
Louyd him ſo hoot the ſtory berith witneſſe
And dedalus dyd his beſineſſe
By ſubtyll craft and made his gynnes ſo
That ayenſt kynde with her he had to do

And conceyuyd a beeſt monſtruous
That was departyd half bole half man
And as the poete by wrytynge techith vs
Of all Minataurus thus the name bygan
And dedalus nat longe after whan
That this monſtre was by the quene forth brought
This ſubtyll werkman hath an hous I wrought

Callyd Laborintus dyuers and vncouth
Full of wrynkellys and of ſtraungeneſſe
Ougly to knowe which is north or ſouth
Or to what part a man ſhulde him dreſſe
Folkes were there blent with furious derkenes
Who that entrid his retourne was in veyn
Without a clewe for to reſort ageyn

Of Mynotaurus this was the habitacle
Like a preſone made for turmentrie
For dampnyd folke a peynefull tabernacle
For all that lay there in iupardie
The monſtre muſt deuoure theym and diſſie
And ſpecially was ordeynyd this turment
For all that were down from athenes ſent

But in this mater ſome folke varie
And afferme howe that quene Poſiphe
Of kynge Mynos louyd a ſecretarye
Callyd taurus in bochas ye may ſe
And thus the kynge for all his rialte
Diſceyued was for who may any whyle
Him ſelf preſerue where wymen liſt begyle

For by this taurus bochas berith witneſſe
Quene poſiphe had a childe full faire
Mynos nat knowynge by no lykeneſſe
But that the childe was borne to be his heire
His truſt was good he fyll in no diſpayre
For ſūme huſbondes as poetis haue compilyd
Which mooſt aſſure ratheſt ben begylyd

Innocentys can nat deme amys
Namely of wyues that ben founde true
Clerkys may write but doutles thus it is
Of their nature they loue no thinges newe
Stedfaſt of hert they chaunge nat their hewe
Haukys beſt preuyd ſumtyme a chek can make
Yit for a faute the foule is not forſake

Of this mater wryte I woll nomore
But aye the tribute and ſeruage of the toun
Procedith forth they conſtreyned were ſo ſore
Like as their lot turnyd vp and doun
For there was made none excepcion
Of high ne lowe neyther for ſoure ne ſwete
But as it fyll they were ſent into crete

The ſtatute was ſo pilly rigerous
They toke their ſorte as it came aboute
Tyll at the laſt it fyll on theſeus
That he myght goo forth amonge the route
Kynge Egeus ſon beynge in greate doute
Touchynge his life which myght nat be ſocouryd
But that he muſt with other be deuouryd

Which theſeus for his worthyneſſe
And of his knyghthode for the great encrees
Thurgh manly force and for his prowes
Sumtyme was callyd the ſecunde hercules
Amonge amazones he put him ſelf in prees
Weddyd Ipolito as bokes ſpecifie
The hardy quene callyd of femynye

And afterwarde to thebes he is gone
Halpe there the ladyes in eſpeciall
Which that compleyned vpon the kynge Creon
Which theym diſtroublyd lyke their aſtate riall
To holde and halowe the feſtys funerall
Of their lordes and quenes and princeſſis
Of wifly trouth to ſhewe their kyndneſſis

For whanne this duke the maner had ſeen
And of Creon the greate iniquite
To the ladyes he made deliuer agayn
The lordes boones of ruth and of pyte
Yit in his youth oute of his cite
He was deliueryd by ſtatute full odible
To be deuouryd of this beeſt horryble

He gothe to priſon for all his ſemelyneſſe
As the ſtatute felly dyd ordeyne
But of ruthe and gentylneſſe
Him to preſerue from that dedely peyne
Of kynge minos the goodly doughtres tweyne
Adriane ſhope a remedie
And feir phedra that he ſhulde not dye

Through her help he hath the monſtre ſlayne
That was dredefull and vgly for to ſe
By theym he ſcappyd wherof he was full faine
Ledde them with him toward his contre
And by the waye deuoyde of all pite
Adriane full falſly he hath forſake
Ayenſt his ſuraunce and phedra he hath take

In myddys the ſee he left her in an yle
Towardes no pype ſhe knewe no deſlyne
She wepyth ſhe cryeth alas the herd while
For of her fate this was the mortall fyne

That for pyte Bachus the god of wyne
Toke her to wyf whoos crowne of ſtones fyne
Doth nowe in heuyn with ix ſterres ſhyne

Thus of theſeus ye may behold and ſe
To adriane the great vnſtedfaſtneſſe
The great vntrouth the mutabilite
The broke aſſuraunce and the newefangleneſſe
But ſely wemen kepe their ſtedfaſtneſſe
Euyr vndefoulyd ſaue ſūtyme of their kynde
They muſt them purvay whan mē be foūd vnkynde

Of theſeus I can nomore nowe ſeyn
In this mater to make of him memorie
But to kynge minos I woll reſorte agayn
To tel howe fortune euyr fals and tranſitorie
In what poyntys diffacid hath his glorye
Firſt of echoon bochas doth ſpecifie
Of poſiphe the foule aduoutrye

Which was his wife and ſtode wele in his grace
To his pleſaunce ſhe was mooſt ſouereyne
But a cloude of a ſmall treſpace
Made her lorde at her diſdeyne
But he of wiſdome bare priuely his peyne
For ſuch caas this is my ſentence
Lete prudent huſbondes take theym to pacience

On other thinges Mynos gan alſo compleyne
Hauynge in herte therof full greate greuaunce
That he ſo loſt his faire doughters tweyne
And Mynotaurus ſlayne with myſchaunce
Alſo to him it was a greate peyne
That theſeus was goon at liberte
And from all tribute delyueryd his cyte

It greuyd him alſo in countenaunce and chere
That theſeus Adriane forſoke
It likyd him alſo nat the manere
Vnto his wife that he phedra toke
And yit this phedra like as ſeith my boke
Hadde two ſonnes by this theſeus
Firſt demophan and next antiochus

Alſo theſeus after gan him drawe
Towarde ecile in ſtele armyd clene
With Pirotheus in armys his felawe
For to rauyſſh proſerpyna the quene
But of entent phedra full vnclene
Louyd her ſtepſone callyd ypolitus
But for he was to her daungerous

And to her luſt frowarde and contrarye
In his apporte not goodly ne benygne
Of his fals entent anon ſhe gan to varye
Ayenſt her full felly to malygne
With a prince of many token and ſigne
Of womanhede ſhe gan hym accuſe
Her auoutrye falſly to excuſe

Who ſayth that wymen can nat ymagyne
In their diffence tales vntrue
To their deſire if men liſt nat enclyne
Neither on their feynyd fals woo to rue
Anone they can cumpaſſe thinges newe
Fyſſhe and fynde oute of their entencion
A couert clowde to ſhadowe their treaſon

She hath accuſyd yonge ypolitus
Of fals auoutrye in his tendre age
Tolde and affermyd to duke theſeus
With full boolde chere and full pleyne viſage
Howe he purpoſyd for to doo outrage
Only by force her bewte to preſſe
Her lorde beſechynge to refourme and dreſſe

The greate iniquite doon to his wife
While he was abſent for thinge that bare charge
Wyues of tales ſumtyme been inuentif
To ſuffre their tunges falſly flyen at large
But folkys that liſt of damage them diſcharge
Of ſuch accuſynge ne take they none hede
Tyll the trueth be tryed oute in dede

I mene no thinge of wyues that been good
Neither of wymen that flouren in Innocence
For god forbede and the holy rode
But men ſhulde do due reuerence
To their nobleſſe and their excellence
Declare their bounte and their vertue ſhewe
And more theym cheriſſhe by cauſe there ben but fewe

Touchynge the accuſynge ayenſt ypolitus
Though it ſo were that it was fals in dede
zit he for ſhame and fere of theſeus
As in the ſtory ye may beholde and rede
In his hert he caught a maner drede
That he alas this ſely yonge knyght
Fledde and withdrowe hym out of his faders ſight

His indignacion playnly for to eſchewe
Though by deſert in him there was no lacke
Of haſty drede as gan remewe
On a chare vpon hors backe
His hors afrayed there fyll a ſodeyn wracke
Doun from a roche pendaunt as ye ſhall here
He and his chare were drownyd both in fere

Thus vngilty in his mooſt luſty youth
He was conueyed to his diſtruction
The ſclaunder conſpired as it is wele I couth
By fals phedra but in concluſion
The ſclaundre turnyd to her confuſion
For whanne ſhe wyſt Ipolitus was dede
Thurgh her defaute anone for ſhame and drede

She toke a ſwerde full ſharpe I whet and grounde
And therwithall ſhe raft her hert atweyne
Lo howe that vengeaunce woll euer ayen rebounde
On theym that falſely do their beſy peyne
To ſclaundre folke for like as they ordeyne
With their diffamys other folkys tawyte
God at laſte their malice can aquyte

But ſome bokes of phedra do recorde
That ſhe aſhamed and confus of this dede
Hinge hir ſelf vp full high with a corde
Lo howe fals ſclaundre can folk quyte for ther mede
Wherfore I counſeil euery man take hede
In ſuch maters as ſtonde in vncerteyn
From his haſty langage his tonge to refreyne

Amonge theſe ſtories wofull for to rede
All beſpreynt with terys in his face
Full ſodenly iohn bochas gan take hede
In myddys the prees ziſara cam to place
And howe that fortune gan alſo the manace
This proude duke full myghty and notable
Of kynge Iabyn callyd the greate conſtable

Of his ooſte leder and gouernoure
To Iſraell verrey mortall foo
With people he rode like conquerour
And where that euer his meyne dyde goo
The erth quoke people dredde hym ſoo
Fledde fro his face where as he cā a ferre
Nyne hundred waynes he hadde for the werre

Strongly in armyd with hokys made like ſithis
Who that approchyd to mayme and to wounde
For this tiraunt of cuſtum oft ſithis
Hadde greate delite the Iewes to confounde
And all tho that his ſwerde hath founde
Kynge Iabyn bad prince Canaan
In iſrael to ſpare childe ne man

This zisara was ſent to be their ſcourge
By goddes ſuffraunſe their ſynnes to chaſtiſe
Their olde offencis to punyſſh and to purge
As a flagell many ſundry wiſe
But whan of reſon they gan theym better deuyſe
And for their treſpaſſys to fall in repentaunce
God gan withdrawe the hande of his vengeaunce

For in their myſcheef they gan the lorde to knowe
Felynge the prikke of his punycion
And mercy thanne hath vnbent the bowe
Of his fell yre and caſtigacion
To god they made their inuocacion
And he theym herde in their mortall drede
In iudicum the ſtory ye may rede

Nowe in the while that this zisara
Shope hym of newe the iewes to oppreſſe
In their diffence god ſent theym Delbora
A prophetesse the ſtory berith witneſſe
To yeue theym counſeyl their armes to redreſſe
And by the ſpyrite of her prophesie
For to withſtonde the greate tyrannye

Of zisara which was deſcendyd doun
With a grete ooſt into the felde repeired
But delbora of high diſcrecion
Whanne that ſhe ſawe the iewes diſpeyryd
And for to fight their corages ſore apeyred
She made hym firſt deuoutly in that drede
To crye to god to helpe theym in their nede

She was their Juge and their gouerneteſſe
Cheef of their counſeyll and of cuſtum ſhe
Cauſis dependynge of greate auyſeneſſe
That ſtode in doute by dome of equyte
She tryed theym oute vndre a palme tre
And was nat haſty no mater to determyne
Tyll ſhe the parties afore dyde examyne

And whan ſhe herde and knewe of cōmynge
Of zisara with full greate puiſſaunce
That was conſtable of that myghty kynge
Callyd Jabyn with all his ordenaunce
Vpon iewys for to do vengeaunce
This delbora gan prudently entende
The iewys ptie by wiſdome to diffende

She bad barach hir huſbonde anone right
Of Neptalym ten thouſande with hym take
Ayenſt zisara to fight for their right
And that he ſhulde a greate enarme take

But he for drede this iourne gan forſake
And durſt nat ayenſt hym tho werreye
But ſhe were preſent and liſt hym to conueye

Wele wele qd. ſhe ſyth it ſtondith ſoo
That of wantruſt ye haue a maner drede
I woll my ſelf gladly with you goo
You to ſupporte in this greate nede
But truſtith fully as ye ſhall fynde in dede
That a woman with laude honoure and glorye
Shall fro you wynne the prize of this victorye

It folowyd after ſothely as ſhe ſayde
Auyſely ſhe made hir ordenaunce
And the cheef charge on her ſelf ſhe layde
As princeſſe of iewes gouernaunce
And prudently gan her ſelf auaunce
With god conueyed and ſupporte of his grace
With zyſara to mete in the face

And ſpecially touchinge this viage
God toke aweye the ſpirite and the myght
Fro zisara his force and his corage
That he was ferdfull to entre into fight
Lepte his chare and toke hym to flight
Knowynge no place in ſurely to abyde
Till that Jael a woman dyde hym hide

Within her tent and almooſt dede for drede
Vnder amantell deſirous for to drynke
She yaue hym mylke the ſlepe fyll on his hede
And while that he for heuyneſſe gan wynke
And ſadly ſlepte ſhe gan her to bethynke
Thought ſhe wolde for zisara ſo ſhape
That with the lyfe he ſhulde nat aſcape

She toke anaile that was ſharpe and longe
And couertly gan her ſelf auaunce
With an hamer myghty rounde and ſtronge
She droue the naile ſo this was his vengeaunce
Through oute his hede ſe here the ſodeyn chaunce
On tyrantys that truſt on fortune
Which woll nat ſuffre theym longe to contune

In their fals vſurpyd tirannye
To holde people in longe ſubiection
She can theym blaundeſſhe with hir flaterye
Vnder a colour of fals colluſion
And with a ſodeyn tranſmutacion
Fortune theym can that pore folke trouble
Reuerſe their pride with their face double

And though ſhe were defacid of figure
There ſhewyd in her a maner maieſte
Of quenly honoure pleynly to diſcure
Her infortunys and hir infelicite
And to declare playnly/ howe that ſhe
Of all princeſſis/ which ſtode in eſtate
She was her ſelf the mooſt infortunate

Which yave to Bochas full greate occaſion
Whan he ſawe her pitous apparaile
For to make a lamentacion
Of vncouth ſorowes /which dyd her aſſaile
With a tragedye to wepe and to waile
Her importable/ and ſtraunge dedly ſtrife
Which that ſhe hadde durynge all her life

He wryte of her a ſtory large and playne
And of her birth / firſt he doth diffyne
And affermeth in his boke certeyne
She was diſcendyd of a noble lyne
In flourynge age/ alſo whan ſhe dyde ſhyne
She weddyd was for her greate bewte
Vnto the kynge of thebes the cyte

Which in his tyme was callyd layus
And whan hir wombe by proceſſe dyd aryſe
The kynge was glad/ and alſo deſirous
The childys ſtate to knowe in ſum wiſe
And thought he wolde go do ſacrifiſe
Vnto appollo to haue knowlechynge to forne
Touchinge this childe whan that it was borne

What ſhulde folowe in concluſion
He was deſirous/ and haſty for to ſe
Firſt by the heuenly diſpoſicion
And by the fauoure if it wolde be
Of appollos myghty deite
To haue anſwere amonge his willys all
Of his childe/ what fate ſhulde bifalle

His anſwere thought it were contrarye
To his deſire/ yit was it thus in dede
Appollo tolde him/ and liſt no lengre tary
That this childe ſhulde vttirly in dede
Sle his fadre/ and make his ſides blede
And with his handes there was none other weye
But on his ſwerde he muſt nedis deye

The kynge was heuy/ and truſt on this ſentence
Sorowfull of herte/ god wote and no thynge fayne
And keſt afore through his prouydence
That his ſonne ſhulde in all haſt be ſlayne
And that he wolde nat an houre delayne
After his birth but bad his men to goon
Into a foreſt and ſle the childe anone

Lyke his byddynge the mynyſtres wrought in dede
Takynge the childe tendre and yonge of age
And into a foreſt with theym they gan it lede
To be deuouryd of beſtes mooſt ſauage
The moder alas almoſt fyll into a rage
Seynge her childe ſo inly fayre of face
Shall thus be dede and dyde no treſpace

Lytell wondre though ſhe felt ſmerte
To all wymen I reporte me
And vnto moders that ben tendre of hert
In this mater Iugis for to be
Was it nat ruth was it nat pite
That a princeſſe a quene allas
Shulde knowe hir childe deuouryd in ſuch caas

After his birth Layus toke good kepe
Without mercy reſpite or delaye
That vnto one which kept his ſhepe
This yonge childe vpon a certeyn daye
Shall be deliuered in all the haſte he may
To this entent it myght nat be ſocouryd
But that it ſhulde of beſtys be deuouryd

This ſaide ſhepeherde goth forth anone right
The childe benygne beholdynge of loke and face
Thought in herte and in his inwarde ſight
He ſhulde doo to god a greate traſpace
To ſle this childe wherfore he dyd him grace
Toke firſt a knyfe and dyd his beſy peyne
Through oute his fete to make holes tweyne

Toke a ſmall rod of ayonge oſier
Percyd the fete alas it was pite
Bonde him faſt and by good leiſer
The yonge childe he henge vp on a tre
Of entent that he ne ſhulde be
Through wilde beſtes cruell and ſauage
Be ſodenly deuouryd in their rage

Vpon the tre while he henge thus bounde
Of auenture by ſum occaſion
A ſtraunge ſhepherde hath the childe I founde
Which of ruth and of pite toke him doun
Bare with him home in to his toun
Made his wife for to do hir peyne
To foſtre the childe with hir breſtys tweyne

And whan he was brought forth and recuryd
And full made hole of his woundes ſore
This yonge childe which all this hath enduryd
whan he in age began to wexe more
And that nature began hym to reſtore
The ſeide ſheepherde that louyd hym beſt of all
After his hurtys Edippus dyd hym calle

For edippus is more to ſeyne
Who that conceyueth the expoſicion
But fete I pcyd throughout both tweyne
In that langage as made is mencion
And Meropa wife of kynge Poliboȝ
The ſheepherde of full humble entent
Began the childe full lowly to preſent

And for ſhe was bareyne of nature
She and the kynge of one affection
Toke edippus both into their cure
As ſon and heire by adopcion
To reyne in corynth by ſucceſſion
The kynge the quene of corinthe the cuntre
Hadde the childe in ſo greate cherte

Let men conſidre in their diſcretion
Sodeyne chaunge of euery maner thynge
This childe ſent oute for his diſtruction
And nowe prouydyd for to be a kynge
And through fortune ay double in werkynge
He that was refuſe to beſtys mooſt ſauage
Is nowe receyued to knyghtly herytage

Deſtitute he was of his kynrede
Forſake and abiect of blode and of allie
In tender youth his fete were made to blede
Henge on a tree and began for helpe crye
But god that can in myſcheef magnefie
And reconfort folke diſconſolate
Hathe made this childe nowe thus fortunate

And prouydyd to be a kynges heire
Of hym that ſtode of deth in auenture
Fortune can ſhewe hir ſelf both foule and faire
Folkys brought lowe full well ayen recure
And ſuch as paciently can endure
And liſt nat grutch ayenſt their chaſtiſynge
God oute of myſcheef can ſodenly thē brynge

But whan Edippus was growe vp to age
Lyke a yonge prince encreaſynge in nobleſſe
Luſty and ſtronge and freſſh of his corage
Of auenture it fell ſo in ſotheneſſe

Outher by ſtriſe or by ſum frowardneſſe
Or by ſum conceit he had knowlechynge
Howe he was nat ſon vnto the kynge

As by diſcent but a fer foreyne
Wherupon full ſore he bygan to muſe
And for to knowe and be put in certeyne
Thought he wolde ſum maner practik vſe
And to the kynge he gan hym ſelf excuſe
For a tyme withdrawe his preſence
Tyll that he knewe by ſum experience

Or by ſum ſigne howe the mater ſtode
Thought he wolde do his diligence
To knowe his fader and alſo of what blode
He was deſcendyd and haue ſum euydence
Touchynge trouth howe it ſtode in ſentence
And herupon to be certified
Towarde appollo faſt he hath hym hyed

Which in Cyrra worſhiped was that tyme
And yaue anſwere through his deite
To folke that cam at euyn and at prime
Of euery doute and ambiguyte
And there Edippus fallynge vpon his kne
After his offrynge had anſwere anone
Towarde Grece he ſhulde gone

Unto a mounteyne that focis bare the name
And there he ſhulde of his kynrede here
Alſo like his faat the anſwere was the ſame
He ſhulde ſee his owne fader dere
And after that to thebes drawe hym nere
Wedde his moder of verrey ignorance
Callyd Iocaſta through his vnhappy chaunce

He liſt no lenger tary ne abyde
This ſayde edippus but forth in haſt goth he
And on his weye he began anone to ryde
Tyll he the mounteyne of Phocis dyd ſe
Vnder the which ſtode a greate cuntre
Callyd Citoyens / which that tyme certeyne
Werreide theym that were on the mounteyne

His fader layus through his chyualrye
With Citoiens is entryd into batayle
And edippus cam with the ptye
Of the hille armed in plate and mayle
And as they began eche other to aſſayle
Amonge the prees at the entrecountrynge
Of auenture Edippus ſlowe the kynge

Unknowen to him that he his fader was
Hauynge therof no ſuſpection
Paſſyd his way platly this is the caas
And alſo vnknowe he cam to the toun
Of myghty thebes where for his high renoun
He was reſceyuyd with full greate reuerence
Bycauſe that he ſlough in their diffence

Spyny the ſerpent horrible for to ſee
Sumtyme ordeyned by incantacions
For to diſtroy the toun and the cuntre
By his compaſſyd ſleighty queſtions
Slough man and childe in all the regions
Such as not coude by wiſdome or by reſon
Make of his problem playn expoſicion

Who ſo paſſyd by he coude him nat excuſe
But the ſerpent wolde him felly aſſayle
With a problem make him for to muſe
Callyd of ſum men an vncouth deuynaile
Which for to expowne who that dyde aſſaile
There was none helpe neither other remedye
By the ſtatute but that he muſt dye

And for all folke haue nat knowlegynge
Of this demaund what it was in dede
I woll reherce it here in my wrytynge
Compendiouſly that men may it rede
Firſt this ſerpent who that liſt take hede
Was monſtruous and ſpake ayenſt nature
And if it fill that any creature

Man or woman ſhulde forth by paſſe
High or lowe of all that region
As I ſaide erſt there was none other grace
But if he made an expoſicion
Of this ſerpentys frowarde queſtion
He muſt dye and make no diffence
The which demaunde was this in ſentence

The ſerpent ayyd what thinge may that be
Feeſt or foule whan it is forth brought
That hath no power ſtonde go nor fle
And afterwarde if it be well I ſought
Gothe firſt on foure or elles goth he nought
After by proceſſe on thre and than on tweyne
And eſt ayen as nature doth ordeyne

He goth on thre and efte on foure ageyn
Alſo kyndly right nature diſpoſith it ſo
And in a while it foloweth in certeyn
To the mater which that he cam fro
He muſt of kynde reſorte ayen therto
vo ſo And howe can nat the menynge clerly ſe
He of this ſerpent ſhall deuouryd be

Which edippus full ſobre in his entent
Nat to rakel or to haſty of langage
But in his hert with greate auyſement
And full demure of loke and of viſage
Conſideryd firſt this perilous fell paſſage
Sawe well to fore that it was no iape
And full prouyded that no worde aſcape

At good leyſer with hole mynde and memorie
Seynge the erneſt of this mortall empriſe
His lyfe dependynge betwyxt deth and victorie
This quod he pleynly to deuyſe
Is firſt a childe which may nat ſuffiſe
Whan it is borne the truth is alday ſene
Withoute helpe him ſelf to ſuſtene

After on foure he naturelly doth crepe
For impotence and grene tendreneſſe
Norices can tell that do theym kepe
But afterwarde vp he doth him dreſſe
With his two fete the third to expreſſe
Is hande or benche or ſopport of ſum wall
To holde him vp leſt he catch a fall

And afterwarde encreſynge of his myght
To greate age whan he dothe atteyne
Of his nature than he goth vp right
Myghtely vpon his legges tweyne
Than comyth age his power to reſtreyne
Crokyd and lame like as men may ſe
With a ſtaffe or potent to make vp leggys thre

But whan febleneſſe or ſekeneſſe do aſſaile
On hondes and fete he muſt bowe and lowte
For croſſys potentis may nat thanne auayle
Whan luſty age is banyſſhyd and ſhet oute
Than eft ayen herof may be no doute
With foure fete to erth he doth retourne
Fro whens he came there ſtyll to ſoiourne

All cam from erth and all to the erth ſhall
Ayenſt nature may no protection
Worldly eſtatis echon they be mortall
There may no treaſon make redemption
Who clymeth higheſt his fall is loweſt down
A mene eſtate is beſt who coude it knowe
Betwene high preſumynge & bowynge down to lowe

For who ſit higheſt ſtande in Iupdye
Under daunger of fortune lyke for to fall
Miſcheef and pouertye as for their ptye
Ben loweſt broght amonge theſe people all
Sūme folke haue sugre and sūme taſt gall
Salamon therfore myrrour of ſapience
Betwene greate richeſſis and betwene indigence

Hyyd a meane callyd ſuffiſaunce
To holde him content of compitent diſpence
Not to reioiſe of to greate habundaunce
And euer in pouert to ſende him pacience
Sobre with his plentye in ſcarſneſſe none offence
As of grutchynge but betwene ioye and ſmert
Thanke god of all and euer be glad of herte

Erth is the ende of euery maner man
For the rich with greate poſſeſſion
Deth as ſone as I reherce can
As doth the pore in tribulacion
For deth ne makith no deuiſion
By ſinguler fauour but betwene both I ſech
Of the poreſt and of him that is mooſt riche

This ſaide problem concludyd in this caas
Which the ſerpent began ſleightly to purpoſe
That whan a childe is firſt borne alas
Kynde to his dethwarde anone doth him diſpoſe
Eche day a iourney there is none other glaſe
Experience can tech in euery age
Howe this worlde is here but a pilgrymage

This ſaide Edippus firſt in thebes borne
Sent to a foreſt deuouryd for to be
Founde and brought forth as ye haue herde to forne
And after drawynge home to his cuntre
Slough his fader ſo infortunate was he
Of frowarde happys folowynge all his lyne
As this tragedye his fortune ſhall diſcriue

But for that he through his high prudence
Unto the ſerpent declaryd euerydele
He ſlough him after by knyghtly violence
More by wiſdome than of armure and of ſtele
Stace of thebes can tell you full wele
Which was one cauſe if ye liſt to ſeen
Wherthrough Edippus weddyd hath the quene

Callyd Iocaſta princeſſe of that cuntre
His owne moder vnknowen to him both
And though ſhe were right faire vpon to ſe
With this mariage the goddes were full wrothe

For their aliaunce nature gan to loth
That a moder as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
Shulde her ſonne take to be her huſbonde

There was therin none conuenience
To be ſupportyd by kynde ne by reaſon
But if it ſo be the heuenly influence
Diſpoſid it by the inclinacion
Of ſum fals frowarde conſtellacion
Cauſyd by ſaturne or mars the frowarde ſterre
To engendre debate or ſome mortall werre

In this mater pleyn thus I deme
Of no cunnynge but of opinion
Though he were crownyd with ceptre and diademe
To regne in thebes the ſtronge myghty toun
That ſome aſpecte cam from heuyn a doun
Infortunate frowarde and full of rage
Which ayenſt kynde denyed the mariage

He crownyd was by aſſent of all the toun
Flourynge a ceſon by ſouereynte of pees
And while he helde the poſſeſſion
Sonnes and doughters he had douteles
The firſt ſonne callyd Ethiocles
Pollycenes callyd was that other
As ſaith bochas the ſecunde brother

Alſo he had goodly doughters twayne
The eldeſt callyd was antigone
The ſecunde namyd was ymeyne
And both they were right faire vnto ſee
The quene Iocaſta myght no gladder be
Than to remembre whan they were in age
Her goddes had encreaſyd their linage

It was hir ioye and her felicite
To ſe her children that were ſo luſy faire
But oft of ioye there comyth aduerſite
And hope vnſured whan hope oft apaire
Contrarious truſt woll gladly their repayre
Where fals wenynge in herte is conceyued
Through ignorance which many folk haue diſſeyued

What thinge in erth is more diſceyuable
That whan a man ſuppoſith verely
In proſpite for to ſtonde ſtable
And from his ioye is remeuyd ſodenly
For where fortune is founde to haſty
To triſe folke is greuous to endure
For ſodeyn chaungis been hatefull to nature

Unware wo that cometh on gladneſſe
Is vnto hertis right paſſynge encumberous,
And who hath felt his part of wilfulneſſe
Sorowe ſuynge on is to him odious
And worſt of all and mooſt contrarious
Is whan eſtatys higheſt of renoun
Ben from their nobleſſe ſodenly brought doun

There is no glorie which that ſhyneth here
That fals fortune can ſo magnyfie
But whan his laude brighteſt is and clere
She can eclipſe it with ſome cloudy ſkye
Of vnware ſorowe only of enuye
Seeth of Edippus an open euydence
Which by his life hadde experience

Of high nobleſſe and therwith alſo
Part importable of greate aduerſite
His ioye euer meynt with full mortall woo
For while he regnyd in thebes the cite
And Iocaſta with full greate rialtye
Within the cuntre there fyll a peſtilence
The people enfectynge with his violence

Through all the londe and all the region
In euery age but mooſt greuouſly
On theym echon that were of that toun
The infection ſpred mooſt ſpecially
And of vengeaunce the ſwerde mooſt rigerouſly
Day by day began to byte and karue
Of eche eſtate cauſynge folke to ſterue

Thus began to encrece the mortalite
That euery man ſtode in Iupardye
Of their lyues through oute the cuntre
So importable was their maladye
That myght here the people clepe and crie
Deſpeired ſo were they of their lyues
Wide of all ſocour and of their preſeruatyues

They ſought oute herbes and ſpices in their coffres
And began to ſeke for helpe and other ſocouris
The cauſe enqueryng of prudent philoſopheris
And of their mooſt expert deuynourys
Why that the goddes with ſo ſharpe ſhourys
Of peſtilence and ſo cruell wiſe
Lyſt theym alas ſo mortally chaſtyſe

But amonge all in ſoth this is the caas
There was founde one full prudent and full wyſe
A prophete callyd Tireſias
Of propheſie hauynge a ſoueraigne price

Whiche affermyd and ſaide in his a vis
As vnto him was ſhewed by myracle
Phebus him ſelf declarynge the oracle

Cauſe of this ſikenes and theſe maladies
As the goddes playnly haue diſpoſyd
And ſenec writeth alſo in his tragedies
Though the cauſe be ſecret and I cloſyd
Vnto the tyme there be a kynge diſpoſyd
Which ſlough his fader and raft him of his life
And hath alſo take his moder to his wife

Tyll this be done and execute in dede
There may be made no redempcion
But peſtilence ſhall multiplie and ſprede
Euer more and more through oute that region
Tyll vnto the tyme that he be put a doun
Fro his crowne which was nat longe agone
His fader ſlough amonge his mortall foon

And hath his modre weddyd alſo
Ayenſt lawe and ayenſt all right
Tyll that vengeaunce vpon that cryme be do
There ſhall be werre peſtilence and fyght
Sorowe and greate ſtrife and euery maner wight
Of vengeaunce his neyghbour ſhall hate
Brother with brother and blode with blode debate

This all and ſum there may be no ſocoure
Which brought the people in greate heuyneſſe
For Tireſia the greate dyuynour
By propheſie tolde theym thus expreſſe
And at the laſt by tokenes and witneſſe
Men vnderſtode and ſignes oute ſhewynge
This peſtilence was brought in by the kynge

And though the people ne gaf no credence
To tireſia ne to his propheſie
The quene iocaſta caught an euydence
And in her hert a full great fantaſie
Specially whan ſhe dyd aſpie
Of kynge edippus the fete whan ſhe ſe woundyd
Howe this romour was vpon trouth ygroundyd

Bycauſe alſo ther was a diuinour
Which tolde toforne that edippus ſhulde be
To layus in thebes ſucceſſoure
Wherby the kynge the quene and the cite
Fyll in great trouble and grete aduerſite
Well more than I by writynge can reporte
For there was no thinge that might theim recomforte

Full oft in the day Iocaſta gan to ſowne
Kynge Edippus ſobbe crye and wepe
In ſalt terys as they thē wolde drowne
Deth crampiſſhynge into theyr herte gan crepe
A day compleynynge a nyght they may nat ſlepe
Curſynge the houre of their natyuyte
That they ſhulde lyue that day for to ſee

Their mortall chaunce their dedly auenture
Their fortune alſo which gan on theym frowne
Impatient and doolfull to endure
Their frowarde fate with their lokes browne
The kynge for yre caſt away his crowne
And bigan to race for conſtreynt of his peyne
Out of his hede his wofull iyen tweyne

Day and nyght he cryed after deth
Hatefull to come in any mannys ſight
Mooſt deſirous to yelde vp the breth
Woofull in herte to come in any lyght
Coorbyd for ſorowe feble to ſtonde vp right
And ſpecially in his dedely diſtreſſe
For drede and ſhame he daryd in derkeneſſe

The cruell conſtreint of his mooſt greuaunce
Was that his ſones had him in deſpite
Which gan his ſorowe greatly to auaunce
For him to ſcorne was ſet all her delite
Was neuer none that ſtode in wors plyte
For thus lyynge and deſtitute of chere
Vnto the goddes he made this prayer

Beſechynge theym with a full doolfull chere
Vpon his woo to haue ſum compaſſion
And that they wolde for to auenge his ſmerte
Betwene his ſones make a diuiſion
Eche to brynge other to deſtruction
This was his prayer in ſubſtaunce
That eche on other may take vengeaunce

In yeres fewe for their vnkyndneſſe
They herd his prayer as ye haue herde diuiſe
The bretheren two thurgh their curſydneſſe
Eche gan other mortally diſpiſe
For lacke of grace and for fals couetiſe
Eche for his ptye deſirous in dede
To fore other to reigne and to ſuccede

And thus theſe bretherne mooſt infortunat
Betwene theym ſelf fill at diſcencion
And finally this vnkyndly debate
Brought all thebes to diſtruction

Yit was there made firſt a conuencion
By enterchaungynge that eche ſhulde reigne a yere
The tother abſent to play and come no nere

This was concludyd by their both aſſent
And by acorde of that region
Pollicenes rood forth and was abſent
Ethiocles toke firſt poſſeſſion
But whan the yere by reuolacion
Was come aboute he fals of his entent
Vnto the accord denyed to aſſent

This was a cauſe of their both ſtriues
Pollicenes thus put oute of his right
Tyll adraſtus kynge was of argyues
Which thurgh all grece greteſt was of myght
Sent vnto Thebes tedeus a knyght
His ſone in lawe to trete of this matere
And the cauſe fynally to lere

Wherethrugh the kynge callyd Ethiocles
Wolde condeſcende of truth and of reaſn reaſon
To ſtynt werre and to cheriſſhe pees
Aftyr the accorde and compaſicion
Vp to deſyuer thebes that mighty towne
Vnto his brother which abſent was without
Nowe that his yere was fully comme about

But he was falſe and frowerdly gan varye
Ethiocles from his conuencion
For which adraſtus no lenger wolde tarye
Whan tedeus hadde made relacion
But callyd anon throughoute his region
All the worthy bothe nere and ferre
Ayenſt thebes forto begynne a werre

For this cauſe like as ye ſhal lere
Pollicenes to forte his partye
I weddyd had the kynges doughter dere
I mene adraſtus floure of cheualrie
Whanne tedeus dyd him curteſie
Touchinge the anſwere of Ethiocles
And of his truth howe he was recheles

Falſe of his prompyſe and curſedly forſworne
For to his truth none aduertence had he
Neither to the acorde that was made beforne
Touchinge the delyueraunce of thebes the cyte
But who that liſt the ſtory clerely ſe
Of theſe two bretherne and their diſcencion
And adraſtus lay tofore the town

And tideus through his high prowes
Faught by the way goinge on meſſage
And howe of grece all the worthineſſe
With kynge adraſtus went in this viage
And of the miſcheef that fyll in that paſſage
For lacke of water tyll that yſiphile
Noriſſh of ligurgus ſo faire vpon to ſe

Thought Tideus to fynde out a ryuer
She that dyde in faireneſſe ſo excelle
Neyther howe the ſerpent mooſt ougly of his chere
Of kynge Ligurgus the childe ſlough at the well
Neither howe amphioray fyll adoun to hell
All to declare me ſemyd it was no nede
For in the ſyege of thebes ye may it rede

The ſtory hole and made there is mencion
Of either partye their puiſſaunce and their myght
And howe adraſtus laye to fore the toun
And howe they mette euery day in fight
And Tideus theus the noble famous knyght
So renomyd in actys marciall
Was ſlayne alas as he faught on the wall

And howe the brethern met among the prees
Lyke two tigrys or lions that were wode
With ſharpe ſperys this it is doutles
Eueriche of theym ſhed others hert blode
This was their fyne and thus with theym it ſtode
Saue at their feſtys callyd funerall
There fyll a marueyle which I tell ſhall

Whan they were brent into aſſhes dede
Of their enuye there fyll a full greate wondre
Amonge the brondes and the coles rede
High in the aire the ſmokes wente a ſondre
The one to one partye and that other ponder
To declare the ſtory me lyſt nat feyne
The grete hatred that was betwene theym tweyne

Thus for their Ire and falſe diſcencion
All the lordes and all the chiualrie
Were ſlayne of grece and alſo of the toun
And rote of all myn auctour liſt nat lye
Was fals aliaunce and fraternall enuye
And cheef grounde with all the ſurpluſage
Who ſerch aright was vnkyndly mariage

The quene Iocaſta felt her yt of peyne
To ſe her childre eche of theym ſle other
Her ſonne her lorde blynde on his iyen tweyne
Which to his ſonys was fadre and alſo broder
Fortune wolde it ſhulde be none other
Alſo parcas ſuſters which ben in noumbre thre
Span ſo the thred at her natyuyte

Alſo whan Iocaſta ſtode thus diſconſolate
And ſawe of Thebes the ſubuerſion
The cuntre diſtroyed was and diſolate
The gentyll blode ſhed of that region
Without comfort or conſolacion
Thought ſhe myght be nomore appeired
But of all hope fully diſpeyred

Trist and heuy penſif and ſpake no worde
Her ſorowes olde and newe ſhe gan aduert
Toke the ſwerde of him that was hir lorde
With which Edippus ſmote Layus to the herte
She to fenyſſhe all her peynes ſmerte
And fro the body her ſoule to deuyde
Roof her ſelf thurghoute euery ſyde

She wery was of her wofull life
Seynge of fortune the greate froowardneſſe
Howe her diffame and ſlaunder was ſo rife
And of Edippus the greate wretchidneſſe
Alſo of her ſones the greate vnkyndneſſe
All theſe thinges weyed on her ſo ſore
For diſtreſſe ſhe that liſte to lyue nomore

Bouchas writeth the faireneſſe
Conſtreynt of ſorowe cauſyd it to fade
The famous light alſo of her nobleſſe
And all the clereneſſe of her dayes glade
With vnware armys ſhe was ſo ouer lade
Of verrey anguyſſh that her ſelf dyd hate
So inly contrarie diſpoſid was her fate,

Thus deth deuourith with his bitter gall
Ioye and ſorowe auoyde of all mercy
And with his dart he makyth doun to fall
Riche and pore theym markynge ſodenly
His vnware ſtroke ſmyteth vndifferently
From him refuſynge fauour and all mede
Of all eſtates he taketh ſo lytell hede

Better is to dye than lyue in wretchidneſſe
Better is to dye than euer lyue in peyne
Better is an ende than dedely heuyneſſe
Better is to dye than euer in wo compleyne
And where as myſcheef doth al folke compleyne
By wofull conſtreynt of longe contynuaunce
Better it is to dye than lyue in ſuch greuaunce

Takith enſample herof and a preef
Of kynge Edippus that was ſo longe agoo
Of quene Iocaſta that felt ſo greate myſcheef
And of their children remembre alſo
Which euer lyuyd in euyr ſorowe and wo
Fortune alas durynge al their dayes
Was ſo frowarde to theym at all aſſaies

Touchynge Edippus proceſſe fynde I none
What ende he made in concluſion
Saue Bochas write howe the kynge Creon
Coſyn and heir by ſucceſſion
Exilyd him cheyned ferre out of the towne
Where he induryd miſcheef ſorowe and drede
Tyll antropos vntwinyd his liues threde

## ¶ Calliope

IN this tragedie thre thinges ye may ſe
The pryde of Iabyn and falſe preſumpcion
Of quene Iocaſta the greate aduerſite
Of kynge edippus the enclinacion
To vicis all and the deuyſion
Of the two brethern pleynly vs to aſſure
kyngdoms deuyded may no while endure

Omne regnum in ſe diuiſum deſolabitur

For who ſawe euer kyngdome or cuntre
Stonde in quiete of poſſeſſion
But if there were right peas and equyte
And Iuſt accord without diſſencion
Voide of vntreuth and fals colluſion
Playnly declarynge by enſample and by ſcripture
kyngdomes deuidyd may no while endure

Seeth here enſaumple of thebes the cyte
And howe that noble myghty region
Thurgh their frowarde fals duplicite
With werre were brought to their diſtruccion
Their promiſe broken and their couert treſon
Shewyd by her armys impoſſible to recure
kyngedomes diuidyd may no whyle endure

Prynces princeſſys which haue the ſouereynte
Ouer the people and dominacion
If ye lyſt longe lyue in felicite
Cheryſſh your ſubgettis doo noon extorcion
And aduertyſe of wiſdome and of reaſon
As this tragedie doth to you diſcure
kyngdomes diuidyd may no whyle endure

Howe Atreus kynge of meſſene wrought ayenſt his brother Thieſtes ſlewe his thre chyldren diſmēbryd them pecys made Thieſtes to ete of their fleſſh and drynke of their blode

BOchas the poete auctour of this boke
Him purpoſynge to gydre and compyle
Dyuers ſtories anon his pen he toke
Him remembrynge withi, a lytyll whyle
In this chapitle began direct his ſtyle
To wryte the ſtorye and hye compendious
Afore all other of duke theſeus

Chapiter /

Lorde of athenys a famous great cite
Right ſtronge and myghty on euery ſyde
But at his backe Bochas dyd one ſe
Which cryed loude and bad he ſhulde abyde
Bochas quod he fro the me lyſt not hyde
My wofull caſe ne in no wiſe ſpare
My pitous compleynt to the to declare

I am thieſtes beſprent all with wepynge
Drownyd in teers as thou maiſt well ſee
Sometyme ſonne of the mighty kynge
Philiſtines and born alſo parde
Of quene pellopea excellent of beute
And for thou art deſirous to endite
Of people vnhappy and their wo to wryte

My wyll is this anon that thou procede
Turne thy ſtyle and take thy pen blyue
Leue theſeus and take of him non hede
But firſt my tragedie that thou diſcryue
For I ſuppoſe that in all thy lyue
That thou ſawe neuer a thinge more dolorous
More vnhappy more frowerde ne pitous

Than is alas my mortall auenture
Incomperable the ſorowe ſurmountynge
Of quene iocaſta moſt wofull creature
Or of edippus his fact euyr complaynynge
For my complaynt hath none endynge
But laſtith euer and berith me witneſſe
No wo reſemblyth vnto my heuineſſe

And with that worde iohn Bochas ſtyll ſtode
Full ſoberly to yeue hym audience
And in the place demurely abood
To here the ſubſtaunce of his mortall offence
Which thus bigan to ſhewe the ſentence
O iohn qd he I pray the take gode hede
My wo to wryte that men may it rede

Alas my brother rote of vnkyndneſſe
Attreus callyd of treaſon ſours and well
And fynder oute of treaſon and falſeneſſe
And all other in fraude he doth precelle
Whos couert hate is more than I can tell
I ſuppoſynge of very innocence
In hym no malice diſceit nor none offence

But as brother ſhulde a brother truſt
I truſtyd hym of hert wil and thought
By apparence none other cauſe I wiſte
For in his perſone I ſuppoſyd nought
That euer he coude ſo falſe a thinge haue wrought
But who may ſūner another man diſceyue
Than he in whome no malice men conceyue

I demyd of him as of my true brother
Wenynge he had feythfull ben to me
I ſawe no ſigne ne I knewe none other
In hym ſuppoſynge no duplicite
But wo alas who myght it euer be
Or who dyd euer in any ſtory fynde
Blood vnto blode to be ſo vnkynde

I woll paſſe ouer to tell the worthyneſſe
Touchinge the eſtatys of oure progenytours
Of oure kynred & the greate nobleſſe
I tell no thinge neyther of our predeceſſours
Neither of my youth howe paſſyd ben the floures
I leue all this and vnto mynde call
The wretchidneſſe that I am in fall

My brother fonde a fals occaſion
Ayenſt me and bigan a cauſe feyne
To banyſſhe me oute of oure region
And bigan at me of hatred ſo diſdeyne
Vpon me affermynge in certeyne
In oure kyngdome which callyd is myſſene
I ſhulde haue leyen by his wife the quene

This he compaſſyd full falſly of malice
Him ſelf wele knowynge that it was nat ſo
Euer founde vnkynde and his auyſe
Nat lyke my brother but like my dedely foo

And to encreſe greate perell of my woo
By longe proceſſe in his entencion
He ymagenyd my diſtruction

Wherof the people were full glad and light
Thurghout myſſene that myghty region
At my reſortynge fyndynge euery wyght
Redy of hert and hole affection
Me to reſort into that noble town
And none ſo redy by ſignes oute ſhewynge
To make me chere in ſoth as was the kynge

There is no damage in compyſon
That may be lykenyd by no reſemblaunce
To feyned truth and ſimulacion
Whan fraude is hyd with a faire countenaunce
Pretendynge truth outwarde by diſſeyuaunce
And vnderneth of mooſt falſe entent
Of doubleneſſe darith the ſerpent

As vnder floures is ſhrowdyd the dragon
For to betraiſſhe by ſodeyne violence
Such folke as haue no ſuſpeccion
But truly mene in their pure innocence
Tyll they be caught diſpurueyed of diffence
As a fiſſhe with bayte of fals pleſaunce
The hoke nat ſeen to brynge him to myſchaunce

Thus ſemblably at my home comynge
I was reſceyuyd with euery circumſtaunce
Lyke as half heire and brother to the kynge
And he pretendynge as by coūtenaunce
That he had ſo inly gretly pleſaunce
Of my repaire of truth he tolde ſo
For reioyſinge ſaide he wolde go

And his chief cauſe was fals couetiſe
Touchyng this thinge which he dyd on me feyne
And yit this kyngdome truly to deuyſe
Shuld haue be deptyd of right betwene vs tweyne
But ayenſt truth he dyd ſo ordeyne
Me to exile out of that region
Him ſelf alone to haue poſſeſſion

Yit in his hert he caſt another wyle
To my vndoynge and diſolacion
To the place where he dyde me exile
Vnder a ſhadowe of fals colluſion
To make a maner reuocacion
Of bretherhede ſhewynge a pretence
Me to reſorte ayen to his preſence

To be acceptyd as a brother ſhulde
With full accorde ſtyll with him for to abyde
All iniures of which afore I tolde
On either ptye forgete and ſet a ſyde
That no thinge after ſhulde oure loue deuyde
But of one wyll and one entencion
Lede all oure liſe withoute diuiſion

Unto his goddes to do ſum obſeruaunce
For this accord and humble ſacrifiſe
Made his miniſtres with feithfull attendaunce
To waite on me in all their beſt wiſe
It nedith nat to tell ne diuyſe
Neither by writynge in bokes for to ſet
Halfe the ioye he made whan we met

First howe frendly he dyd me enbrace
Of hertely gladneſſe within his armes twayne
And howe for ioye the terys on his face
Full enterly gan diſtyll and reyne
That for my ptye he coude nat me reſtreyne
But that I muſt of frendſhip fraternall
Wepe as dyd he in his eſtate riall

The wily wolfe that caſt him to deuoure
The ſely lambe which can no diffence
Ne none helpe him ſelf to ſocoure
So feble he is to make reſiſtence
Which demyth truth of fals apparence
What wonder is it the fraude nat conceyuyd
Though such lambys vnwarely be diſceyuyd

Though that roſes at mydſomer be full ſote
Yit vnderneth is hyd a full ſharpe ſpyne
Sum freſſh floures haue a full bytter rote
And lothſum gall can alſo ſugre vndermyne
In dredfull ſtounes the ſūne amonge doth ſhyne
And vnder a ſhadowe of feyned frenlihede
There is no frendſhip ſo perilous to drede

Thus remembrynge the feithfull wordes ſtable
Of my brother ſhewyd vnto me
At oure metynge the kyſſynge amyable
The aſſuryd couenauntes at oure fraternyte
But oft tyme men may beholde and ſe
That lilyes growen amonge theſe nettes thicke
And floure delice in myddes theſe wedys wicke

Thus while I reſtyd in the kynges hous
No thinge aduertynge his dedely crueltie
His olde hatred was ſo venymous
And ſo odyble to diſtroye me
Him ſelf to auenge he toke my children thre
And ſikerly is it nat a wonder
He cut their throtes with a knyfe a ſundre

For he thought that it dyd him good
Theym to diſmembre into peces ſmale
And in a veſſell for to gadre their blode
While they lay ſtyll and lokyd on him pale
This was his dede in a deſert vale
Withinne a caue that no man ſhulde aſpye
Treaſon conſpired of his fals tirannye

This was the ſubſtaunce of his ſacrifiſe
To ſle my children and make their hertis blede
I trowe the goddes therof dyde agriſe
Of his fals offringe whan they toke hede
He dyd their membres after roſte and ſede
And with this viande mooſt abhominable
He made me to be ſeruyd at the table

In couert cruſes alſo thus it ſtode
To ſtaunche my thriſt through his cruel vēgeaūce
He made me vnknowe drynke their blode
Was nat this thinge to goddes diſpleſaunce
Yis I dare ſay for by demonſtraunce
Upon this dede withoute more obſtacle
The ſonne in heuyn ſhewyd a myracle

Which ſore agryſyd myght nat beholde
With his bemys theron to caſt his ſight
For diſpleſaunce his cleernes began withholde
And for vengeaunce to withdrawe his light
The day tournynge for horrour into nyght
Whan he ſhone brighteſt in his myddaye ſpere
Shroudyd his face and wold nat appere

But I alas vpon this caas horrible
That coude nat ymagyne neyther thynke
On any mater that was ſo odible
Ete their fleſſh their blode alſo dyde I drynke
Which ſo ſore doth to myn herte ſynke
That I may nat touchinge this auenture
The circumſtaunce for conſtreynt diſcure

It nedith nat me to make reherſaile
Touchynge myn exyll of all maner thynges
Of diuers ſorowes that me dyde aſſayle
My wofull ſighes ne my greuous wepynges
Neyther vpon nyghtes my dolorous wakinges
My pouert neyther howe I ſtode in drede
To leſe my lyfe wherof bochas take hede

And remembre all the cyrcumſtaunce
If euer thou ſawe of highe or lowe degre
More contrarie/ or more vnhappy chauncis
Than thou herde remembred here of me
Wepe in balaunces/ my ſorowes let ſe
If any ſorowe or myſcheef vnrecuryd
May counterpeyce to that I haue enduryd

Myn enfortunes I fonde theym ay ſo fell
Without fauour and ſocour diſpurueyed
My brother on me euer ſo cruell
That I full oft deſired to haue dyed
For to this day my ſprite hath be conueyed
With ſorowe and woo devoide of all refuge
Wherfore I praye/ o bochas be my iuge

And in thy wrytynge leue nat me behynde
Neyther in thy booke/ that thou nat diſdeyne
Amonge the folke/ that thou haue me in mynde
Which that for ſorowe wepe/ weyle/ and pleyn
And thus Tieſtes rehersynge all his peyne
Like as he wolde him ſelf on pecis rende
Made vnto bochas of his tale an ende

### Howe Atreus accuſyd him ſelf of murdre and his brother vpon auoutrye doon with Europa the quene

a Treus after with a full pale chere
And of envye full dede in his viſage
And vnto Iohn bochas began aproche nere
Lyke as he had be fallen in a rage
And furiouſly abrayde in his langage
Howe may this be/ that like a man were wode
Tieſtes hath his venym ſowe abrood

And like a ribaude falſly me accuſyd
Nat withſtondynge that I full clerly ſe
Myn infortunys/ which may nat be refuſyd
So ſore alas / they werke ayenſt me
And though Tieſtes/ fals and vntrue be
And vnto the bochas with a face pale
Ayenſt me hath forgyd here a tale

Which in effect ſhall be founde vntrue
If I haue my compleynt to declare
For I purpoſe to tell a tale newe
Fro poynt to poynt /and for no man to ſpare
Howe he was grounde and roote of all my care
And euer like as it is befall
Reherce the begynnynge of my ſorowes all

Sumtyme whan I regnyd in myſſene
Of age luſty flourynge in my freſſheneſſe
With my wife Europa that was quene
Mooſt renomyd that tyme of faireneſſe
Tieſtes than as grounde of all falſneſſe
As a traitour his tyme dyd aſpye
Through his fals fraude and flaterye

Cumpaſſyd a mene within my cyte
By ſleighty wyles that were incompable
To corrupt my wyues chaſtite
My bedde defowlynge a thynge intollerable
And to the goddes verry abhominable
Vſynge the quene to his fleſſhly pleſaunce
Tyll vnto tyme that contynuaunce

She by him had ſonnes two or thre
Echon brought forth in fals auoutrye
Demynge that they had be
Myn owne children tyll that I dyd aſpye
Howe that this ſwyne through his fals lecherye
This Tieſtes / after Europa
Laye by his doughter called Pellopia

And by proceſſe forth a childe ſhe brought
Callyd Egiſtus/ which whan he cam to age
As ſeyth bochas / full moch treaſon he wrought
For by his malice and his greate outrage
Deſtroyed was all hoole the lynage
Of Tantalus which by his lyuynge
In frigia regned as lorde and kynge

But this Egiſtus of whom I ſpake to forne
Falſly bygoten myn auctour ſayth the ſame
Of Pellopia anone as he was borne
To hyde the ſclaunder/ and alſo the defame
Of Tieſtes / and alſo for to ſaue his name
Whan he was but a daye of age
He was outcaſt to beſtys full ſauage

To be deuouryd the ſtory is well couth
A wylde goot/ god lyſt for him puruype
To foſtre him in his tendre youth
He nyght and day lyenge by hir ſyde
Within the foreſt thus he dyd abyde
Vnto the tyme he gan growe in age
Than to the court he holdeth his paſſage

Wherfore o Bochas of herte I praye the
Which of theſe ſtories is mooſt terrible
Of Edippus Iocaſta/ or of me
Tell on anone if it be poſſible
Which of their ſorowes is mooſt penyble
Of theban bretherne mooſt full of woo and tene
Or of vs twayne bretherne of myſſene

I am a knowe as for my partye
Of vengeaunce I dyd a cruell dede
I ſlough his children of malice and enuye
And roſtyd theym whan that they were dede
Only bycauſe if thou liſt take hede
That he bygate theym / as rote of all this ſtrife
Vpon Europa/ which that was my wife

Such hatefull thinges eche man ſhulde loth
Which aparteyneth to murdre and treaſon
Thus may I ſay we been vnhappy both
He firſt by treſpas of fornycacion
Doon by the quene within my region
And I deſclaundryd on that other ſyde
Of haſty vengeaunce to be an homycyde

My bedde he defoulyd by his auoutrye
To god and man a thynge mooſt deteſtable
And I of malice and falſe malencolie
Slough his childre and ſeruyd theym at the table
Thus enterchaungynge if it be comendable
Eche was deſirous through oure vnhappy chaunce
Vpon other for to do vengeaunce

Oure greate hatred mooſt odious founde at all
Oure cruell dedys wrought on outher ſide
Senec reherſyth theym in eſpeciall
In his tragedies / and there he doth decryde
Our complayntys/ oure malice/ and oure pride
Oure fatall ende in ſorowe and myſcheef fyned
Whan antrapos oure lyues threde hath twyned

Whan Iohn Bochas fully had aſpyed
Of theſe two bretherne the accuſacions
And howe they had maliciouſly replyed
Eche ayenſt other in their diſcencions
He beganne dully to here their mocions
Put vp his pen and wrote not more a worde
Of their furye neyther of their fals diſcorde

Lenuoy

This tragedye ſhewyth a figure
A maner of ymage and alſo lykeneſſe
Howe contrarye it is vnto nature
Blode vnto blode to ſhewe vnkyndneſſe
This woful ſtorie can bere full well witneſſe
All ſuch debatis been as ye ſhall fynde
Hatefull to god and contrarye vnto kynde

For there is no more dredefull auenture
Than in kynrede to fynde frowardneſſe
Neither no damage more pilous to endure
Than in frenſhip whan there is ſtraungeneſſe
A maner ptye by example I dare expreſſe
To ſe the tre debate ayen the rynde
To god were hatefull and contrarye vnto kynde

Euery beeſt and euery creature
Loueth his ſemblable of kyndly right I geſſe
And whan one truth tweyn hertys aſſure
Vndepartyd of verrey pfightneſſe
It were a viſious froward curſydneſſe
Their loue to kept to louſe or vnbynde
Hatefull to god and contrarye vnto kynde

Princes princeſſis doo your beſy cure
From you to auoyde ſtrif/ fraude/ and doubleneſſe
Remembre you vpon the vnhappy cure
Of theſe two bretherne and their wretchydneſſe
And of their both malicious wilfulneſſe
And howe their ſtryues / haue this well in mynde
To god was hatefull and contrarye vnto kynde

## Of duke Theſeus and Adryane that ſaued his life in the Caue / and howe he like a forſworne man forſoke hir & weddyd faire phedra which afterward ſlough hir ſelfe

Thenes ſūtyme whā it was in his floures
a was callyd nource of philoſophers wiſe
Princeſſe of poetes and expert oratoures
Sūme of all ſciencis as clerkis can deuiſe
Whens all cūnynge mooſt clerely dyd ariſe
Named of Grece the lanterne and the light
Which through all erthe ſhed his bemys bright

With noble titles which been oute of noumbre
In euery cooſt his renown dyd ſhyne
The fame therof was clipſid with none vmbre
All other ſcolys it did ſo enlumyne
For in that cite pleynly to determyne
Of the vii artys /as doū from one hede ſprynge
There ran out ryuers and ſtremys of all cūnynge

These ſciencis were callyd liberall
Only of fredam fraunchiſe and liberte]
For of a ſtocke that were prouyd thrall
There ſhulde no braunch ſtudye in that cyte
But the ylke blode that were founde fre
Both by diſcent and lyneall high nobleſſe
There to ſcoleye ſhulde haue intereſſe

This cyte was ſacryd to mynerue
For their wiſdome and their ſapience
Of mercurie the feſtys they obſerue
For rethoryk and for eloquence
And myghty mars yaue theym enfluence
With glad aſpectys their cyte to amende
Nobleſſe of knyghthode the clergie to defende

This town was nobled by title of other thynges
And mooſt glorious/ rekened in that age
By ſucceſſion of Dukes and of kynges
Amonge which duke theſeus by lynage
Sonne of Egiſtus full freſſh in his corage
Excellynge all / of prudence and manhede
That euer dyd the crowne there poſſede

For to that cite through his high nobleſſe
In their defencis / ſuch truſt/ ſuch affiaunce
He yaue to theym by his expert proweſſe
Of his tryumphes ſo greate habundaunce
And ſpecially their renown to auaunce
He made theym free their trewage to lete
Ayenſt Mynos the mighty kynge of Crete

For by his force the ſtorie is well couth
Theym to fraunchiſe and all that regyon
The mynataur he ſlough in tendre youth
And afterwarde he of deuocion
To aquite him ſelf lyke a champion
Therof made ſolempne ſacrifiſe
To Jupiter in mooſt humble wiſe

And a Theatre called Maraton
Duke theſeus had the victorye
After he went to Colchos with Jaſon
Cheef of counſeyle as made is memorye
And by proceſſe to augment his glorye
With hercules his brother to conueye
Ayenſt amazones he went to werreye

Conqueryd theym his manhode was wele ſene
His force/ his nobleſſe in that mortall ſtrife
And after that Ipolita the quene
This theſeus toke vnto his wife
And for his brother he layde in iupde his life
Duke Pirotheus whan he dyd vndertake
The Centaures to outraye for his ſake

This centaures poetys ſpecifie
And ſeruyus makyth mencion
Howe they were ſumtyme engendryd on a ſkye
Whan firſt their fader callyd yxion
Was enamoured full many a day goon
Vpon Juno bycauſe ſhe was ſo faire
Gouerneſſe and goddes of the aire

This yxion was hir ſecretarie
And for hir faireneſſe and excellent bewtye
Louyd her full hote al be it ſhe was contrarye
To his deſire / bochas rede and ye may ſe
Hym to delude he writeth howe that ſhe
Hir ſelfe tranſformed/ as ſhe that myght and coude
Into the likeneſſe of an heuenly cloude

This yxion playnly ſuppoſynge
It was hir ſelf and euene thus ſhe wrought
Therclowde enbraſynge without more taryenge
Of his foly the goddes there he ſought
And wt their medlig betwene them forth they brought
The Centaures thiſe beſtys merueilous
Which of nature been founde monſtruous

Halfe man/ half hors deuyſyd thus in tweyne
And wonderfull by their diſcripcion
Of fals malyce dyd theym ſelf ordeyne
On Pirotheus to make inuacion
And hym to put oute of poſſeſſion
Of his wife callyd ypodamen
And hir to rauyſſhe maugre all his men

There were of theym an hundrith as in noumbre
Swift as the wynde in their cours rennynge
Which of malice caſt them to encoumbre
Duke perotheus the day of his weddynge
And to rauiſſh his wyf at their cummynge
If for his partie there were no defence
Ayeinſt their power to make reciſtence

But theſeus lyſt nat to delay
Pirotheus his [illegible]other to defende
Firſt the centaures knightly he dyd outraie
So mortally they durſt not him offende
After the conqueſt to hell they deſcende
Duke pirothe and worthy theſeus
Maugre the daungere of cruel cerberus

There they rauiſſhyd in their mortall tene
Through their knyghthode if ye liſt to lere
Diſpyte of pluto/ proſerpina the quene
Which of iupiter was the doughter dere
And pirotheus fonde firſt the manere
Of wilfull force through his high renoune
Realmes to conquere and holde poſſeſſioun

But by writynge ſothely of ouyde
He playnly tellith howe duke theſeus
Areſtyd was in hell and muſt abyde
By the force of cruell cerberus
And pluto was to him contrarius
Tyll pirotheus to fynde a reles
The caſe declaryd vnto hercules

Which of his knyghthode a remedye fonde
To helpe his frende dyd his beſy peyne
Firſt by his proweſſe cerberus he bonde
At hell gatis with a treble cheyne
And of his manhode he dyd ſo ordeyne
Duke theſeus from daunger to diſcharge
Maugry pluto for to goo at large

They were in armys brethern both tweyne
Louyd as brethern both in werre and pees
That neither coulde vnto other feyne
Their lif to iupardye and put them ſelf in prees
And bothe as brethern were callyd hercules
To ſignifye/ poetes can well tell
This name in conqueſt all other doth excell

By olde tyme they that were peerles
For their nobles in diuers regions
All they for manhode were namyd hercules
Such as were noiſyd for fa[illegible]ous champions
Tigres to daunt borys and lions
And renomyd amonge them euerichon
Bochas affermith that theſeus was oon

Firſt as I ſaid by his knyghtly trauayle
Whan athenes ſtode in diuiſion
Amonge them ſelf by werre and bataile
By his wiſdome and his diſcretion
To ſet accorde within that noble towne
Them that were exilyd and ſtode in no certeine
He of his knyghthode made them reſorte agayne

He yaf them lawes wherby they ſhulde them gye
Noble ſtatutes foundyd of reaſon
Set amonge them ſo prudent policie
In their lyuynge that no diſſencion
Shuld ariſe by none occaſion
Amonge them ſelf in high or lowe eſtate
Prouydynge euer that there were no debate

Thus bigan the cite encreas and multiplie
To wex famous of wiſdome and riches
There ſpronge the well firſt of philoſophie
There firſt of knyghthode roſe the high nobles
By theſeus bochas berith witnes
Thus thinges two lyke as it is founde
Clergye and lawe dyd there habounde

For to ſet the cite in quiete
He made peas through all that region
And of knyghthode he manly dyd mete
The cruell tiraunt that callyd was creon
Maugre him/ made reſtitucion
Of lordes bones that were at thebes ſlayne
To the ladies/ wherof they were full fayne

Thus through grece anon his renoune ſpradde
His knightly fame bigan gretly multiplye
And longe in ioye thus his lyf he ladde
While that fortune liſt him magnifye
But ay hir gladnes is meynte with ſum enuye
For ſhe frowarde liſt no more ſoiourne
With theſeus but bygan her face tourne

Awey fro him wexe peruerſe and frowarde
Of his glorye vngoodly gan to double
Down from her whele ſhe made go bakwarde
Of his gode name ſhe gan the feders pulle
Whan his nobles was higheſt at fulle
I mene the full of his felicite
There folowyd an ebbe of great aduerſite

And more ouer her frowardly to aquyte
His vnhappis rehersynge one by one
One the firſt as bochas liſt to endyte
Was whan he lay in crete amonge his fone
And out of pryſon ſhulde in to grece gone
Repeirynge homewarde and him ſelf withdrawe
The minataure whan he had ſlawe

The firſt empriſe that he vndertoke
Was whan he aſcappyd the importable payne
Of mynatoures lyke as ſeith my boke
And with him had the kynges doughters tweyne
That he of malyce falſly lyſt diſdeyne
Ayenſt adriane which that dyd him ſaue
From the deth whan he lay in the caue

Shulde haue be ſlayne had nat her ſocour be
In his repeire he toke therof non hede
He left her alone in great aduerſite
Within an yle in miſcheef ſorowe and drede
And faier phedra with him he dyd lede
Weddyd her lyke a forſworne man
Thus with vntruthe his miſcheef firſt began

Howe phedra quit her the ſtory is well knowe
In his abſence bochas wrytith thus
Whan that ſhe within a lytill throwe
Louyd ayenſt kynde her ſon ypolitus
But he to hir was contrarious
Wolde not aſſente to ſo foule a dede
For ſhame he fled and yell alſo for drede

To his fader for him dyd accuſe
As ye tofore haue the ſtory ſeyne
And for he dyd her company refuſe
He went away and cam neuer agayne
For ye haue herde howe that he was ſlayne
Within achar through his vnhappy chaunce
And howe phedra through miſcheef and vengeaunce

Slough her ſelf ayenſt all womanhede
Here in this boke tofore as I you tolde
Of which thinge whan theſeus toke hede
Thought it was vengeaunce for his offence olde
For he not quit him lyke as he was beholde
To adriane which ſhulde haue be his wyf
By whoſe ſocoure he ſcappyd with his lyf

This infortune and this vnhappy chaunce
Was to his nobles full contrarious
The deth alſo was to him a vengeaunce
Of his ſon callyd ipolitus

For ſorowe of whome this duke theſeus
With ſalte teres ſore bygan to playne
And the exequies of the ilke tweyne

I trowe alſo it dyd him ſore greue
Duke pirotheus whan he ſawe dede
Slayne with a beſt and might not releue
Kynge orchus hounde which had a treble hede
Whoos teeth orrible of his blode were rede
Which infortune whan he gan beholde
Unto the day he felt his herte colde

And for to reken the great wretchydneſſes
The vnhappy chauncis that fyll him in his lyf
Amonge all his other great diſtreſſes
Was none ſo mortall and ſo full of ſtryf
As was whan he yaf credence to his wyf
Phedra callyd. which an entencion
Cumpaſſyd vntruly an accuſacion

Upon Ipolitus of hatred and enuye
Bycauſe he wolde not do ſo great offence
As for to aſſente to her lecherye
Therfore of deth he felt the violence;
And for his fadre to ſone yaf credence
Bochas forbad huſbendes all their lyues
Without preef not leue to ſone their wyues

Neithir be to haſty tales for to here
Of flaterers in chaumbre ne at the table
Forgers of leſynges myn auctour doth well preue
To abyde with lordes that they be nat able
Heron he makyth a chappyle full natable
And of his wrytynge this was the cauſe why
That prynces ſhulde examyne eche party

Of wiſdome alſo and of diſcrecion
Without a preef not be perciall
For to a prynce it is confuſion
If bitwene partyes he be not founde egall
Cauſyd many one for to haue a fall
God ſuffrid ſuch not longe to continue
Withdrawith their grace and hyndreth their fortune

Thus theſeus for his haſtynes
His hap his grace diſtreſſyd day by day
The fame appallyd of his worthines
And frowarde fortune alſo in a waite lay
For his defautes to hyndre him if ſhe may
Laſte ſhe wolde his nobles diaſuaunce
And than his kyngedome by diſobeiſaunce

From hym withdrawith honoure and reuerence
Full frowardly through all his region
They of athenes by cruell violence
Fyll ayenſt hym in rebellion
That he was fayne to fle oute of that town
Thus hath fortune derkyd the brightneſſe
Of all his nobleſſe and caſt hym in deſtreſſe

This was the ende by greate contrariouſte
Of Theſeus after his dayes glade
whan the freſſh floure of old felicite
Fortune aduerſe/ made theym for to fade
Eche thinge muſt bowe whan it is ouerlade
worſhippes and honoures whan the brighteſt ſhyne
with vnware chaunges than ratheſt do declyne

## Lenuoye

The vnſure gladneſſe the ioye tranſitorie
The vnſtable ſureneſſe the tranſmutacions
The cloudy brightnes the fals eclipſid glorye
Of erthely princes which haue poſſeſſions
Monarchies and dominacions
Their ſodeyn chaunge declareth to vs all
Their pompous ſuger is meynt with bitter gall

This blinde goddeſſe in hir conſiſtorie
with hir pleſaunce medleth diſcencions
After triumphes / conqueſt and victorye
Reueth from kynges their ceptres and their crowns
Troubleth the people with fals rebellions
See theſe dukes which from their whele been fall
All worldly ſugre is ment with ſum gall

This tragedie maketh memorie
Of dukes twayne and of their high renouns
And of their loue write a greate hiſtorie
And howe they conqueryd dyuers regions
Gouernyd cites/ cuntrees / and alſo touns
Tyll fortune their proweſſe dyd appalle
To ſhewe their ſugre was meynt with ſum gall

Princis princeſſis ſee howe deceptorie
Been all theſe worldly reuolucions
And howe fortune in her reclinatorie
with hir triacle tempereth fals poyſons
So marueilous been hir confeccions
Of frowardneſſe ſhe woll what ſo befall
Euer with hir ſugre of cuſtum tempre gall

¶ Here bochas writeth ayenſt theym that yeuethe haſty credence to lieys and flaterers

In this Chaptre Bochas in ſentence
Repreueth and blameth nat only princes
But all theym that ouerlightly yeueth credence
To euery tale and fable which is
Reportyd vnto theym for ſothfaſtnyſſe
And liſt no thynge do / as it were dewe
To proue the trouth where it be fals or trewe

All though ſo be in euery maner age
Folkys been diuers of condicions
To tourne plie and chaunge in their corage
To outher partie with ſodeyn mocions
And for to bowe by tranſmutacions
with euery wynde as done the vnſtable leuys
which hange/ in trees/ in foreſtes and in greues

But of all chaungis that chaunge is mooſt to drede
And mooſt feerfull is that variaunce
whan that princis which may the people lede
Been founde vnſtable in their gouernaunce
For their nobleſſe and their high puiſſaunce
Aſſureth theym by a maner of fourme
what euer theym liſt to acōpliſſh and to ꝑfourme

To comon profite they mooſt may auayle
whan they been rulyd by wiſdome and reaſon
And to the people they may mooſt diſauayle
whan they lacke wit and diſcretion
Thus bitwene twayne in euery region
The people draweth who that can diſcerne
To good or badde as princis theym gouerne

They may nat be to haſty ne to ſodeyn
But doo all thynge by good auyſement
Kepe theym from tunges that pyd been on twayne
Nat be to haſty to yeue no iugement
And of folkes whan they been abſent
Leue no tales / neither yeue no credence
Tyll that the ꝑtye may come to euidence

Sumtyme hath hapnyd howe that ſlaw credence
Hath in ſūme be founde full noyous
But haſty credence I dare ſay in ſentence
A thouſande foolde is more ꝑilous
For vnauyſyd / all haſt is odious
For haſt full oft / for lacke of reaſon
Of moch people hath been deſtruction

There is no damage that men can purpoſe
More to be dred nor more lamentable
Than a prince his eeris to vncloſe
To euery tale and euery fable
It is a token their hertes be nat ſtable
Whan they to flaterers their eris don applye
Namely to ſuch that can well forge and lye

Folkes be dyuers ſum fals ſum trewe
In diuers ſtudies done their beſyneſſe
Sum can ſtudye and fynde out tales newe
And ſum for lucre can mainteine well falſneſſe
And holde vp quarels ayenſt rightwyſneſſe
Pretendynge truthe vnder a fals entente
To hyndre folkes which that ben innocente

Men to ſuppoſe it were a great folye
That folkes ſhulde in their opynion
Speke or pronounce all on one partye
Or holde one way in their entencion
For ſemblably as there is a diuiſion
Of coragis of high or lowe degre
So is there truly a great diuerſite

In reherſaile or reporte of a thinge
For to his partye eche man is fauorable
Sum man can ſaye well in all his reherſynge
Sum man is double and ſum man diſſayuable
Sum men ſay trewe and ſum be variable
Wherfore a prynce of right as it doth ſeme
Shulde wele examyne byfore or that he deme

For there is noon more dredfull peſtilence
Than a tunge that can flatere a ſage
For with his curſyd crabbyd violence
He enfectith folke of euery age
Woo to tunges frowarde of their langage
And woo to tunges fals furious and wode
Which of no perſone neuer can ſaye good

Bochas reherſith it is right wele ſittynge
Than euery man other do comende
And ſay the beſt alwey in reportynge
For in wele ſayenge no man may offende
Where men ſay wele god woll his grace ſende
After men be / men muſt thus pras vpreyſe
Lyke their meritis alowe theym or deſpreiſe

But where a thynge is vtterly vnknowe
Let no man there be haſty of ſentence
For rightfull iuges ſittynge on arowe
Of their wiſdome and of their high prudence
Will of truth haue firſt ſume euidence
I mene ſuch as gouernyd be by grace
Or any dome forth by their lippis pace

A prince ſhulde aſſemble thinges tweyne
Within him ſelfe afore full prudently
Shet vp his domes bitwyxe lockes tweyne
One of the ſoule / reaſon for that partye
Prudence choſen / and right for the body
And bytwene theym both or he pace a ſentence
To counſeyll call / truth and good conſcience

First to conſidre with euery circumſtaunce
And diligently doo their on his laboure
Of diſcrecion to take the balaunce
And firſt weye oute who is the accuſoure
And whether that he for falneſſe or fauoure
In his proceſſe liſt to procede
Herof a prynce muſt of right take hede

He muſt alſo conſidre by and by
What that he is which to him is accuſyd
And whether the accuſour be frende or enmy
Or whether he ſhall be accept or refuſyd
In his actis thus muſt afore be muſyd
And whether he be by report of his name
A man well noiſyd or ſclaundred by diffame

If theſeus thus had ben auyſyd
And conſideryd of reaſon the meanere
He had nat ſo haſtely deuyſyd
His ſonnes deth like as ye ſhall lere
For if there had aſſembled be in fere
In his pſone prudence and reaſon
He ſhulde haue ſeen in his diſcrecion

By knowlegynge of longe experience
Of his wife the greate vnſtedfaſtneſſe
Which through hir froward compaſſynge eloquence.
Was redy euer to bringe folke to diſtreſſe
And in his writinge bochas berith witneſſe
Of their nature wymen can flater and fage
And be ſumtyme to copious of their langage

Also of wiſdome duke theſeus
Shulde haue conſideryd afore in his entent
Howe that his ſonne callyd Ipolitus
Of all vncleneſſe was founde euer Innocent
And howe that he cuſtum / made his went
Into foreſtys durynge his yonge age
To hunte at beeſtys which that were ſauage

Rennynge on fote as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
On hillis valeys to eſchewe idelneſſe
Modre of vicus with his bowe on honde
Dyane to ſerue of huntynge cheef goddeſſe
Sumtyme to hauke he dyd his beſyneſſe
Alſo vnto fiſſhynge greatly he was applyed
So that his youth was neuer vnoccupyed

Thus he lyuyd in wodys ſolitarye
And of Venus deſpiſyd the ſeruyſe
Amonge wymen he wolde neuer tarye
Their felawſhip he dyd alwey deſpiſe
For he demyd by ſentence of the wyſe
Who ſo touchith pytch by aſſay men may ſe
It fayleth nat he ſhall defoulyd be

Qui tangit picem et c.

Ypolitus ſawe well this thinge afore
Kept him at large from ſuch contrariouſte
His grene youth he wolde nat haue it lore
To be defoulyd for lacke of chaſtite
For he lyued euer in virgynyte
And neuer dyde Bochas wyll nat varye
No thinge that was vnto god contrarie

Thus of entent he kept his body clene
Durynge his lyf both in thought and dede
Whoſe moder was ypolita the quene
Of amazones in ouide ye may rede
But wo alas that theſeus toke hede
For a tale of phedra full of gyle
Without gylte/ his to exyle

After whos deth / ſūme poetis ſeyn
Howe that Dyana for his chaſtite
Reſtoryd him vnto life ageyne
By Eſculapius/ and yaue him libertye
In hir foreſtes to hunte and to goo free
For which reſtorynge/ as write Ouideus
As twyes a man/ men call him verbius

¶ Ou. de tranſformatis .i. bis vir

But bochas here I not what he doth mene
Makith in his boke an exclamacion
Ayenſt wymen that pite is to ſene
Seith howe their life their generacion
Been of nature double of condicion
And callyth theym alſo dyuers and vnſtable
Beeſtys reſemblynge that been inſaciable

He meneth of wymen been borne in Crete
And no thinge of theym that dwell in this cuntre
For wymen here all doubleneſſe they lete
And haue no tatch of mutabilite
They louyno chaungis ne no duplicite
For their huſbondes in cauſes ſmale or grete
What ſo euer they ſaye they cānot counterplete

Bleſſyd be god that theym hath made ſo meke
So humble / and ferfull of their condicions
For though men wolde cauſe and mater ſeke
Ayens their paciens to fynde occaſions
They haue refuſyd all contradiccions
And theym ſubmyttyd through their gouernaunce
Onely to mekeneſſe and womanly ſuffraunce

I ſpeke nat of one I ſpeke of all
That been profeſſyd vnto lowlyneſſe
They may haue mouthes but langage haue they non
All true huſbondes can bere herof witneſſe
For weddyd men I dare full well expreſſe
That haue aſſayed and had experience
Beſt can recorde of wifly pacience

For as longith to men to be ſturdy
And ſumwhat froward as of their nature
Right ſo can wymen ſuffre paciently
And all wronges womanly endure
Men ſhulde attempte no maner creature
And namely wymen their mekeneſſe for to preue
Which may wele ſuffre while no man do theym greue

Euery thynge reſortith to his kynde
As bochas writith ſumtyme of the yere
And yit who ſerchith by proceſſe he ſhall fynde
That truth and vertue may neuer fade of chere
For rightwyſneſſe woll alwey ſhyne clere
Truth falſneſſe in what they haue to done
They may no while aſſemble in one pſone

Feer and flaterie they been contrarie
They may togydre holde ſoiour
Neyther ſympleſſe which that can nat varye
May neuer accorde. with a baratoure
Neyther Innocence with a loſenoure
Neyther chaſtite cannot hir ſelf applie
Hir to conforme vnto no rebaudie

¶ Aro mutat naturam

By the ordynaunce ſet in their corage
And ech man foloweth his condicion
As of the ſtocke the fruite hath the tariage
Pylgrymes may go full fer in their paſſage
But I dare ſaye howe ferre that euer they goo
There but ſūme tariage of that they cam fro

Bochas maketh an introduccion
In this chaptre of high nobleſſe
That princis haue in their poſſeſſion
And by a maner laughynge doth expreſſe
Howe for to ſet theym in greate ſekerneſſe
They haue ſeruauntis vpon theym abidynge
And men of armes day and nyght awaytinge

That no man may entre but if he haue licence
The frowarde porters ſtondinge at the gate
Put men abak by ſturdy violence
It were full harde ayenſt theym to debate
Their watchis kept erly and alſo late
And theym to aſſure on nyghtes whan they ſlepe
The chaumberleyns their doris ſtreitly kepe

Men aſſignyd their metis to aſſaye
To taſt their wynes leſt there were treaſon
Such mortall drede theſe lordes do affraye
Soo is there ſureneſſe meynt with ſuſpecion
Who fedyth him gladly that ſerith him of poiſon
But pore folke fraunchiſyd from ſuch drede
Such as god theym ſent with myrth they theym fede

But poetis that write tragedies
Their compleynynge is all of high eſtatis
Reherſinge euer the pitous Iupdius
Their sodeyn chaungys and their wofull fatis
Their diuiſions and theyr mortall debatis
And euer concluде their dytees who ſo can rede
High eſtatis ſtonde ay mooſt in drede

And grounde and rote of all this mortal trouble
As Bochas writeth and berith witneſſe
Been theſe liers with their tunges double
Theym ſelf ay forſinge truthe to oppreſſe
With whom flaterie is a chef mayſtreſſe
And worſt of all to their dredfull ſentence
Is whan princis been haſty of credence

Haſty credence is rote of all errour
A froward ſtepmoder of all good counſeyll
Grounde of greate hindringe a dredefull diſſeiuour
Faire of face with a plous taile

Gladly concludynge with full greate diſauaile
Next neighboure vnto repentaunce
To all that truſt and haue in hir pleſaunce

### Lenuoye

Princis princeſſis conſidre howe in euery age
Folkes been diuers of their condicion
To plye and tourne and chaunge in their corage
yit is there none to myn opinion
So dredfull chaunge ne tranſmutacion
As chaunge of princis to yeue Iugement
Or haſty credence withoute auyſement

It is well founde a paſſynge greate damage
Knowen and expert in euery region
Though a tale haue a faire viſage
It may include full greate decepcion
Hid vnder ſuger galle and fell poiſon
With a freſſh face of double entendment
yit yeue no credence without auyſement

Let folkes beware of their langage
Kepe their tunges from ablocucion
To hindre or hurte by no maner outrage
Preſerue their lippes from all detraccion
From chaūytie and contradiction
For leſt that fraude were founde in their entent
Ne yeue no credence without auyſement

Princis princeſſis of noble and high parage
Which haue lordſhip and dominacion
Voide theym aſide that can flater and fage
Fro tunges that haue a tariage of treaſon
Stop your erys from their bitter ſown
Be circumſpecte nat haſty but prudent
And yeue no credence withoute auiſement

### ¶ Of quene Althea/ and howe Hercules by wymē was brought to confuſion

Whan bochas had ſhewed his ſentence
And declaryd his opinion
Ayenſt theym that were haſty of credence
He began anone to make a digreſſion
Fro that mater and of entencion
To ſerch out mo / his purpos to contune
That were doun caſt and hindryd by fortune

And as hym thought he ſawe a company
Of many worthy which dyd apere
And amonge all firſt he dyd aſpye
Quene althea as ſhe gan nigh hym nere
All bywepte her face and alſo her chere
With ſalt teerys that pyte was to ſene
Which ſumtyme was of calſidonye the quene

She was the doughter af kynge teſtius
Weddyd to Oene of calcidonye kynge
Of chere and face apperynge full pitous
Her here to torne and frowardly ſpenge
And in token alſo of compleynynge
As writith bochas wherof he toke gode hede
Blacke was her habyte and torne was her wede

A ſonne ſhe had melliager he hight
In erth was there none feirer to ſe
Right well fauouryd in euery mens ſight
And as I fynde at his natiuite
Preſent were the fatall ſuſtres thre
With their rockes and bigan forto ſpynne faſte
And toke a bronde and in to fyre it caſte

And in that houre this was their langage
Touchynge this chylde we full accordyd be
And haue diſpoſyd alſo the terme of his age
The ſpace concludyd of his deſtyne
As longe tyme who ſo liſt to ſe
Tyll this bronde amonge the coles rede
Be full conſumyd in to aſſhes dede

But whanne althea aſpyed their entente
And conceyuyd the fyne of their ſentence
She roos vp and the bronde ſhe hente
Out of the fyre with full great deligence
Quenchyd anon the fyrys violence
The dome of parchas ſhe gan thus diſobeye
The bronde reſeruynge vnder locke and keye

Touchinge the fader of this meliager
Ouicus of hym thus I rede
Howe that he ſought nygh and ferre
Goddes and goddeſſes who ſo lyſt take hede
In hope onely for to haue grete mede
For to theim all portes thus diuiſe
Saue to diane he dyd ſacrifiſe

Wherof ſhe caught an indignation
Laſt ſhe wolde on hym auengyd be
Sent a bore into his region
Full ſauage and full of cruelte

Whiche deuouryd the fruite of many tree
And deſtroyed his cornys and his vynes
That ſuch ſcarſneſſe of vitailes and of wynes

Was in his londe vpon euery ſyde
That the people of neceſſite
Compellyd were amonge to prouyde
Sõme meane weye / to ſaue their cuntre
And at the laſt they condeſcendyd be
That melliager luſty of his corage
Shuld cheſe with hym folkes freſſh & yonge of age

This dredfull boor mightely to enchace
And furth they went echon deuoide of drede
With rounde ſperes they gan hym to manace
But melliager made firſt his ſydes rede
And with a ſwerde than ſmote of his hede
Wherof the cuntrye was both glad and fayne
And in this wyſe the tuſky bore was ſlayne

Sũme bokes tell of this huntynge
That a lady which was borne in arge
Callyd atthalonta doughter to the kynge
To ſle this boor toke on her the charge
And with an arowe made his woundes large
Alſo in Ouide like as it is founde
Bycauſe that ſhe yaue the firſt wounde

Melliager anone for a memorye
As he that was her owne choſyn knyght
yaue hir the hede in tokene of this victorye
But his twayne vncles ayenſt all ſkyll and right
Raft hir the hede of very force and myght
Hauynge deſpite that ſhe in hir auyce
Of this victorye ſhulde bere awaye the price

With which Iniurie melliager was wroth
Ayenſt theym proudly gan diſdeyne
Pullyd oute a ſwerde and vpon theym goth
And through his manhode ſlough his vncles twayne
And after that dyd his beſy peyne
To take the hede and with humble entent
To athalente ayen to be preſent

One of his vncles was callyd Flexippus
A manly knight/ but yonge of age
That other brother namyd theſeus
But whan ther ſuſter herde of that outrage
Howe they were ſlayne/ ſhe gan in hir viſage
Weye dede and pale alas for hir blode
Whan ſhe aſpyed the cauſe howe it ſtode

She had no mater god wote to be ſayn
Quene althea to ſtande and beholde
Her brethern twayne of her ſonne ſlayne
At the huntynge of which tofore I tolde
Firſt thinges twayn ſhe gan peiſe and vnfolde
Of her brethern the loue/ and nigh kynrede
And of her ſon the haſty cruell dede

And remembrynge ſhe caſtyth in balaunce
Of hertly woo that ſhe dide endure
Thought if ſhe did vpon their deth vengeaunce
To ſle hir ſon it were ayenſt nature
Thus in a werre longe tyme ſhe dyd endure
Her dedely ſorowe peiſynge euery dell
Whedre ſhe ſhall be tendre or cruell

Thus tendre I mene her ſon for to ſpare
Or punyſſh the deth of her brethern twayne
Thus comfortles all diſtitute and bare
In languiſſhinge ſhe enduryd forth her payne
And remedye can ſhe non ordeyne
Saue fayne ſhe wolde euenge her if ſhe may
But than furth came nature and ſaid nay

It was her ſay ayenſt all kyndly right
Of whom ſhe caſt auengyd for to be
To wymen all / an ougly ſtraunge ſight
That a mother deuoide of all pyte
Shulde ſle her chylde ſo mercyles parde
Nay not ſo nature woll not aſſente
For if ſhe dyd full ſore ſhe ſhulde repente

But o alas all fatall purueaunce
Kepyth his cours as ſum clerkys ſayne
But the wrytynge of doctours in ſubſtaunce
And theſe deuines reply there agayne
And afferme the opinion is in vayne
Of theym that truſt in fate or deſtyne
For god aboue hath the ſoueraynte

And of fortune the power may reſtrayne
To saue and ſpyll lyke as folke deſerue
Ayenſt his wyll they may no thynge ordeyne
Of neceſſite what cours that they conſerue
But this mater all hooly I reſerue
Vnto diuynes to determyne and conclude
Which not perteyneth vnto folkes rude

But althea of calidonye quene
Began ſore muſe and henge in balaunce
Her brethern dede whan ſhe dyd theym ſeen
Than was ſhe meuyd anon to doo vengeaũce
Vpon her ſon by full great diſpleſaunce
But as poetes lyſt for to compyle
Nature made hir withdrawe her hande a whyle

Thus bitwene ire and affection
She helde her longe of euery pyte ſtable
Tyll that ſhe caught in her opinion
A ſodeyn rancoure which made her be vengeable
And haſty wrath which is nat commendable
Ayenſt her ſone made her with her honde
Out of her chyſt to take the fatell bronde

And ſodenly ſhe caſt it in the fyre
And weryd cruell ayenſt all womanhede
To execute hir venymous deſyre
The fatall bronde amonge the coles rede
Conſumyd was in to aſſhis dede
And furiouſly in her malencoly
The vengeaunce done ſhe thus gan to cry

O ye parcas frowarde ſuſters thre
Whiche of ioue kepe the lybrarye
And of chyldren at their natiuite
Awayte the ſentence which may not varye
Wherſo it be wilfull or contrarye
Vpon his domes takyng alway hede
Howe that ye ſhall diſpoſe the fatall threde

Thou cloto takyſt thy rocke on hande
And lacheſys after doth bygynne
By great auiſe who ſo can vnderſtande
The threde of lengthe to drawe and to ſpynne
But whan the ſpirite ſhall from the body twynne
Thou antropos doeſt thy cruell peyne
Full frowardly to parte the threde in twayne

I may well playne in ſuch depertiction
Not for a day but woo alas for euer
Ye haue vntwynyd and made diuiſion
Of my two brethern and cauſyd theym diſſeuer
That here on lyue I ſhall ſe them neuer
And I of haſt alas why dyd I ſo
To auenge their deth haue ſlayne my ſon alſo

O ye doughters of cerberus the felle
Whoos ougly modre was the blacke night
And all your kynred and lynage lyue in hell
And for to auenge the wronge and great vnright
Which I haue accompliſſhid in your ſight
I woll with you perpetually complayne
Lyke my deſert endure ſorowe and payne

And while began with hir ſelf thus ſtryue
Vpon hir ſorowes that were endles
She made a ſwerde through her hert to ryue
Of hir ſelf here ſhe was rechles
And bochas after amonge all the prees
Sawe as hym thought with a full hidious chere
Dede of viſage hercules appere

Whoos fadre was Jupiter the greete
His moder doughter of amphitrion
Callyd Alcumena ſumtyme borne in crete
And as poetis reherce one by oon
So excellent was there neuer none
To ſpeke of conqueſt of victorie and of fame
Here in this worlde that had ſo greate a name

Dredfull of loke he was and right terrible
His berd alſo blacke which henge full lowe doun
And all his here as briſtles were horrible
His robe alſo full merueylous of facion
Was of the ſkynne of a fers lyon
Which from his backe of verrey force he rent
Within a foreſt alone whan he went

In his hande he bare a maas of ſtele
Which to beholde was wonder longe and huge
By apparence as bochas felt wele
Demyd of reaſon a rightfull Juge
That hercules had to his refuge
Wiſdome with force for to encrece his fame
As beeſtys wylde for to make theym tame

And vnto bochas he gan loude crye
Take right good hede for it is no fable
I for my merites to ſpeke of cheualrye
And noble triumphes am mooſt commendable
To be preferryd mooſt worthy and mooſt able
Which haue acōpliſſhed al that may excelle
Through high prowesse that any tonge can telle

Alſo of my byrth in heuen full thorr ago
Fully conceyued my conſtellacion
Mighty Juno ſaide vnto Juno
On ſuch a day in ſuch a regeon
One ſhall be borne moſt mighty of renoun
Nobleſt of nobles both in werre and pees
Of whome the name ſhall be hercules

The which dome whan Juno vnderſtode
Of Jupiter conceyuinge the entente
And knewe my fate ſhulde be ſo good
To lucyna her meſſaunger ſhe ſente
But ſum ſeith howe downe hir ſelf ſhe wente
To this goddeſſe/ goddeſſe of chyldynge
And her biſought to graunt her/ her aſkynge

That ſhe wolde from hercules tranſlate
The influence of his natiuite
Helpe to reſerue his name and his fate
And graunte it hooly to yonge Euriſtee
And that lucyna preſent wolde be
The ſame houre by iupiter prouidyd
It to poſſede all hool and vndyuidyd

Thus to the moder of this euriſtee
Juno the goddeſſe grauntyd her fauoure
Therby diſpoſynge that he ſhulde be
Mighty of puyſſaunce lyke an emperoure
But of his nobleſſe the conqueſt and laboure
And of his manhode the prowesse and purſuite
By hercules was fully execute

This hercules had the trauyle
And euriſteus bare away the name
Alſo hercules faught in plate and maile
And high empriſes proudely dyd attaine
But the reporte of his noble fame
To euriſtius fully was aſcriued
Thus of his thanke was hercules depriued

Full oft in armys ſum man doth full wele
And oft cauſith that the felde is wonne
And of a nother that dyd neuer a dele
The pryce out ſpredith like as ſhineth the ſonne
And oft it hapneth that he that hath beſt ronne
Doth not the ſpere lyke his deſert poſſede
Where fals fauoure yeueth euery man his mede

Fame in her paleys hath trumpes mo than oon
Sum of golde that yeuith a full freſſh ſoun
Sum man hath laude and deſeruith noon
And ſum heue be full worthy of renoun
No thinge preferryd by commendacion
As by reporte of ſtatys high and lowe
So frowardly fame his trumpe hath blowe

Touchynge armys the poure ne the riche
Ben not of hertes echon coragious
Neither all men may not be eliche
Neither of their name egal ne gracious
And though the poure haue ben victorious
Of a venture to doo full well ſum day
Other haue pynchyd to take his thanke away

One ſleeth the dere with an hokyd arawe
whoos part is none yit of the venyſon
One betith the buſſhe another hath the ſparowe
And all the byrddes in his poſſeſſion
One draweth his nettes in ryuers vp and doun
with ſundry baytys caſt out lyne and hoke
And hath no part of all that euer he toke

In euydence herof ye may ſe
Full notable to be put in memorye
Of hercules and of Euriſtye
For hercules gate ay the victorye
And euriſtieus receyued hath the glorye
Thus their palme departyd was in tweyne
That one reioyſed that other bare the peyne

Euriſtieus was prince of Athene
Sonne and heire by diſcent of lyne
Vnto the kynge that callyd was ſtellene
Vnder whoos myght as bochas dothe determyne
Hercules through knyghtly diſciplyne
Prouidyd ſo mooſt manly and mooſt wiſe
That from all other he bare away the priſe

But wo alas that euer it ſhulde fall
So manly a knyght ſo noble and notable
That any ſpot ſhulde his price appalle
Or cauſe his corage for to be vnſtable
which is a thinge dolefull and lamentable
From his knyghthode which a thinge to ſtraunge
That euer a woman ſhulde his hert chaunge

I woll excuſe theym by cauſe their nature
Is to chaunge hertys and coragys
Ayenſt their nature no force may endure
For their flaterie and ſugryd faire langage
Lyke Serenes freſſhe of their viſagis
For to enchaunge of princis the nobleſſe
More than hercules can bere herof wytneſſe

Thus hercules aſtonyed and aſſhamyd
Vnto bochas ſhewed his preſence
Sayde alas my knyghthode is diffamyd
By a full fals amerous peſtilence
So ſore conſtreyned by mortall violence
wherby alas my manhode was applyed
To ſleyth of wymen oppreſſyd and maiſtryed

To take their habyte and cloth me in their wede
To ſhere my berde and force me viſage
with ornamentis ayenſt all manhede
To make it ſouple and chaunge my langage
And to compleyne more of myn outrage
Vpon my fyngers v twies tolde
I had rynges richely wrought of golde

Thus was my corage chaungyd femnine
For loue of one callyd yole
Of condicions though ſhe were ſerpentyne
Me thought ſhe was faireſt vpon to ſe
That all my ioye was with hir to be
And that none ſhulde aperceyue my treſpas
I chaungyd both habyte loke and face

And was a woman outwarde in apparence
Of entent to haue more libertye
To vſe my luſtys and haue experience
Of appetitis which that vnlefull be
wherof the ſclaundre reboundyth vpon me
That I dare ſaye my outragious treſpace
Doth all my knyghthode and prowes diffface

wherof o bochas I praye the take good hede
For to deſcryue in termes playn and clere
Myn infortune lyke as it was in dede
That whan other conceyue the manere
Of myn vnhappis contagious for to here
They may by exemple of me do their peyne
From vicious lyfe their hertys to reſtreyne

For theſe folys that all wiſdome deſpiſe
And been contrarie to vertuouſe diſciplyne
May yeue exemple to folkys that been wyſe
And been to theym a lanterne of doctryne
Vicis to eſchewe and prudently declyne
Fro fleſſhly luſtys for it is taught in ſcolys
That wiſe men all day been taught by folys

whan bochas had conceyued the pleynt
Of hercules in his apperynge
And howe his nobles by wymen was atteynt
Through his deſordynate lyuynge
he thought anone him remembrynge
It had be ruth for to put in mynde
his vicis all / and vertues left behynde

Conſidre alſo it was inplynent
Outher by langage to write ayenſt all right
Any thynge that ſhulde in ſentiment
The fame amenuſe of ſo noble a knyght
Or to diſcrees in any mannys ſight
his glorious prowesse/ ſith poetis for his werrys
Reiſe his renoun ſo high aboue the ſterrys

For he was both knyght and philoſophere
And for his ſtrength callyd a geaunt
For comon profite he gan all prowdly profre
Of manly corage yeue therto full graunt
To entre into Egipt to ſle the geaunt
Callyd Buſiris of full fals entent
Slough all ſtraūgers ỷ through his kyngdom went

For vnder a colour of lyberalite
Vnto his palys gladly he wolde call
Straungers echon that cam thorugh his cuntre
And ſolempnly receue theym one and all
And lyke a kynge bothe in chambre and hall
Make theym ſuch chere in all maner thynge
As apperteynyd to a worthy kynge

But whyle his geſtys lay a nyght and ſlepe
This fals tyraunt in full cruell wyſe
Murdryd theym echon or they toke kepe
And after that/ this was alſo his gyſe
With their blode to make a ſacrifiſe
To Jupiter god of that cuntre
Of hole entent to pleſe his deite

That in his kyngdome of fruites and greyn
The londe encreaſyd by greate habundaunce
Down from heuyn he wolde ſende theym reyne
This meane he made and this cheuyſſaunce
To murdre and ſle he had ſo greate pleſaunce
For all thynge him thought it dyd him good
To murdre his geſtys and ſhede their blood

But whan this murdre of Buſiris was couth
That no ſtraunger myght paſſe his londe in pees
This manly knyght yet flowrynge in youth
This noble famous this worthy hercules
Amongys other he put him ſelf in prees
And lyke a geſt outwarde in ſhewynge
Cam to the palys of Buſiris the kynge

Rebukid him of his greate outrage
Done to his geſtys by cruell violence
And for to make peſible that paſſage
And for to auenge that his importable offence
And of his murdre to make a recompence
This hercules ſlough buſiris in dede
And toke the blode which he dyd blede

Offryd it vp Jupiter to pleſe
For this vectorye him to magnifye
And all egipt thus was ſet in eſe
Their londes their fruites gan alſo multiplye
Their greyn encreſyd aboute on eche ſyde
And to habounde by influence of reyn
Which afore tyme of vitaile was bareyn

Another geaunt callyd antheus
Kynge of Libie and gouerned all that londe
Whom hercules mooſt ſtronge and mooſt coragious
Sumtyme outraide and ſloughe hym with his honde
For as they wraſtlyd by experience he fonde
Touchinge the erth this Geaunt it is true
His force his myght dyd alwey renewe

But whan hercules the maner dyd aſpye
Howe his ſtrength renewed ayen ſo oft
Therayenſt he ſhope a remedye
Hye in the eyre he peyd him vp a loft
And with his harde and no thynge ſofte
Backe and bone ſo ſore he dyd enbrace
That he fyll dede to fore him in that place

But ſume folkys of this Geaunt tell
Within his kyngdome who dyd him aſſaile
He wolde of newe his chiualrie compelle
Eft ayen to mete him in bataile
And in this wiſe full ſeelde he dyd faile
To a force of newe as folke ſhall vnderſtonde
His ſtrength his myght all enemyes to withſtonde

But hercules of high diſcretion
The feelde on him manly to recure
Had him by ſleight out of his region
And as they met there of auenture
The ſayde Antheus might nat endure
But was diſcomfited by hercules anone
Maugre his myght and his men echone

After this conqueſt hercules is goon
For exerciſe his prowes for to vſe
Ayenſt the myghty ſtronge Geron
Kynge of ſpayne/ of melle ager/ and Ebuſe
The which tyraunt myght him nat excuſe
That all his laboure as poetis lyſt compile
Was from theſe realmes his people to exile

His tyrannye myght nat longe endure
For hercules that noble worthy knyght
Made vpon him a greate diſcomfiture
And ſlough the tyraunt as they met in fight
And after that through his greate myght
Of high prowes and magnanymyte
Slough Cerberus with his hedys thre

The famous bole of the londe of crete
Wich that deſtroied all that region
He ſlough alſo whan that they dyd mete
And in Nemea he ſlough a fers lyon
And for a recorde of his high renoun
Of manly force his ſkyn awaye he toke
And to his body a cote therof he ſhope

To all his enemyes to ſhewe him more dredfull
Therfore he ware that hidious garnement
And for he was in armys neuer founde dull
But elyke freſſh euer in his entent
Into a mounteyne anone he made his went
Callyd erimantus and there in his paſſage
He ſlough Abor mooſt wilde and mooſt ſauage

Beſyde a ryuer callyd ſtiphalus
Of furious briddes he ſlough a greate nownbre
Within the kyngedome of kynge pheneus
All the cuntre they dyde encumbre
For which their ſhadowe and contagious umbre
On ſede on fruites where euer they alyght
All was deuouryd in euery mannys ſight

Vpon the mounteyne callyd auentyne
Which is nat fer fro rome the cite
There is a wode as cronycles determyne
Right freſſhe of ſight and goodly on to ſe
And hercules paſſynge by that cuntre
Fro Spaynewarde paſſynge by ytaile
Cachus the geaunt dyde him there aſſayle

While Ercules amonge the leuys grene
Layde him to ſlepe by ſodeyne auenture
And his beeſtes ayenſt the ſonne ſhene
While that he ſlept went in their paſture
Cam Cachus forth full hidious of ſtature
Thought he wolde theſe beeſtys with him haue
Stall theym echon and hide theym in a caue

And like a thefe he made theym go bacwarde
That no man ſhulde the tracis of theym knowe
Neyther of their paſſage haue no rewarde
For by their tayles he ledde theym on a rowe
Into his caue which that ſtode full lowe
And for they were of excellent faireneſſe
To kepe theym cloos he dyd his beſyneſſe

Oute of his ſlepe whan hercules awoke
And perceyued his oxen were away
He roos vp and keſt aboute his loke
Began to aſſpye in all the haſt he may

To what ptye the tracis of theym lay
And while he ſtode thus muſynge in the ſhade
He herde lowynge that his oxen made

And by their lowynge he gan anone aproch
Towarde the ptye where they were kept full cloos
Fonde the caue vnder a myghty roche
And proude Cachus which had theym in depoos
Ayenſt Hercules he ſturdely aroos .
But for all that he myght him ſelf nat ſaue
For he him ſlough at the entrynge of the caue

And thus his beeſtys he hath ayen recuryd
That ſempt afore irrecupable
After the mounteyn by force he hath aſſuryd
Which for brigantys afore was full doutable
But by his knighthode it was made habytable
That men myght for drede of any foo
Whan euer they wolde frely come and goo

Tou.hinge his conqueſt vpon ſcitye
Ayenſt amazones with theſeus he went
The quene ypolita through his chiualrye
For his praye anone to him he hent
And ypolita of full true entent
yaue vnto him in tokene of victorye
Of golde a gyrdell to haue him in memorye

After to affryk he went a full greate paas
Only of purpos the gardeyn for to ſe
Which aparteyned to kynge Athlas
That brother was to the kynge Promothe
In aſtrologie full well expert was he
And of this gardeyn of which I haue you tolde
The rich braunches and apples were of golde

Through magik made by greate auyſement
Full ſtreite kept and cloſyd enuyron
And I watchyd with a fell ſerpent
That no man entryd that rich mancion
But hercules mooſt myghty of renoun
The ſerpent ſlought through his manly purſute
And fro the gardeyne he bare away the fruite

This ſayde Athlas as bokes ſpecifie
And poetys alſo of him endyte
He was cūnynge in aſtronomye
And therin dyd full greatly him delite
And many a boke he made and dyd wryte
With greate laboure and greate diligence
In his tyme vpon that ſcience

The which were more precious than golde
And more riche in his opinion
But hercules in ſoth as it is tolde
Gate all the bokes through his high renoun
Bare theym by force oute of that region
And to Grece like a conquerour
with him he brought for a greate treſoure

Of trace he ſlough the geaunt outragious
That ſumtyme was callyd Diomede
which that murdryd all that cam to his houſe
And with their fleſſhe his hors he dyd fede
And through his wit/ laboure/ and manhede
Of Achelaus which was a greate wonder
He made the ſtremes for to depte aſundre

And by his wiſdome dyd theym ſo deuide
In two pties diſſeuerynge his paſſage
For afore no man myght abyde
Of his cours the furious fell outrage
For in cuntrees it dyd ſo greate damage
Turnynge vpwarde there was none other bote
where euer it flowed / of trees crop and rote

A greate emprise he dyd alſo vndertake
whan that the mos hidious and horrible
Arreyd vp of Archadies the lake
which with their teeth and mowthes terrible
Callyd ſeyne the beſtes full odible
Fruite/ greyn/ and corne dyd mortaly deuoure
But hercules the cuntre to ſocoure

Cam like a knight their malice for to let
And by his prudence deſtroyed theym euerychon
with in the lake the woumps vp he ſhet
Saue amonge all behinde was left one
And ayenſt him/ this hercules anone
Of knyghthode caught ſo greate auantage
That to the cuntre he dyd nomore damage

Thus all that euer may rehercyd be
Touchinge knyghthode/ prowesse/ or prudence
Or glorious fame/ or longe felicite
This knightly man had mooſt excellence
And in armys longeſt experience
And for his triumphes and actis marciall
He ſet vp pilers for a memoriall

which remembryd his conqueſtys mooſt notable
And his dedys by grauynge dyd expreſſe
Beyonde which no londe is habitable
So ferre a brode ſprad his nobleſſe

But as the ſonne leſeth his brightneſſe
Sumtyme whan he is freſſheſt in his ſpere
With vnwarr cloudes that ſodenly appere

Semblably the nobleſſe and the glore
Of hercules in this vnſtable life
Eclipſyd was / and ſhadowyd his memorye
By Deianira that ſumtyme was his wefe
For by hir fraude cam in the mortall ſtrife
As ye ſhall here the maner and the caas
wherby that he loſt his life alas

yet for hir ſake this mooſt manly man
Faught as I finde in ſinguler bataile
with Acheloüs ſonne of the Occian
Like as poetis make rehercaile
And as he proudly dyd aſſayle
This hercules of knighthode ſouereyne
Rent from his hede one of his armys tweyne

Of kynge Oene ſhe was the doughter dere
To hercules ioyned by mariage
And as they cam to grete a ryuere
with ſturdy wawes where was no paſſage
Neſſus the geaunt ougly of viſage
To hercules profryd his ſeruyſe
And full falſly ayenſt him bygan deuyſe

Made his promys to hercules in dede
To put his life in greate auenture
Ouer the ſtreme deianire to lede
By cauſe he was large of his ſtature
And for ſhe was a right faire creature
whan they paſſyd and I come to londe
Neſſus falſly wolde vpon the ſtronde

Haue knowe hir fleſſhly / like as write ouyde
Hercules hauynge therof a ſight
As he abode vpon that other ſide
And for to auenge him of his greate vnright
Toke his bowe and bent it anone right
And with an arowe filyd ſharpe and grounde
Yaue to Neſſus his dedly fatell wounde

Like a conduyt guſſhyd out the blode
And whan he ſawe that he muſt dye
To Deianire tofore him there ſhe ſtode
with all his hert hir he bigan praye
That in one thinge his luſt ſhe wolde obeye
To take his ſhert and be nat recheles
with blode deſteyned and ſende it hercules

Therwith him to be reconciled
And ſhe to him anone the ſherte hath ſent
Through whoos venym alas he was begilyd
For what by touchinge and what by enchauntment
His fleſſhe his bonys were all brent
And amonge his dedely peynes all
In to a rage he ſodenly is fall

And as a beeſt furiouſly he ran
On Balcies hilles amonge the craggy ſtones
Semblably as doth a wood man
Pullyd vp trees and rotes all at ones
Brake beeſtys hornes and all to brewe hir bonys
Was it nat pyte that a knight ſo good
Shulde amonge beeſtis rēne ſauage and wood

Thus ouerwhelmyd was all his worthyneſſe
And to declyne went his proſperitye
And cauſe and roote of his wretchydneſſe
Was for that he ſet all his felicite
To truſt ſo moch the mutabilite
Of theſe wymen which erly and ſoone
Of their nature braide vpon the mone

Alas alas all nobleſſe and prudence
Prowesſe of nature force and chyualrye
Forſight of wiſdome diſcrecion and ſcience
Vertuous ſtudy profitynge in clergie
And the cleer ſhynynge of philoſophie
Hath through fals luſtys here be manacyd
By ſleight of wymen derkyd and diffacyd

O hercules I fele my penne quake
Myn ynke fulfullyd with bytter teerys ſalt
This pitous tragedye to write for thy ſake
Whom all poetys glorifie and exalte
But fraude of wymen made thy renoun halt
And frowarde muſes thy triumphes all to rende
For to deſcryue alas thy fatall ende

## Lenuoye

The ſoot venym the ſauery poyſon
The dredfull ioye the dolerous pleſaunce
The woſull gladneſſe the furious treaſon
Feith deſpiſyd ay ſtable in variaunce
Vertue exilynge where luſt hath gouernaunce
Through fals luxurie diffacen all nobleſſe
As this tragedie can bere full well witneſſe

Where frowarde Venus hath dominacion
And blynde Cupide his ſubgettis doth auaunce
And wylfull luſt through indiſcrecion
Is choſyn iuge to holde the balaunce
Their choiſe vnleful hath through vnhappy chaūce
Derkyd of princes the famous high nobleſſe
As this tragedye bereth full well witneſſe

O thou hercules for all thy high renoun
For all thy conqueſt and knyghtly ſuffiſaunce
Thou were through wymen brought to confuſion
And through their fraude ⁊ thy renomyd puiſſaunce
Diſclaundryd was and brought vnto myſchaunce
I were aſhamyd to write it or expreſſe
Excepte this tragedie can bere me well witneſſe

Princis prieſtis of high diſcrecion
This thinge emprentid in your remembraunce
Of others fallynge make your protection
You to preſerue through prudent purueyaunce
Afore prouidyd that your pſeueraunce
Be nat pturbyd by no fals forcereſſe
As this tragedie of other berith witneſſe

## A proceſſe of Narciſus. Bible. Mirra. and of other their infortunes to bochas compleynynge

Arciſus / biblis/ and mirra all thre
n Tofore bochas pitouſly dyd appere
Their infortunes their infelicite
To him compleynynge with a dedly chere
And of theyr comynge to tell the manere
Narciſus firſt with ſorowe and dooll atteynt
Bygan firſt all declare his compleynt

He was the ſone of Cephiſus the flode
And his moder callyd lirope
And by diſcent borne of gentyll blode
Of creatures faireſt on to ſe
And as I fynde at his natiuite
Tireſias by ſpirit of propheſie
Touchinge his fate thus gan ſpecifie

Ouidius v°. et vi°. de tranſformatis

And of his harpe if ye liſt to here
The god of appollo made a tranſlacion
Amonge the ymagis of the ſterris clere
Wherof men may haue clere inſpection
But fortune to his confuſion
Denyed him frowarde of hir nature
Whan he was ſlayne fredom of ſepulture

Next Orpheus there dyd appere alſo
Of amazones worthy queenes twayne
Merpeſia and her ſuſter Lampedo
Which in conqueſt dyd their beſy peyne
And greate worſhyp in armys dyd atteyne
Namynge him ſelf by writynge nere and ferre
Doughters to mars which is god of werre

Merpeſia rood oute in regions
And conqueryd full many a greate Cite
For couetiſe of greate poſſeſſions
To encreace hir lordſhip if it wolde be
And hir ſuſter kepte ſuerly their cuntre
Of all ennemyes ſo there was no doute
While merpeſia roode with hir ooſt aboute

But while ſhe was in conqueſt mooſt famous
And hir ennemyes proudly dyd aſſaile
Fortune anone wex contrarious
And cauſed ſhe was ſlayne in batayle
Lo what conqueſt or victorie may auayle
Whan that fortune doo at theym diſdeyne
See here exaumple by theſe queenes twayne

## Lenuoy

This tragedie remembreth thinges fyue
Of Narciſus the excellent bewtye
And of biblis deth alſo deſcryue
The greate luxurie and diſhoneſtie
Mirra diffamyd tournyd to a tree
To exemplifie that lecherie and pride
Bern from all vertue ſet full ferre aſide

Howe orpheus enduryd in his lyue
Joy entermedlyd with aduerſite
In his youth whan he dyd wyue
He felt in wedlok full greate felicite
His worldly blyſſe meynt with duplicite
As fortune hir chaungis can diuyde
Which from all vertue be ſet full ferre aſide

Merpeſia for hir liſt to ſtryue
With wilfull werris to encreace her cuntre
But hir pompe was ouerturned bliue
Whan in batayle vnwarly ſlayne was ſhe
For of all werre deth is the fyne parde
So furious mars can for her folke prouyde
Which from all vertues been ſett full ferre aſide

Ye myghty princes lete wit and reaſon dryue
Youre high nobleſſe to conſidere and ſe
Howe fortune eſtatys can depryue
And plonge them down from their proſperite
Pride and luxurie I counſeile that ye flee
Fals auarice ne late nat be your gyde
Which from all vertue is ſet full ferre aſide

## [illegible]owe Narciſus/ Biblis/ and mirra dyed at the [illegible]yſcheef

And thus Narciſ⁹ through daungere ⁊ diſdeyn
Vpon the lady dyd cruell vengeau[illegible]
But whan the goddis his cruelte had ſeyn
Towardys him they fyll a greate greuaunce
Of his vnmercy they had diſpleſaunce
And right as he mercyles was founde
So with vnmercy he caught his dedely wounde

For all daunger diſpleſith to venus
And all diſdeyne is lothſum to cupide
For who to loue is contrarious
The god of loue wyll quite him on ſume ſide
His dredfull arowes ſo mortaly deuide
To hurt and mayme all that been recheles
And in his ſeruiſe founde mercyles

And for Narciſus was nat merciable
Towarde Eccho for his greate bewtye
But in his port was founde vntretable
Cupide thought he wolde auengyd be
As he that her praier herde of pite
Cauſynge narriſius to fele and to haue his pt
Of venus bronde and of hir fiery darte

And on a day whanne he in wilderneſſe
Had after beſtis rūne in huntynge
And for longe labour gan fall in werineſſe
He was deſirous to haue ſome refreſſhinge
And wonder thurſtlewe after trauaylynge
Myght nat endure lenger there to dwell
And at the laſt he fonde a criſtall well

Right freſſh ſpryngynge and wondre agreable
The water luſty and delitable of ſight
And for his thurſt was vnto him importable
Vpon the brinkes he fyll doun right
And by reflexion in myddes of the water bright
Him thought he ſawe a paſſynge faire ymage
To him appere mooſt angelyk of viſage

He was anamered with the ſemelyneſſe
And deſirous therof to ſtonde in grace
And yit it was nat but a likeneſſe
And but a ſhadowe reflectynge of his face
The which of feruence amerouſly to enbrace
This Narciſus with a pitous compleynt
Sterte into the well and ſo him ſelf dreynt

And thus his bewte alas was layde full lowe
His ſemelyneſſe put full ferre abak
Thus whan that he gan firſt him ſilf to knowe
And ſeen his viſage in which there was no lak
Preſumptuous pride cauſyd all to wrak
For who to moch doth of him ſelf preſume
His owne vſurpynge woll ſoneſt him conſume

And fynally as theſe olde poetes tell
This Nerciſus without more ſecoure
After that he was drownyd at the well
The heuenly goddys dyd him this fauoure
They tournyd him into a full freſſh floure
A water lilly which doth remedye
In hote acceſſys as bokys ſpecifie

☞ After that Narciſus was at the well dreynt
And to John bochas declarid had his woo
Biblis apperyd with teeris all be ſpreynt
And towarde him a greate paas gan ſhe goo
And hir broder Cãnus cam alſo
And of one wombe as gemelles tweyne
But ſhe tofore hir fate gan compleyne

She in her loue was nat vertuous
For ayenſt god and kyndes ordynaunce
She louyd hir brother that cãnus
And whan ſhe ſawe hir froward gouernaunce
He vnto hir yaue none attendaunce
Though ſhe of ſleight to compliſſh her entent
In ſecrete wiſe a piſtle to him ſent

She ſaide it was an impoſſible thynge
Without hir grace hir ſelf to ſaue
And but he were to her aſſentynge
She elles playnly may nat helth haue
But only deth and afterwarde hir graue
Thus in hir writynge to him ſhe dyd attame
And to be couert ſhe ne wrote no name

But whan this piſtle came to his preſence
Vertuouſly therat he gan diſdeyne
And yaue therto no maner aduertence
Neither toke none hede of hir furious peyne
But ſuffryd hir eternally to pleyne
Tyll that ſhe war as Ouide can wele tell
With ofte wepynge transfourmyd to a well

Next cam mirra with face full pitous
Which that ſumtyme louyd ayenſt nature
Hir owne fadre callyd Cinarus
For whoos ſake greate peyne ſhe dyd endure
For ſhe ne durſt her ſorowe nat diſcure
Tyll hir norice by ſignes dyd aſpie
The hertly conſtreynt of hir maladye

For hir norice of which that I haue tolde
Conceyued hath by open euidence
As ſhe knoweth both of newe and olde
In ſuch maters all hole the experience
That through longe laboure and ſleyghtly diligence
Diuers weies and meanes out ſhe ſought
To hir faders bed that ſhe mirra brought

With whome ſhe had hir luſt and hir pleſaunce
For ſhe vnknowe lay with him all nyght
He was diſceyuyd by dronkelewe ignoraũce
And on the morowe longe or any lyght
She ſtale away and went out of his ſight
With hir norice kept her longe cloos
Till vnto the tyme hir wombe roſe

But hir fader that was of Cipre kynge
Which as I tolde was called Cinarus
Whan he the truth aſpied of this thinge
That by his doughter he was diſceyued thus
She weye to him lothſum and odious
Fledde from his face ſo ſore ſhe was aferde
And he purſued after with his ſwerde

In arabye the hote myghty londe
Kynge Cinarus hath his doughter founde
And cruelly beganne enhaunce his honde
With his ſwerde to yeue her a wounde
But the goddys of mercy mooſt habounde
Haue fro the deth made hir goo fre
And through their power transfourmyd to a tre

Which after hir berith yit the name
Callyd Mirra as ſhe was in hir life
Oute of which auctours ſay the ſame
Diſtillith a gūme a greate preſeruatif
And of nature a full good defenſife
To kepe bodyes from putrifaction
And theym fraunchiſe from all corrupcion

By influence of the ſōne bemys
Mirre is engendryd by diſtillinge of his kynde
With rounde droppis ayenſt phebus ſtremys
And doun deſcendith through the harde rinde
And through the riftys alſo I fynde
The ſeyde Mirra hath a childe forth brought
In all this worlde that it be well ſought

Was none ſo faire fourmyd by nature
For of his bewtie he was peerles
And as poetis recorde by ſcripture
He callyd was the faire adonydes
And to his worſhip and his greate encrees
For he of fairneſſe bare away the floure
Venus him chaſe to be hir paramoure

The which goddes yaue to him in charge
That he ſhulde in his tendre age
In foreſtys while he went at large
Hunte at no beeſtys which that were ſauage
But he contrarie to his diſauauntage
Through wilfulneſſe I can ſay you no more
Was ſlayne vnwarly of a tuſky boore

At the which he felly dyd enchace
But of foly in veyn was his laboure
For he laye ſlayne full pale of chere and face
Whom Venus tournyd to a full freſſh floure
Which was as blood of purple the coloure
Abud of goolde with goodly leuys glade
Set in the myddes whos bewtye may nat fade

And whan that Mirra fro bochas was withdrawe
And declaryd hir great aduerſite
And of his fate tolde the motall lawe
Cam Orpheus full ougly vnto ſe
Sonne of appollo and of caliope
And apperyd with a full doolfull face
Sumtyme brought forth and yborne in trace

Full renomed in armes and in ſcience
Famous in muſyk and melodye
And full notable alſo in eloquence
And for his ſote ſugred armonye
Beeſtys foules poetys ſpecifie
Wodys flodys of their cours mooſt ſtronge
Stynt of cours to herken his ſote ſonge

An harpe he had of Mercurious
With the which Erudice he wan
And to bachus as writ ouidius
Sacrifiſis ſolempne he began
And vnto hell for his wife he ran
Hir to recure with ſoot touchis ſharpe
Which that he made vpon his heuenly harpe

But whan that he this laboure on him toke
A lawe was made which that bonde him ſore
That if that he bakwarde caſt his loke
He ſhulde hir leſe and ſe his wife no more
But it is ſaide ſithen goon full yore
There may no lawe louers wele conſtreyne
So importable is their dedly peyne

If ſūme huſbondes had ſtonde in the caas ,,
To haue loſt their wyues for a loke ſoden ,,
They wolde haue ſuffryd and nat ſaid: alas ,,
But paciently enduryd all their payne ,,
And thankyd god that broken was the cheyne ,,
Which hath ſo longe theym in priſon bounde ,,
That they by grace hath ſuch a fredom founde ,,

To lye in priſon it is a full greate charge ,,
And to be ſtokked vnder key and lok ,,
It well mery a man to goo at large ,,
Than with yrons to be nailed to a blok ,,
But there is a bonde which callyd is wedlok ,,
Fetterynge huſbondes ſo ſore that is wondre ,,
Which with a file may nat be broke aſundre ,,

But Orpheus fader of armonye
Thought Erudice which was his wife ſo faire
For hir ſake he felt that he muſt dye
Bycauſe that he whan he made his repaire
Of hir in trouth no thinge embracyd but aire
Thus he loſt hir there is no more to ſeyne
And for the conſtreynt of his greuous peyne

At his herte hir partynge ſate ſo ſore
The greue memorie the tendre remembraunce
That he wolde neuer wyue more
So faire he was eſcapyd his penaunce
For wedlok is a life of moch pleſaunce
But who hath ones infernall peyne ſeyn
Woll neuer his thankes come in the ſnare ageyn

Ob quam cām ſecundas ſpreuit nupcias

This Orpheus yaue counſeyll full notable
To huſbondys that haue enduryd peyne
To ſuch as ben prudent and tretable
One hell is dredfull / and more priſons ben tweyne.
And who is ones bounde in a cheyne
And may eſcape oute of daungere blyue
If he reſorte god lete him neuer thryue

Upon this ſentence wymen were vengeable
And to his writynge full contrarious
Saide his counſeyll was nat comendable
At the feeſt they halued to Bachus
They fill echon vpon this orpheus
And for all his rethorik ſwete
They ſlough alas this laureat poete

The goddis haue prouyded for him a ſpace
To lyue in erth and ſo longe endure
Till that he knowe and ſe his owne face
And for his ſake full many a creature
By ordynaunce of god and of nature
Whan they him ſee ſhall fele full greate peyne
If they in loue his grace may nat atteyne

But he ſhall be contrarye and daungerous
And of his port full of ſtraungeneſſe
And his herte right inly ſurquydous
By the occaſion of his natif faireneſſe
And preſumynge of his ſemelyneſſe
No woman ſo freſſh ne faire of face
That able were to ſtonde in his grace

And for the excellence of his greate bewte
He purpoſyd him in his tendre age
Neuir in his life weddyd for to be
He thought him ſo faire of viſage
For which he caſt him through his greate outrage
Ayenſt all luſtes of loue to diſdeyne
To hunte at beſtes alone and be ſlayne

And in this whiſe that he kept him ſo
In foreſt and in wyldernеſſe
A water goddes that callyd was Eccho
Louyd him full hote for his greate faireneſſe
And ſekirly dyd her beſineſſe
To folowe his ſteppes right as any lyne
To hir deſires to make him to inclyne

He herde hir wele but he ſawe hir nat
Wherof aſtonyed anone he began to enquere
As he that was amerueylyd in his thought
Seyde euene thus / Is any wight nowe here
And ſhe anſweryd the ſame in hir manere
What euer he ſaide as longith to Eccho
Without a bode ſhe ſaide the ſame him to

Come nere quod ſhe and began to call
Come nere quod ſhe my ioye and my pleſaunce
He lokyd aboute amonge the rokkes all
And ſawe no thynge beſide ne in diſtaunce
But ſhe abraide and declarynge hir greuaunce
And to him ſaide myn owne herte dere
Ne be nat ſtraunge but lete vs dwell in fere

Nay nay quod he I woll no thinge obey
To youre deſires for ſhort concluſion
Well leuer I had pleynly for to dye
Than ye ſhulde haue of me poſſeſſion
We be no thynge of one opinion
I here you well though I no figure ſe
Go forth your wey ye ſpeke no more with me

And ſhe aſhamyd fled hir weye anone
As ſhe that myght of him no ſocoure haue
But diſpeyred this eccho is forth gone
And hyd hir ſelf in an ougly caue
Amonge the rokkes is buried in hir graue
And though ſo be that men her voice may here
After that tyme ſhe neuer durſt apere

## Of Priamus kynge of Troye/ And howe the Monke of Bury tranſlatoure of this boke wrote a boke of the ſiege of troye callyd troye boke

After theſe compleyntes and lamentacions
Which that bochas dyd in his boke compiſe
Medlyd amonge with tranſmutacions
Set in ouide by full ſouereyne ſtile
Whan he on theym had muſyd a longe while
Se the maner both of ſorowe and ioye
He began to remembre of Priamus of Troye

Firſt of his birth and of his kynrede
Howe amonge kynges he was mooſt famous
And as poetys recorde of hym in dede
He deſcended of worthy darnanus
Which as his lyne declareth vnto vs
From Iupiter was finally come down
Vnto his fader callyd kynge Lamedown

Of olde troye this Lamedown was kynge
Deſtroied by Grekys he and his cuntre
After whom this Priamus reignynge
Made therayen a myghty ſtronge cite
Where he full longe in full greate rialtie
With wife and children mooſt worthy of renown
With ceptre and crowne helde the poſſeſſion

Gouernyd his cite in pees and rightwiſneſſe
And fortune was to him fauourable
For of all aſie the treſoure and richeſſe
He dyd aſſemble this kynge mooſt honorable
And in armys he was ſo cōmendable
That through the worlde as ferre as men may goon
Of high nobleſſe the renown of him ſhone

This priamus had children many one
Worthy princes and of full greate might
But Ector was amonge theym euerichon
Callyd of prowesse the lanterne and the light
For there was neuer borne a better knight
Troylus in knighthode ſo manly was founde
That he was namyd Ector the ſecounde

But if I ſhulde reherce the manhede
Of kinge priam and of his ſonnes all
And howe his cite beſiegyd was in dede
And all the ſtory to remembraunce call
Betwene him and grekys howe it is befall
The circumſtauncis reherſynge vp and down
To ſet in ordre the firſt occaſion

Of the ſiege why it was firſt leyde
By hercules and alſo by Iaſon
The manere hole in troye boke is ſaide
Rudly endited of my tranſlacion
Folowynge vpon the diſtruction
Callyd the ſecounde which by a couſtis clere
Fully endurid the ſpace of ten yere

For as me ſemeth the laboure were in veyne
Truly alſo I nat to what entent
That I ſhulde write it newe ageyn
For I had onys in commaundement
By him that was mooſt noble and excellent
Of kinges all for to vndertake
It to tranſlate and write it for his ſake

And if ye lyſt to wete whom I mene
Henry the fift mooſt mighty of puiſſaunce    1413 — 22
Yaue me the charge of entent full clene
Thinge of olde tyme to put in remembraunce
The ſame henry for knightly ſuffiſaunce
Worthy for manhode reſeue kinges all
With nyne worthy for to haue a ſtall

To holy church he was cheef diffenſoure
In all ſuch cauſis criſtys choſen knight
To deſtroy heretikes he ſet all his laboure
Louyd all vertues and to ſuſteyne right
Through his nobleſſe his manhode and his myght
Was diligent and dyd his beſy peyne
To haue ſet pees betwyxe realmes tweyne

I mene in ſoth betwene Inglonde and fraunce
His purpoſe was to haue had a pees fynall
Sought out meanys with many circumſtaunce
As well by trete as actis marciall
Theron Iuptied life godes and all
But wo alas ayenſt deth is no bone
This londe may ſay he dyed all to ſone

For amonge kynges he was one of the beſt
So all his dedys conueyed were by grace
I pray to god ſo yeue his ſoule good reſt
With holy ſeyntis in heuyn a dwellynge place
For here with vs to lytell was the ſpace
That he abode of whom the remembraunce
Shall neuer dye in ynglande ne in Fraunce

This worthy kynge yaue to me in charge
In yngliſſhe tunge to make a tranſlacion
Oute of latyn within a volym large
Howe longe the gregys lay to fore the town
And howe that Parys firſt at Citherown
In venus temple ſlighly dyd his peyne.
There to reioyſe the faire quene heleyne

In which boke the proceſſe ye may ſe
To him howe ſhe was weddyd in the town
And of the ſiege laide vnto the cite
By meneldy and kynge lamedown
And many an other full worthy of renown
On either ptye which that in bataile
Fro day to day eche other dyd aſſaile

Wherto ſhulde I tell or what ſhulde I wryte
The deth of Ector or of achilles
Or wherto ſhulde I of newe endyte
Howe worthy troylus was ſlayne amonge the pires
The ende of paris or of pallamydes
Or the ſlaughter of manly deyphebus
Or howe his brother callyd helenus

Tolde afore howe it was greate folie
That paris ſhulde wedde this quene helyne
And howe Caſſandra in hir prophesie
On this weddynge ſore began compleyne
And for the conſtreynt of hir hertely peyne
Howe ſhe way mad and ran aboute the town
Till ſhe was caught and ſhet vp in priſon

All this mater ye may beholde in dede
Set by and by within troy boke
And howe creſeyde louyd dyamede
Whan worthy troylus ſhe wilfully forſoke
Of hir nature a quarell thus ſhe toke
To aſſaye both/ if nede were alſo to feyne
To take the thirde and leue theym both tweyne

I paſſe ouer and tell of it nomore
Neyther by what meanys grekys wan the town
Howe Eneas neither howe anthenore
Ayenſt kynge priam conſpired fals treaſon
Neither howe vlixes gate Paladion
The deth of priam neither of hecuba the quene
Neither howe yonge pirrus ſlough yonge pollicene

Neither here to write it is nat myn entent
Repaire of grekys hom into their cuntre
After the cite at Ilyon was brent
Neither of their myſcheef they had in the ſe
Neither howe vlixes fonde penolope
A true wife though he were longe hir fro
Throughoute all grece I can rede of nomo

Of theiſe maters thus I make an ende
What fyll of grekes after their viage
To troye boke tho folke I ſende
Which haue deſire to ſe the ſurpluſage
Howe grekys made firſt their paſſage
Towardys troye beſegynge the cite
Rede the ſtory ye gete nomore of me

Here ſpekith bochas the auctour of this boke ayenſt the ſurquedous pride of theym that truſte in richeſſe ſaynge theſe wordes vnto theym

e proude folkes that ſet youre affiaunce
y In ſtrength/ bewtye/ or in high nobleſſe
If ye conſidre fortunys variaunce
And coud a myrrour afore your eyen deuiſe
Of kinge priam and of his greate richeſſe
To ſe howe he and his childern all
From their nobleſſe ſodenly ben fall

Ector of knighthode callyd floure and well
Sad and demure and famous of prudence
Paris alſo in bewtye dyd excelle
And helenus alſo in parfight prouidence
Troylus in armys had greate experience
Alſo deyphebus preuyd manly in his fone
Yet in the werre they were ſlayne euerychone

Had nat this kynge alſo as I can deuiſe
Noble Ecuba which that was the quene
A doughter callyd Caſſandra the wiſe
Hir yonge ſuſtre faire pollicene
Alas alas what may all ſuch pride mene
For all be it their renown ſpronge full ferre
Yet are theſe wymen deuoured in werre

Was he nat myghty and ſtronge in al thinges
And had alſo of his aliaunce
Right worthy princes and many riche kynges
And nygh all aſie vnder his obeiſaunce
Holde in his tyme mooſt famous of puiſſaunce
Mooſt renomed of richeſſe and treſoures
Till that fortune with hir ſharpe ſhoures

Whan that he ſat higheſt on his whele
This blynde goddeſſe began him to aſſaile
Hir frowarde malice he felt it full wele
His golde his treſoure firſt it gan to faile
And darken gan his riall apparaile
By which exaumple all proude men may ſe
The vnſure truſt the mutabylite

Which in this worlde is ſeen and founde all day
In myddes of ſtatys in their magnyficence
Ebbe after flowe maketh no delay
But haſt hir cours there is no reſiſtence
The tyde abyde nat for no violence
Eche man that ſtandith of chaungis here in doute
Muſt take his tourne as it cometh aboute

Lete priam be to you a clere myrroure
Ye proude folkes that ſet your affiaunce
In ſuche veynglorye which fadeth as a floure
And hath of bewtye here none attendaunce
The worlde to you caſt a full bitter chaunce
For whanne ye were ſet higheſt at full
Than woll ſhe ratheſt your bright fethers pull

Ye haue warnyngys for to take hede
By enſaumple of other clere and right viſible
Howe worldly blis is medlyd all with drede
And of your wittes and reſons be ſenſible
Thinge ſeen at the eye is nat incredible
And all this doctrine is to you in veyne
If in your tyme ye haue no chaungis ſeyne

Wherfore bochas vnto youre auayle
Full prudently put you at this iſſue
Firſt of all he prayeth you this counſaile
To leue your vices and take you to vertue
And ſet your truſt all holy in Iheſu
For he may beſt in myſcheef helpe at nede
Of worldly chaungis that ye thar nat drede

Here alſo John Bochas put a greate preiſinge and a commendacion of ſuertie that ſtondith in pouertye vnder theſe wordes in ſentence

These greate lordſhippis theſe high dignytees
Cheef thinge annexyd vnto the regalye
Whan they ſyt higheſt in their ſees
And roundaboute ſtant the chyualrye
Drede entrith in pyll and enuye
And vnware chaunge which no man may knowe
The houre whan fortune wol make them loute lowe

They may wele holde a ſtatly greate houſholde
With a veyne truſt that power ſhulde euer laſt
Clad in their mantell of purpyll perle and golde
And on the whele of fortune clymbe vp faſt
Lyke as ſhe might neuyr doun theym caſt
But ay the clymbynge highe is at all
Alas the ſorer is their vnhappy fall

The fal of priam and of agamenoun
Out of right more to be compleynyd
Whan fortune had puſſyd theym doun
And of malice hath at theym diſdeyned
Than if they neuer to worſhip had atteyned
But their fallinge was the more greuous
Bycauſe tofore they were ſo glorious

O thou pouert meke humble and debonaire
Which that kepeſt the lawes of nature
For ſodeyn chaungys thou wilt nat deſpaire
So art thou frawnchiſed from fortunes lure
All hir aſſautis thou lowly doeſt endure
That ſhe may haue no iuriſdiccion
To enterrupte thy poſſeſſion

Thou ſetteſt litell by all worldly richeſſe
Nor by his treſours which been tranſitory
Thou ſcorneſt theym that their ſheltrons dreſſe
Towarde batailes for conqueſt and victorye
Thou deſpiſeſt all ſhynynge of veynglorye
Laude of triumphes which cõquerours haue ſought
With all hir pillages thou ſettiſt theym at nought

Thou deſpryſeſt all ſuperfluyte
None infortune may chaunge thy corage
And the ſhippis that ſaile by the ſee
With marchaundiſe amonge the flodys rage
Their auentures and their pilous paſſage
Life/ body/ good/ all put in auenture
Onely for lucre greate richeſſe to recure

Of all ſuch thinge thou takyſt litell hede
Nor of that people that marens do purchaſe
Nor of pleters which for lucre and mede
Maynteyne quarels and queſtis do enbrace
Thou theym beholdeſt with a ful ſtyll face
Their ſubtyll werkynge ſought oute for the nonys
And ſodeynly depart from all atonys

And your coragis knightly doth vpdreſſe
Agayn all titles holdith chaumptie
Which apperteyne to fals auoutrye

### Of mighty ſampſon which tolde his counſeill to Daſida wherby he was deceyued.

ho was more myghty or ſtrong than ſāpſō
w None more deliuer the bible bereth witneſſe
without wepen he ſlough a fers lion
And for his ennemyes to him dyd expreſſe
His vnkouth problem anone he gan him dreſſe
Agayn philiſtes and ſlough of theym thretty
To pay his promys ſpoiled theym by and by

His problem was the text thus reherſynge
After the lettre in very ſothefaſtneſſe
There cam out mete of a thinge etynge
And fro the ſtronge there went out ſwetneſſe
But his wife of frowarde doubleneſſe
Which euer wrought to his diſauaile
Of worthy ſampſon tolde the counſayle

What is more ſtronge than is a lyon
Or more ſote than hony in taſtynge
But wymen haue this condicion
Of ſecrete thinges whan they haue knowlegynge
They bolne inwarde their hertys ay fretynge
Outher they muſt dye or diſcure
So brotle of cuſtum is their nature

This was the caas the lion that was dede
Agayn the ſonne gopynge lay vpryght
A ſwarme of been entryd in his hede
Of whome there cam hony anone right
And whan ſompſon therof had a ſight
He fantaſied in his opinion
Full ſecretly this propoſition

As ye haue herde and gan it forth purpoſe
That philiſtes to him it ſhulde expowne
Vnder a peyne the trouth to him vncloſe
But with his wife he pryuely gan rowne
And ſhe on ſampſon gan compleyne and frowne
And feynyngly ſo longe vpon him wepe
That he nat coude his counſeil from hir kepe

Which whan ſhe knewe ſhe made no taryenge
But playn and hole ſhe gan it to declare
Such double truſt is in their wepynge
To kepe their tunges wymen cannat ſpare
Such wepynge wyues euill mot theym fare
And all huſbondes I pray god yeue theym ſorowe
That to theym tell their counſeyll eue or morowe

She tolde theym hole ſhe tolde it theym nat half
And ſampſon than gan vpon theym ſmyle
If ye nat had herde it in my calf
ye ſhulde nat a founde it a grete while
Who may be ſure where wymen liſt begyle
Though bookys ſampſon of ſtrongth ſo cōmende
yit durſt he nat ageinſt his wife offende

This mighty ſampſon dyd alſo his peyne
Thre hundred foxis ones that he fonde
He toke their tailes knyt theym tweyne and tweyne
And amyd euery eche he ſet a fire bronde
And as they ran in philiſtes londe
So furiouſly vp and doun they went
That they their fruites and their wynes brent

Eke by treaſon whan he was ones bounde
With newe cordys as he lay and ſlepe
There thre thouſande which that ſampſon founde
To haue murdred him or that he toke kepe
He brake his bondes and vp anone he lepe
Of an aſſe he caught a chawke bone
And a thouſand he ſlough of theym anone

He gan to feynt and had a ſodeyn luſt
For to drinke fadyd face and chere
And god ſent him to ſtaunch with his thruſte
From the aſſys toth water criſtall clere
Which that ſprange oute large like a ryuere
Refreſſhyd his ſpirite which afore gan dull
Tyll that he had of water drinke his full

After he went to Gazam the cyte
Amonge all his ennemyes that were of greate might
To his pleſaunce where he dyd ſe
A full faire woman lay with hir all night
And on the morowe longe or it was light
Maugre the watch vpon his ſhulders ſquare
The gatys ſtronge vp to an hill he bare

And in a valey which called was Sorek
Full hote he louyd dalida the faire
On whome his hert was full hote ſet
She coude her feyne ſo meke and debonayre
Make him ſuch chere whan that him liſt repaire
But I dare call hir dalida the double
Cheef roote and cauſe of all his mortall trouble

He neuer dranke wynes white ne rede
Of Nazarees ſuch is the gouernaunce
Raſoure ne ſhere touchyd neuer his hede
For in longe growynge ſtandith hir pleſaunce
And this ſampſon mooſt myghty of ſubſtaunce
Had all his force by influence of heuene
By heris weringe that were in noumbre ſeuene

It was full ſecre in euery mannys ſight
Amonge people tolde for an vnkouth thinge
Wherof ſampſon had ſo greate might
Outwarde ſhewyd by force of his werkynge
But dalida with hir flaterynge
Wolde neuer ſtynt enquerynge euer amonge
Till that ſhe knewe wherby he was ſo ſtronge

She like a ſerpent daringe vndre floures
Or like a worme that wrotith in a tre
Or like an addre of many folde coloures
Right apperinge and faire vpon to ſe
For ſhrowdyd was hir mutabilite
With lowlihede and a faire pretenſe
Of true meenynge vnder fals apparence

He ment trouth and ſhe was variable
He was feithfull and ſhe was vntrewe
He was ſtedfaſt and ſhe vnſtabele
His truſt ay one ſhe louyd thinge newe
She weryd coloures of many diuers hewe
In ſtede of blewe which ſtedfaſt is and clene
She louyd chaungys of many diuers grene

But to the purpoſe for to condeſcende
Whan ſhe of ſampſon knewe all the priuete
Hir falſhede ſhortly for to comprehende
She made him ſlepe full ſoftly on her kne
And a ſharpe raſoure after that toke ſhe
Shoof of his here large and of greate lengyth
Wherby alas he loſt all his ſtrength

Damage in erth is none ſo grecious
As an enmemy which that is ſecre
Nor peſtilence none ſo pilous
As falſneſſe where he is preue

And ſpecially in femynyte
For if wyues be founde variable
Where ſhall huſbondes fynde other ſtable

Thus ſampſon was by dalida deceyued
She coude ſo wele flatere forge and feyne
Which philiſtes whan they haue conceyued
Outwarly bonde him in a mighty cheyne
Caſt him in priſon put out his iyen tweyne
And of deſpite after as I fynde
At their quernes made hym for to grinde

They made a feeſt ſtatly and ſolempne
Whan they had all this treaſon wrought
And to rebuke him ſcorne him and condempne
Blynde ſampſon was afore theym brought
Which thinge full ſore greuyd him in his thought
Caſt he wolde in his preuy mynde
To auenge his blyndneſſe ſūme maner wey fynde

And whan he had thus bethought him longe
He made a childe him pryuely to lede
To tweyne poſtes large ſquare and ſtronge
Enbracyd theym or any man toke hede
And gan to ſhake theym withoute fere or drede
So ſturdely amonge his fone all
That the temple is vpon theym fall

Thus he was auengyd on his fone
Which that falſly dyd ageyne him ſtryue
Slough in his dyenge god wote many one
More than he dyd euer afore his lyue
And he was alſo the date to deſcriue
In iſrael the bible is myn auctour
Twenty yere there iuge and gouernoure

## Lenuoye

This tragedye yeueth in euidence
To whom men ſhall their coūſeil not diſcure
For recheles tunges for lacke of prudence
Haue do greate harme to many a creature
Whan harme is done full harde it is to recure
Beware by ſampſon your counſeyll well to kepe
That dalida compleyne crye and wepe

Whilom ſampſon for manhode and prudence
Iſraell had in gouernaunce and cure
Dauntyd lions through his magnificence
Made on a thouſande a diſconfiture

Full many one haue clene been all their lyue
Undefoulyd kept their virginite
And ſūme coude ageyn all vices ſtryue
Theym to conſerue in pfight chaſtite
Deuoyde of chaunge and mutabilite
Though ſūme other haue therageyn treſpacid
The laude of theym is nat therwith diffacid

And who euer of malice liſt accuſe
Thiſe ſely wymen touchinge variaunce
Lette theym remembre and in their wittes muſe
Men be nat ay ſtable in their conſtaunce
In this worlde there is no pſeueraunce
Chaunge is ay founde in men and wymen both
On outher ptye be they neuer ſo wroth

No man ſhulde the vertuous atwite
In ſtede of him that dyd the treſpace
Nor for a theef a trewe man endite
Nor for the gylty an Innocent manace
Good and wickyd abyde in euery place
Their price/ their lak/ late theym be reſeruyd
To outher ptye as they haue deſeruyd

Though John bochas in his opinion
Agayn wymen liſt a proceſſe make
They that been good of condion
Shulde ayenſt no maner quarell take
But lightly paſſe and their ſleues ſhake
For ageyn good he no thinge made
Who can conceyue theffecte of this balade

### The excuſe of bochas for his writynge ayenſt myſgouernyd wymen in ſtede of lenuoye

YE wymen all that ye ſhall beholde ⁊ ſe
This chaptre and the proceſſe rede
Ye that been good founde in your degre
And vertuous both in thought and dede
What bochas ſeith take ye none hede
For his writinge if it be decerned
Is nat ageyn theym that be well gouerned

For though it fall that one two or thre
Haue done amyſſe as therfore god forbede
That other wymen which ſtable and feythfull be
Shulde be atwytyd of their vngoodlihede
But moor commendyd for their womanhede
For this ſcripture if it be concernyd
Is ageyn theym that be nat wele gouernyd

A galkyd hors the ſoth if ye liſt ſe
Who touchith him bowith his backe for drede
And who is knowe vntrewe in his cuntre
Shrinkith his hornes whan men ſpeke of falſhede
But good wymen haue full lytell nede
To grutch or frowne whan the truth is lernyd
Though there be ſūme which be nat well gouernyd

Of Dalida/ and quene Paſiphe
Though doubleneſſe dyd their brydell lede
Yit of lucrece / and penolope
The noble fame abrood doth ſhyne and ſprede
Out of good corne men may the darnell wede
Wymen rebuke in their diſſautys quernyd
And nat touch theym that be well gouernyd

### Of myghty pirrus that ſlough pollicene which for his pride and auoutrye dyed in pouertie / ſlayne at the laſt by horeſtes

Bochas muſynge in his remembraunce
And conſideryd in his fantaſie
The vnſure truſt of worldly variaunce
Of men and wymen the chaunge and the folye
The ſame tyme he ſawe a cōpanye
Of myghty princes full pitouſly weppynge
To him appere their fortune compleynynge

Amonge other that put theym ſelf in preace
Of myghty pirrus firſt he had a ſight
That was the ſonne of worthy achilles
Amonge Grekes the mooſt famous knyght
Mooſt commended of manhode and of myght
Sonne and next heire as bokes ſpecifie
Of Pelleus kynge of Theſalie

Thys Achilles full manly of his herte
Hurte of Ector and his wounde grene
Slough ector after or he dyd aduerte
The which achilles for loue of pollicene
By compaſſynge or Ecuba the quene
Vndere Trety this grekis champion
Was ſlayne of paris within troye town

Whos deth to auenge pirrus in his tene
Furiouſly with face dede and pale
Slough afterwarde the ſaide pollicene
And diſmembryd all on peces ſmale
Which for to here is a pitous tale
That a knight ſo vengeable was in dede
To ſle a maide quakynge in hir drede

He coude for Ire on hir no mercy haue
But with his ſwerde mooſt furious and wode
Merciles vpon his faders graue
Like a tiraunt he ſhed hir chaſte blode
The dede horrible diffaced his knighthode
That to this the ſclaundre and diffame
By newe report reboundeth on his name

Poetes ſaye and ſpecially ouide
Write whan grekis fro Troye ſhulde ſaile
Howe their ſhippis by an anker dyd ride
Of that purpoſe which longe dyd theym faile
But in this while he maketh reherſaile
Oute of the erth manacinge of chere
Of achilles an ymage dyd appere

So grekis ſaide with a dedely face
I fele wele myn honour and my glorie
And my nobleſſe full lightly forth doth pace
Vnkynde people oute of your memore
Which by me had youre conqueſt and victorie
Your deuire doth pollicene to take
And on my graue a ſacrifiſe to make

With hir blode loke ye ſpare nought
To ſpringe it rounde aboute my ſepulture
Thus blode for blode with vengeaūce ſhalbe boughte
And for my deth / the deth ſhe muſt endure
And loke the maner of this auenture
And howe ſhe died in her maidenhede
Methamorphoſeos the proceſſe ye may rede

In haſty vengeaunce ſet was all his ioye
With thurſte vnſtaunched / troian blode to ſhede
He ſlough priam the worthy kinge of troye
And into grece with him he dyd lede

Adromada the ſtory ye may rede
Weddyd hir and after in certeyn
By him ſhe had worthy ſonnes tweyne

But in repairynge home to his cuntre
As Eolus dyd his ſhippes dryue
I finde he was a pirat of the ſe
And into Grece whan he dyd aryue
Fortune vnwarly gan ageyn him ſtryue
Forſoke his wife lete hir lyue alone
Toke another called hermyone

Which was that tyme in mariage
To horiſtes ſon of agamenon
And he alas of louys wilfull rage
Toke hir by force to his poſſeſſion
But of auoutrye folowith this guerdon
Sodeyn deth / pouert / or ſhame
Open diſclaundre / greate myſcheef / or diffame

Eke in his tyme thus pirrus as I rede
Fyll into myſcheef and greate pouerte
And with ſuch meyne as he dyd lede
He was a rouer and robbyd on the ſee
And as poetes reherce ye may ſee
Of ſuch robbynge by ſclaundre and diffame
This worde pirate of pirrus toke the name

And as the ſtory after doth deuiſe
The ſaide horiſtes gan ſekerly eſpie
Where that pirrus dyd ſacrifiſe
Tofore appollo that god to magnifye
Full vnwarly horiſtes of enuye
Toke a ſharpe ſwerde or pirrus coude aduert
Where that he ſtode and roof him to the herte

Thus was the fyne of pirrus in ſubſtaunce
For all his pride and greate preſumpcion
Of fals auoutrye foloweth this vengeaunce
Loſſe of ſume membre pouert or priſon
Or hatfull ſclaundre by ſume occaſion
Or ſodeyn deth ſhortly in ſentence
Complete in pirrus by ful clere euidence

## Of Machaire and his ſuſter Canace

Aftir this Pirrus cam canace the faire
Terys diſtyllynge from hir iyen tweyne
And hir brother that callyd was machaire
And both they pitouſly gan pleyne
That fortune gan at theym ſo diſdeyne
Hyndrynge their fate by wofull auenture
Touchinge their loue which was agayne nature

He was hir brother and hir loue alſo
As the ſtory pleynly doth declare
And in a bed they lay eke both two
Reſon was none why they ſhulde ſpare
But loue that cauſeth wo and eke welfare
Gan agayn kinde ſo ſtraungely deuyſe
That he hir wombe made ſodenly to ariſe

And fynally myn auctoure berith witneſſe
A childe ſhe had by hir owne brother
Which excelled in fauoure and fairneſſe
For like to hym of bewtie was none other
But of their loue ſo guyed was the rother
That Caribdis twene wyndis full contraire
Hath Canace deſtroied and machaire

For whan their fader the maner dyd eſpie
Of their werkynge which was ſo horrible
For Ire almooſt he fyll in frenſie
Which for to appeſe was an impoſſible
For the mater was frowarde and odible
For which playnly deuoyde of all pite
Vpon their treſpas he wolde auengyd be

The cauſe knowen the fader anone right
Caſt for their deth of rigour to prouide
For which machaire fled oute of his ſight
And from his face his preſence gan to hide
But woo alas his ſuſter muſte abyde
Mercilees for their hatefull treſpace
Suffre deth there was none other grace

First hir fadre a ſharpe ſwerde to hir ſent
In token of deth for a remembraunce
And whan ſhe wiſt playnly what he ment
And conceyued his rigorous ordenaunce
With hole purpos to obey his pleſaunce
She grutchith nat but lowly of entent
Lyke a meke doughter to his deſire aſſent

But or ſhe dyed ſhe caſt for to write
A litell lettre to hir brother dere
A dedly compleynt compleyne and endite
With pale face and a mortall chere
The ſalt terys from hir iyen clere
With pitous ſobbynge fet from hir hertis bringe
Diſtyllynge downe to tempre with hir ynke

The lettre of compleynt of Canace to
hir broder Machaire.

Oute of hir ſwoune whan ſhe dyd abraide
Knowynge no meane but deth in hir diſtreſſe
To hir brother full pitouſly ſhe ſayde
Cauſe of my ſorowe rote of my heuyneſſe
That whilom were cheef ſours of my gladneſſe
Whan both oure ioyes by will were ſo diſpoſyd
Vnder one key oure hertis to be encloſyd

Whilom thou were ſupport and ſekirneſſe
Cheef reioyſynge of my worldly ioye pleaſaunce
But nowe thou art the grounde of my ſikeneſſe
Well of wanhope of my dedely penaunce
Which haue of ſorowe grettiſt habundaunce
That euer yit had any creature
Which muſt for loue the deth alas endure

Thou were whilom my bliſſe and all my truſt
Souereyn comfort my ſorowes to appeſe
Springe and well of all my hertys luſt
And nowe alas cheef rote of my diſſeſe
But if my deth might do the any eaſe
O brother myn / in remembraunce of tweyne
Deth ſhall to me be pleſaunce and no peyne

My cruell fader mooſt vnmerciable
Ordeyned hath it nedys muſt be ſo
In his rigoure he is ſo vntretable
All mercilees he will that it be do
That we algate ſhall dye both two
But I am glad ſith it may be none other
Thou art eſcappyd my beſtbelouyd brother

This is myn ende I may it nat aſterte
O brother myn there is no more to ſaye
Lowly beſechinge with all myn hole herte
For to remembre ſpecially I praye
If it befall my litell ſonne to dye
That thou mayſt after ſum mynde vpon vs haue
Suffre vs both to be buried in a graue

I holde him ſtreitly atwene my armys tweyne
Thou and nature leyde on me this charge
He giltles with me muſt ſuffre peyne
And ſith thou arte at fredam and at large
Late kyndneſſe oure loue nat ſo diſcharge
But haue a mynde where euer that thou be
Onys a day vpon my childe and me

On the and me dependeth the treſpace
Touchinge oure gylte and oure greate offence
But wela way mooſt angelik of face
Oure childe yonge in his pure innocence
Shal agayn right ſuffre dethis violence
Tendre of lymmys god wote full giltles
The goodly faire that lieth here ſpecheles

A mouth he hath but wordes hath he none
Can nat compleyne alas for none outrage
Nor grutcheth nat but lieth here all alone
Stille as a lambe mooſt meke of his viſage
What herte of ſtele coude do to him damage
Or ſuffre him dye beholdinge the manere
And loke benygne of his tweyne iyen clere

O thou my fadre to cruell is thy wreche
Harder of herte than any tygre or lion
To ſle a childe that lieth withoute ſpeche
Voide of all mercy and remyſſion
And on his moder haſt no compaſſion
His youth conſideryd with lippes ſoft as ſilke
Which at my breſt lieth ſtyll and ſouketh mylke

Is any ſorowe remembryd by writynge
Vnto my ſorowfull ſighes incomparable
Or was there euer creature lyuinge
That felt of dole a thinge more lamentable
For comfortles and vnrecuparable
Are thilke heppyd ſorowes full of rage
Which haue with woo oppreſſed my corage

Beſyn all my myſcheuys in eſpeciall
And on my myſcheef remembre and haue gode mynd
My lorde my fader is myn enmy mortall
Experience ynough therof I fynde
For in his purſuite he hath left behinde
In deſtruction of the my childe and me
Ruth all mercy and faderly pyte

And the my brother auoyded from his ſight
Which in no wyſe his grace may ſtill atteyne
Alas that rigoure vengeaunce and cruell right
Shalde aboue mercy be lady ſouereyne
But cruelte doth at me ſo diſdeyne
That thou my brother my childe and alſo I
Shall dye exiled alas from all mercy

My fader whilom by many ſundry ſigne
Was my ſocoure and my ſupportacion
To the and me mooſt gracious and benygne
Oure worldly gladneſſe our conſolacion
But loue and fortune hath tournyd vpſo doun
Oure grace alas/ oure welfare/ and oure fame
Harde to recure ſo ſclaundred is oure name

Spot of diffamynge is harde to waſſhe away
Whan noyſe and rumoure abrode do folke manace
To hindre a man there may be no delaye
For hatefull fame flieth ferre in ſhort ſpace
But of vs tweyne there is none other grace
Saue only deth / and after deth alas
Eternall ſclaundre of vs thus ſtant the caas

Whom ſhall we blame or whom ſhall we atwyte
Oure greate offence ſith we may it nat hide
For oure excus reportis to reſpite
Meane is there none except the god cupide
And though that he wolde for vs prouide
In this matere to be oure cheef refuge
Poetis ſay he is blynde to a iuge

He is depaynt like a blynde archere
To make a right failynge diſcrecion
Holdynge no meſure nouther ferre nor nere
But lyke fortunys diſpoſicion
All vpon happe voide of all reaſon
As a blynde archere with arowes ſharpe grounde
Of auenture yeueth many a mortall wounde

At the and me he wrongly dyd marke
Felly to hindre oure fatall auentures
As ferre as phebus ſhyneth in his arke
To make vs refuſe to all creatures
Callyd vs tweyne vnto the wofull lures
Of diffame which wyll deyle neuer
By newe reporte the noyſe encreſynge euer

Odious fame with ſwift wynges flieth
But all good fame enuye doth reſtreyne
Eche man of other the defautys ſaith
Yit on his owne no man wyll compleyne
But all the worlde outcrieth of vs tweyne
Whos hatful ire by vs may nat be quenchyd
For I muſt dye my fader hath ſo demyd

Their life to amende or the lorde do ſmyte
Through negligence or it be to late
And or the ſwerde of vengeaunce kerue or bite
Into vertues their vicious life tranſlate
Cheriſſhe rightwiſneſſe agayn all wronge debate
With drede of god make theym ſelf ſtronge
Than is no doute they ſhall endure longe

Who is nat ware by others chaſtiſynge
Other by hym ſhall chaſtiſed be
Harde is that herte which for no writynge
For noo doctryne nor none auctorite
For none exaumples will from his vices flee
So indurat is his frowarde entent
Which will nat ſuffre his hardneſſe to relent

The rounde droppis of the ſmoth rayne
Which that diſcende and fall from aloft
On ſtonys harde at the eye as it is ſeyne
Perceth their hardneſſe with their fallinge ofte
All be in touchynge water is but ſofte
The perſynge cauſed by force nor puiſſaunce
But of fallynge by longe contynuaunce

Semblably of right I dare reherce
Oft redynge on bokys fructuous
The hertys ſhulde of prudent princes perce
Synke in their mynde and make theym vertuous
To eſchewe all thinge that is vicious
For what auaileth the exaumples that they rede
To their redynge if contrarie be the dede

Cũnynge and dede who can comprehende
In clere conceytis they been thynges tweyne
And if cũnynge do the dede amende
Than atwene theym is made a myghty cheyne
A noble thynge and right ſouereyne
For than of cũnynge the laboure is well ſpent
Whan dede foloweth and both been of aſſent

Thus John bochas procedynge in his boke
Which in noumbre is callyd the ſeconde
Gan for to wryte and his purpoſe toke
To ſet in ſtories ſuch as he had founde
Of entent all vices to confounde
By enſaumples which he dyd expreſſe
And at the begynnynge of his beſyneſſe

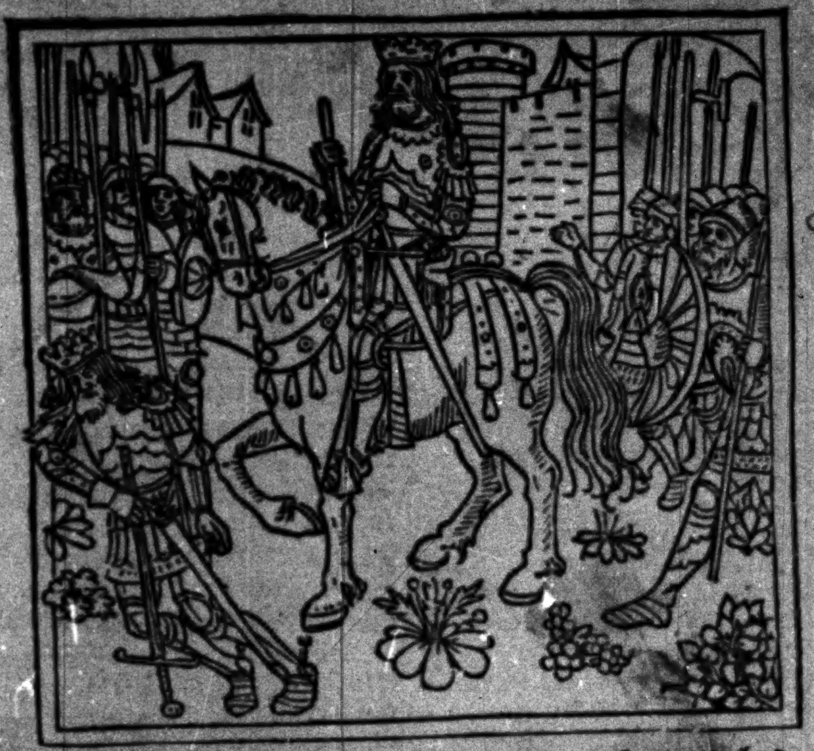
Myghty Saul to hym dyd appere
Kynge of iſraell pitouſly wepynge
Dedely of face and with an hidous chere
His voice ibroke by manyfolde ſobbynge
And to myn auctoure his ſorowe complaynynge
Requerynge hym to gydre whan they mette
Firſt in his boke his woful fale to ſette

Anone after I of entencion
With penne in hande faſt gan me ſpede
As I coude in my tranſlacion
In this laboure further to procede
My lorde cam forth by and gan to take hede
This myghty prince right manly and right wiſe
Gaue me charge in his prudent auyſe

That I ſhulde in euery tregedie
After the proceſſe made mencion
At the ende ſet a remedye
With a lenuoye conueyed by reaſon
And after that with humble affeccion
To noble princes lowly it directe
By others fallynge theym ſelf to correcte

And I obeied his byddynge and pleſaunce
Vnder ſupport of his magnificence
As I coude I gan my penne auaunce
Al be I was baren of eloquence
Folowynge myn auctour in ſubſtaunce and ſentēce
For it ſuffiſed plenly vnto me
So that my lorde my makynge toke agre

Of K. Saul.
Of K. Roboam.
Of Mutius Scævola and K. Porsenna; wth the Stories
of Lucretia and Virginia.
Of K. Jeroboam: wth others, Zerah, Adab, Zambri,
Ahab and Jezabel, and Athalia.
Of Dido Q. of Carthage.
Of Sardanapalus K. of Assyria.
Of Amazias K. of Juda
Of Uzzias (not Josias) K. of Juda.
Of Hosea K. of Juda, Sennacherib K. of Assyria
and of K. Zedechiah.
Of K. Astyages and Cyrus.
Of Candaules K. of Lydia, K. Midas, and Balthasar
K. of Babylon.
Of Crœsus and Balthasar vanquished by Cyrus,
and of the death of Cyrus.
Of Amulius, Romulus and Remus; and of Metius
K. of Albania.
Of Hostilius K. of Rome.



thys may be trewe
I dowbt nott say
many holds be at [illegible]

Howe Saul kinge of Jeruſalem borne of lowe degre/ as longe as he dred god was obedient to him/ and rulyd by good counſeile had many greate diſconfitures: but at the laſt for is pride/ preſumpcion/ and greate diſobeiſaunce he loſt his crowne/ and was ſlayne by Philiſtees

Nihil inſolencius q̄ potens ruſticus

Incipit liber ſecundus

his ſaide ſaul of whō I ſpake toforn
Full wel cōpacte ⁊ large of his ſtature
Of the lyne of beniamyn eke born
His fader Cis was callyd I ſcripture
Whoos aſſis whilom left their paſture
Space of thre daies ſaul had theym ſought
Loſt his laboure and fonde theym nought

For they were gone out ſoo fer an ſtraye
So diſſeuered he ne coude theym mete
Tyll that a childe him ſuynge all the waye
yaue him coūſeyle his laboure for to lete
And that he ſhulde go to the prophete
Which was full famous holde in iſraell
Of whom the name was callyd Samuell

Which ſaul made in his hous to dyne
Receyued him of greate affection
And precept and ordynaunce deuyne
Samuell made no prolongacion
But ſhed the holy ſacred unccion
Upon the hede of Saul down knelynge
And full deuoutly of iſraell made him kynge

Of goddes peple to haue gouernaunce
With ceptre and crowne and hole the regalie
And his nobleſſe more mighty to auaunce
With mekeneſſe to rule his monarchie

God yaue to him a ſprite of prophecie
Which was greate glorie to his magnificence
Of future thynges to haue preſcience

And while that he was meke and humble in dede
Voide of pride and fals preſumpcion
And prudent counſeyle with him did lede
Him to gouerne by good diſcrecion
He fonde quiete through all his region
No foreyn enmy durſt him to werreye
While he the lorde mekely dyd obeye

No enmy might ageyne him recure
Through none empriſes but ſore dyd him drede
Made many greate diſconfiture
Through his force knighthode and mãhede
On philiſtees and dauntyd eke in dede
Two mighty kinges that one of ammonytes
And another that gouerned Moabytes

He was founde ſtronge and eke victorious
The paleſtyneſſe bringynge to myſchaunce
Ageyne ydumes ſo myghty and famous
Through his mighty prudent gouernaunce
That he their pride brought vnto myſchaunce
Outraied theym of wiſdome and manhede
Primo regum as ye may playnly rede

He was a ſonne callyd of one yere
In iſraell whan his regne began
Stable of hert and benygne of chere
Frowarde nor ſturdy to no maner man
All that while loue of the people he wan
The tyme I mene while he was iuſt and ſtable
And in his werkes nat founde variable

But whan that pride gan his herte enhaunce
Wilfulneſſe and fals malancolye
Outraied reaſon to haue the gouernaunce
Of his olde famous policie
And had forgetyn in his fantaſie
To knowe the lorde and mekely ſue his lawe
God from his crowne his grace gan withdrawe

The vnkynde worme of foryetfulneſſe
In his herte had myned through the wall
Whan to god for his kyndneſſe
Gaue no laude/ nor no thanke attall
Which had him reiſed vnto eſtate ryall
From pore degre amonge all his kyn allone
A ſynguler fauour to ſet him in his trone

What thinge in herte may be thought more frowarde
Than is ſodeyn fals preſumpcion
Of a wretch that cam vp of nought
To yeue him lordſhip and domynacion
And for to make a pleyn compariſon
Men ſhulde of reaſon drede a lion laſſe
Than the rudneſſe of a crownyd aſſe

What thynge to god is more abhominable
Than pride vpreyſed out of pouerte
And no thinge gladly is founde more vengeable
Than are wretches ſet in high degre
For from his ſtok kynde may nat fle
Eche thynge reſorteth howe ferre euer it go
To the nature which that it cam fro

Frute and apples take their talarage
Where they firſt grewe of the ſame tre
And ſemblably eche kynrede and lynage
Onys ayere it wyll none other be
By tokyn and ſygne at the iye as men may ſe
Draweth comonly in euery creature
Sũme teche to folowe after his nature

I write nat this in rebuke of pouerte
But for ſuch only as that it deſerue
God of his might as men be well expert
May theym in vertue encreaſe and conſerue
From all myſcheef a pore man preſerue
Reiſe him on height to domynacions
Through high nobleſſe of their condicions

By influence god may his grace ſhede
Where he fyndeth cauſe only by mekeneſſe
A pore man to reyſe him vp in dede
Vnto the eſtate of vertuous nobleſſe
For oute of vertue cometh all gentylneſſe
In pore and riche make none excepcion
But theym cõmende like their condicoin

A pore man which that is vertuous
And dredeth god in his pouerte
Eche thinge eſchewynge that is vicious
And to his power doth trouth and equite
I dare right well what euer that he be
Puttynge no rebuke vnto his kinrede
But call him gentyll verely in dede

But kinge ſaul was contrarious
Diſobeiſaunce founde in his werkynge
Whan god made him to be victorious

On amalech where agag was kinge
Him cõmaundyd to ſpare no maner thinge
Man nor woman beeſt nor childe ſocoure
But that his ſwerde ſhulde al quycke thinge deuour.

But ſaul wrought all in other wiſe
Eche thinge reſeruynge that was faire to ſight
And of entent to make a ſacriſiſe
After his victorie he ſhope him anone right
Fateſt beeſtis he chaſe and hath theym dight
Towarde the fire to make his offrynge
And fro deth he ſparyd agag the kynge

He was reproued afterwarde of ſamuell
To goddes byddinge for he was contraire
As abiecte to regne in iſrael
That all good hope in him gan diſſpaire
His grace/ his myght/ gan pall and appaire
His prophecie after hath him failyd
And with a fende he was alſo trauailyd

Thus from hir whele fortune caſte him downe
Auailyd him from his royall ſe
And god alſo toke away the crowne
Both from him and his poſteritie
And ſet vp dauid for his humylite
Loo howe the lorde his domys can deuyde
To enhaunce mekeneſſe and to abate pride

Saul endured in his frenſie
A wicked ſprite ſo ſore him dyd aſſaile
Vnto dauid euer he had enuye
That he was hardy to entre in bataile
With a ſtaffſlynge voide of plate and mayle
Slough Golias without fere or drede
Pullyd out his ſwerde and ſmote of his hede

At theyr repairynge home oute of the felde
whan dauyd had ſlayne thus golye
yonge maydens whan they behelde
The greate victorie they in their armonye
In laude of dauyd thus gan ſynge and crye
Saul hath ſlayne a thouſande with his might
Dauid ten thouſande the luſty yonge knight

Saul diſdeynyd and ſaide frowardly
They grauntyd haue a thouſand to my name
And to the ſonne herof I ſay
yaue ten thouſande to encreace his fame
which is to me a rebuke and a ſhame
wherupon this ſaul fret with Ire
Of yonge dauid gan the deth conſpire

In his herte he had a fantaſie
Of their ſyngynge whan that he toke hede
Demit it was a maner propheſie
That dauid preferrid ſhulde be in dede
And to the crowne after him ſuccede
Thought his childre as gan dyuyne
Shulde be depryued of the roiall lyne

Thus day by day ſaul weyes ſought
To ſle dauid playnly if he might
Al be it ſo that he no malice thought
But euer kept him lowly in his ſight
Therfore good euer and grace on him a light
For ay the lorde of his magnificence
Agayn tirauntys preſerueth Innocence

And as the bible pleynly doth vs lere
This dauid had in his tender age
For his nobleſſe the kinges doughter dere
Callyd Michol ioyned by mariage
And whan that ſaul fill in any rage
Dauid anone to aſwage his woodneſſe
Touchid his harpe and brought him in gladneſſe

Saul fuloft gan dauyd to enchace
And werreye throughout all his londes
Through deſertys him purſue and manace
Of entent to haue ſhet him vp in bondes
Or to ſle him if he come in his hondys
But fynally god thorugh his ordenaunce
Preſeruyd his knight from all maner myſchaunce

Saul full oft was brought to miſcheef
yit ay from deth dauid dyd him ſaue
And herof this was a ſpeciall preef
whan dauid kut his garnement in the caue
And mo tokyns if ye liſt to haue
Another tyme Dauyd alſo kepte
The life of ſaul whan he lay and ſlept

The caſe was this as they hoſteynge
Nat ferre aſondre and ſaul lay and ſlepe
All his people aboute him ſleppynge
And vnpurueyed like a flocke of ſhepe
Of whiche thinge dauyd toke good kepe
Down deſcendyd and made no delay
Cam to the tent where kynge ſaul lay

The ſpere of ſaul ſtondynge at his hede
Dauid toke it and went his way anone
Of his comynge there was no man toke hede
For ſaul ſlept and his men echon

And whan that he vp to the hyll was gone
Towarde ſaul ageyn he caſt his loke
Made a noyſe that all his knyghtes woke

First to abnor prince of his chyualrye
Dauyd ſeyde theſe wordes in ſentence
Abnor quod he thou haſt done greate folie
This day ſhewed a greate negligence
To ſuffre of ſaul the magnificence
In peryll ſtonde and none hede take
Aboute his perſone to make his knightes wake

Thou art to blame for thy rechelesneſſe
To ſeue the kynge ſtonde in ſo greate a drede
In ſlepe to haue more ſauoure and ſwetneſſe
Than of his life to take hede
Such negligence requireth for his mede
Deth and turment by rightfull iugement
Aboute a prince whan folke be negligent

And thou liſt to ſe an euydence
Howe that his life ſtode in Iupdye
Se here his ſpere and yeue therto credence
Howe vnprouyded ye were in youre ptye
Saul nor thou ye may it nat denye
Your life/ you deth/ youre power/ your puiſſaunce
This day god put hole in my gouernaunce

But me to aquyte of youre Innocence
As euery man ſhulde vnto his kynge
And to declare in me was none offence
Ageyn his nobleſſe in wyll nor in werkynge
As god wote that knoweth euery thynge
That I neuer by no conſpiracye
Wrought nor compaſſyd ageyne his regalye

Lo here exaumple of pfight pacience
Ageyn malice to ſhewe kyndneſſe
Where ſaul ſhewed his mortall violence
Dauid aquit him with ſuffraunce and goodneſſe
The tyraunt venqueſſhyd by his prudent mekeneſſe
Men ageyn trouth may wele a werre gynne
But at the ende the palme he doth ay wynne

For of this ſtory if that ye take hede
Saul is fall for his frowardneſſe
Into myſcheef and into ſodeyn drede
For Philiſtees the bible berith witneſſe
With a greate power gan their wardys dreſſe
Vpon kynge ſaul auengyd for to be
Their tentys pight beſyde Gelboe

Wherof kynge ſaul aſtonyed in his herte
Had loſt his ſprite of knightly hardyneſſe
And ſpecially whan he dyd aduerte
Prophete was none his armys to redreſſe
Of future thynges trouth to expreſſe
In iſrael which caſt him in greate drede
Bycauſe that tyme ſamuell was dede

For ſaul had caſt out all dyuynis
From iſraell and eche from dyuyneresse
Nat withſtandynge the paleſtyneſſe
Were rys ageyn his power to oppreſſe
And he ne knewe no maner forteresse
Of whom he myght any counſeyll take
And he of god that tyme was forſake

In this wiſe he ſtode diſconſolate
Counſeyl of god nor prophete knewe he none
But a man mooſt infortunate
Vngraciouſly he ſped him forth anone
And ſecrely this ſaul is forth gone
To a woman that ſhulde him rede and wyſſe
In iſrael callyd a phetoneſſe

Whiche is a name as clerkys writen all
And office who that taketh hede
Soulis of men ageyn to clepe and calle
I mene ſuch that tofore were dede
Which is a thinge ſtraunge for to rede
That wymen ſhulde who ſo lyſt to lere
Make ſoules of dede men appere

Vnkouth and ſtraunge is their opinion
And to my wyt a manere impoſſible
Nat accordynge me ſemeth to reſon
Nor like a thinge which that is credible
That a ſoule of nature inuiſible
Might appere or ſhewe viſibly
Vnto yen which that been bodely

But or that I any ferther flitte
Leſt I were holde to preſumptuous
To deuynes this mater I cōmytte
And wiſe clerkes that ben vertuous
In their writes ſubtill and curious
To conclude as it doth theym ſeme
In this mater a trouth for to deme

Whether it was the ſoule of ſamuell
Or other ſprite that ſhe dyd call
Which that tolde the kynge of iſraell
Of the bateyll that ſhulde after fall

[illegible]

His auentures and his myſcheuys all
And of his deth he tolde alſo in dede
And howe dauyd ſhulde after him ſuccede

Bycauſe onely of his diſobeyſaunce
As it is writen /and for his rechekleſneſſe
On amelech for he toke nat vengeaunce
Thus the ſprite bare to him witneſſe
Wherof Saul fyll in greteate heuyneſſe
Knowynge no mene to eſcape oute of this doute
But take his fortune as it cometh aboute

Tolde him alſo his ennemyes were ſo wroth
The philiſtees beſide Gelboe
In that batayle he and his children both
Shulde dye that day of neceſſite
His chiualrie ſhall ſcomfited be
Of his regne there is no lenger date
For god from him his kingdome will tranſlate

And thus ſaul retournyd is ageyn
His meny after brought to diſcounfiture
And whan he ſawe all his people ſlayne
And howe there was no mene to recure
In that dedly woſull auenture
He bad his ſquier/ take his ſwerde as blyue
And through the herte that he ſhulde him ryue

That his ennemyes which were vncircumciſed
Shulde haue no power in ſtory it is founde
To fall vpon him as they haue deuyſed
To yeue him his laſt fatall wounde
His high nobleſſe at myſcheef to confounde
But his ſquier for fere of god and drede
Wolde nat aſſent to do ſo foule a dede

To ſlee his lorde he greatly was aferde
A thinge hatfull in euery mannys ſight
But ſaul toke the pomell of his ſwerde
And in the grounde full depe anone it pight
And in all haſt poſſible that he myght
Made the poynt in his furious peyne
To perce his herte and part euen on tweyne

The philiſtees anone as he was dede
Spoilyd him of his riall armure
Diſmembryd him and ſmote of his hede
And in tok[illegible] of their diſconfiture
Toke the ſpoiles with all their beſy cure
And therof made in all their beſt entent
To aſtraoth of pride a greate preſent

Thus was ſaul ſlayne in ſentence
Of philiſtees vpon Gelboe
Forſake of god for inobedience
Abiecte alſo from his roiall ſee
And thus for lackynge of humylite
Of god he was for euer ſet aſyde
Lo here the ende of ſurquedye and pride

## Lenuoye

Haue mynde of ſaul which of eſtate riall
From lowe degre was callyd for mekeneſſe
But preſumpcion made him haue a fall
Of god abiect for his frowardneſſe
Loſt his crowne the bible berith witneſſe
And cauſe was for his diſobeyſaunce
To goddys byddynge he yaue none attendaunce

God nat axeth nomore of man atall
But hole herte without doubleneſſe
For all the giftys which in eſpeciall
He yaue to man of high goodneſſe
But he deſpiſeth all vnkyndneſſe
Such as ben rebell for to do pleſaunce
And to his byddynge yeue none atendaunce

Noble princes vertue mooſt principall
You to conſerue in youre high nobleſſe
Is to emprente in your memoriall
Faith equyte all wronges to redreſſe
To ſuſteyne trouth and rightwiſneſſe
And tofore god holde heuenly the balaunce
And his byddinge yeue hole youre attendaunce

## A commendacion of Bochas vpon the vertue of obediance

Vertue of vertues mooſte of excellence
Which that haue mooſt ſouereyn ſuffiſaunce
Is the vertue of true obedience
Which ſet all thynge in rightfull gouernaunce
For ne were nat this prudent ordenaunce
Sūme to obeye and aboue to guye
Deſtroied were all worldly policye

Where that vertue and high deſcrecion
Auoidyd haue from theym all wilfulneſſe
By tytle only of dominacion
Truly lyuynge vpon rightwiſneſſe
Wronge and errours iuſtly to redreſſe
Of truth I may right well affirme and ſaye
The people mekely their biddynge ſhulde obeye

This noble vertue of feythfull obeiſaunce
Eſtabliſſhed vpon humylyte
Which includeth no double variaunce
In all regions and in eche countre
Cauſeth welfare / ioye / and proſperite
And as vertue cheef and ſouereyne
All vicious riete it pleynly doth reſtreyne

Obedience eke as men may ſe
Falſneſſe exileth and all rebellion
For by tempraunce right and equite
Stant the welfare of euery region
For the mekeneſſe and lowe ſubieccion
Of comontees holde vp the regalies
Of lordſhippes and of all monarchies

And no doute whan lordſhippes of entent
Beſy been the ſouereyne lorde to queme
To their ſubiectes do right Iugement
In conſcience as right and reſon deme
Than ſhall their crowne and dyademe
Vpon their hede pſeuere and freſſhly ſhyne
And make ſubiectis to their biddynge enclyne

Thus obeiſaunce playnly at a worde
In ſuch as haue lordſhip and ſoueraynte
Done of entent to their ſoueraygne lorde
Shall cauſe theym reigne in longe proſperite
And their ſubiectes of humilite
For their noble famous gouernaunce
Ay to be redy vnder their obeiſaunce

For who that ſerueth the lorde of lordes all
And hath the people in his ſubieccion
God will kepe him that he ſhall nat fall
Longe preſerue his dominacion
But agaynwarde whan wiſdom and reaſon
Been ouermaiſtred with ſenſualite
Farwell the floures of their felicite

Obedience blunteth the ſharpneſſe
Of cruell ſwerdys in tyrauntys hondys
And mekeneſſe appeſeth the felneſſe
Of haſty vengeaunce breketh on two the bondes
Eke pacience ſet quiete in londys
And where theſe thre contune in comontees
Longe pees pſeuereth in kyngdoms and citees

Obedience doth alſo reſtreyne
Conſpiracions and fals colluſions
Whan ſhe ſtant vnpartyd nat atweyne
There is no drede of no diſſencions
For ſhe combyneth the true opinions.
In the hertys of people full well afore prouyded
Vndre princes to ſtonde hole vndeuyded

Where princes be meke humble and debonaire
Towardys god of hole affeccion
Their ſubiectis be gladly nat contrarye
In their ſeruiſe by no rebellion
For there is founde no deuiſion
But hede and membres eche for his partye
Be ſo gouernyd by prudent policie

Contrariouſly ſaull was put down
Abiect of god for his obſtinacie
Put from his ceptre / his crowne / his region
Of iſraell loſt all the monarchie
For he liſt nat make his alye
Of frowardneſſe and wilfull negligence
This noble vertue callyd obedience

For as it longeth in kyngdomes and citees
Vnder a key of vn beniuolence
Princes kynges to gouerne their fees
So apperteyneth due reuerence
To their ſubiectes by obedience
To obeye their lordes as they be of degre
By title of right in euery comonte

For obeiſaunce if it be diſcernyd
With argus iyen who that taketh hede
As right requereth is nat well gouerned
Whan the membres preſume agayn the hede
Of gouernaunce there is no pſight ſpede
From vnyte they goo afrowarde weye
Whan ſubiectis their princes diſobeye

Howe kinge Roboam for gyuynge feith to yonge counſeyle loſt the beneuolence of his people and dyed a foole

v Nto John bochas in ordre next ther cā
With ful grete dole and lamentacion
The yonge kinge callyd Roboam
Sonne and next heire to Salamon
Entringe by tytle of iuſt ſucceſſion
Beſought myn auctour to make of his folye
And of his fallynge a pitous tragedie

First whan he entryd into his region
Twelue tribus gouernynge in dede
Rulyd him ſilf by will and no reaſon
Kepte his ſubiectes pleynly as I rede
Not vnder loue but vndre frowarde drede
Of olde wiſe to his greate diſauaile
He deſpiſed the doctryne and counſayle

He demenyd as it was well couth
His ceptre/ his crowne/ and his regalie
By ſuch folke as floured in their youth
Coude of cuſtom their wittes well applie
To blende him falſly with their flaterie
Which is a ſtepmoder callyd in ſubſtaunce
To all vertue and all good gouernaunce

Alas it is greate dole and greate pyte
That flaterye ſhulde haue ſo greate fauoure
Which blindeth princes that they may nat ſe
Miſteth the iyen of euery gouernoure
That they can nat knowe their owne erroure
Fals hony ſhed vp on their ſentence
A fole is he that yeueth to theym credence

They may be callyd the deuyls tabourers
With frowarde ſownes erris to fulfyll
Or of Circes the piſous botelers
Which gall and hony doun diſtill
Whoos drinkes ben both amerous and ill
And as clerkes well deuiſe cāne
Wors then the drynkes of Circes tūne

Eyes of princes full well they can enoynt
With the ſofte oyle of adulacion
And their termys mooſt ſubtilly appoynt
Eche thinge concludynge with fals deception
Ay blandiſſhinge with amerous poyſon
And fynally as the poete ſayth
Their feith of cuſtum concludeth with vnfeith

Flourynge in wordys though there be no frute
Double of herte pleſaunte of langage
Of true menynge voide and deſtitute
In muſtrynge outwarde pretende a faire viſage
Who truſtith theym fyndeth ſmale auauntage
By apparence and glorious freſſh ſhewynge
Princes deceyuynge and many worthy kynge

Roboam can bere full well witneſſe
From auoidynge folkes that were true
Howe he was hyndryd by flaterye and falneſſe
By theym that coude forge oute tales newe
Whoos counſeile after ſore dyd him rewe
And with their feyned fals ſuggeſtion
Greatly abridgyd his domynacion

He dempte him ſelfe of more auctorite
Of foly youth and of preſumption
Than was his fader in greate maieſtie
And this pompous fals opinion
Cam into his conceit by adulacion
For flaterers bare to him witneſſe
Howe he excelled his faders high nobleſſe

He dyd greate rigour and oppreſſion
Vpon his people as it was well prouyd
And to fynde ſum mitigacion
They in maters which that haue theym greuyd
Of their tributes for to be releuyd
Beſought he wolde releue theym in their nede
But all for nought he toke therof none hede

All olde counſeile from him he ſet aſide
And refuſyd their doctrine and their lore
And by fals counſeyll of folkes full of pride
His pore lieges he oppreſſyd ſore
And ten kynredys anone without more
For tyrannye and myſgouernaunce
From him withdrough the trouth and ligeaunce

This of the kynge conceyued the rigour
The people anone of Indignacion
Stoned adoram which was collectour
Of the tributis in all his region
From him deptynge by rebellion
Wherof aſtonyed to auenge his greate vnright
In to Jeruſalem toke anone his flight

And whan they were plyd from roboam
The ten kynredys by diuiſion
Chaſe theym a kynge callyd Jeroboam
And roboam within his roiall toun
To be auengyd of their rebellion
And for to do on theym cruell iuſtiſe
An hundred thouſand he made anone to ariſe

With Jeroboam he caſt him for to mete
And all at onys ſet in iuperdye
But rameus the prophete bad him lete
And from the werre withdrawe his plye
And more the quarell for to iuſtifie
Of his people frowarde departynge
It was goddys wyll done for a punyſſhynge

Touchynge the ſurplus of his gouernaunce
His roiall byldynge of many faire cite
His greate rich famous ſuffiſaunce
Of wyne and oyle hauynge greate plentie
And howe his empire encreacyd yerys thre
Eke howe that tyme he rightfull was in dede
In Joſephus his ſtory ye may rede

Of his children borne in right lyne
Eightene wyues as made is mencion
I fynde he had and many concubyne
Sonnes and doughters by procreacion
And howe his richeſſe and greate poſſeſſion
That tyme encreacid as it is well knowe
To god aboue while that he bare him lowe

But as this auctour maketh reherſaile
In his encres and augmentacion
Mekeneſſe in herte in him gan waſt and faile
And pride entryd with fals preſumpcion
Vertue deſpiſynge and all religion
After whos vices as ſeith this ſame boke
Wickyd exaumple of him the people toke

After the maners where they be good or ille
Vſyd of princes in diuers regions
The people is redy to vſe and fulfyll
Fully the tracis of their condicions
For lordes may in their ſubiections
So as theym liſt who ſo can take hede
To vice or vertue their ſubiettis lede

Thus Roboam for his tranſgreſſions
In Joſephus as it is deuyſed
And for his frowarde fals opinions
Only for he all vertue hath deſpiſed
Of god he was rightfully chaſtiſed
In ieruſalem his chief roiall toun
Of his enmyes beſegyd enuyron

The kynge of egipt a ſege aboute him layde
With ſo greate people that ſocour was there none
Albe it ſo that roboam abrayde
And praide god delyuer him from his fone
To auoyde of mercy his ennemyes euerychone
But god lyſt nat graunt his praiere
But him chaſtiſed like as ye ſhall here

First his cite and his roiall toun
Deliuered was he knewe no better ſocoure
Vnder a feynyd fals compoſicion
For at their entrynge voide of all fauoure
Kepynge no couenaunt toke all the treſoure
Within the temple hauynge no pite
But ladde it home to egypt their cuntre

And to reherce it is a greate dole
Howe Roboam as Joſephus doth declare
Was inly proude and therwithall a fole
And of all wiſdom deſtitute and bare
Vnmerciable his people for to ſpare
Hatynge good counſeyle and ſo in his regalye
Regnynge a fole and ſo I lete him dye

## Lenuoye

Philoſophers conclude and deuiſe
In their bokes of good experience
That counſeylours/ ſad/ expert/ and wiſe
True of their worde ſtable of their ſentence
Haſty nor recheles for no violence
Kepe and preſerue the trouth I dare attame
Nobleſſe of princes fro miſcheef and diffame

Haſty youth and rancoure in contrarye wiſe
Which haue to wyll all their aduertence
Except them ſelf all other men deſpiſe
Through their vnbridelyd furious inſolence
Nothing acqueynted with wiſdome nor prudence
Bringe ayenwarde wherof they be to blame
Puttynge his nobleſſe in myſcheef and diffame

Kynge roboam ageyn right and iuſtiſe
To yonge folkes yaue faith and mooſt credence
Cruelly his ſubiettis to chaſtiſe

Which put his people fro his benyuolence
Through ten kynredys from his obedience
Which was to hym by recorde full greate ſhame
Puttynge his nobleſſe in myſcheef and diffame

Noble princes do wyſely aduertiſe
In pſeruynge of youre magnyficence
Of olde expert nat blent with couetyſe
Take youre counſeile and do theym reuerence
Lyed as argue in their high prouidence
Which conſerue by report of good name
Nobleſſe of princes from myſcheef and diffame

A chaptre deſcryuinge howe princes beynge hedeys
of their comontees ſhulde haue noble chyualrie true
Iuges their comontye to gouerne ⁊c.

What erthely thynge is more deceyuable
Than of princes the pompe ⁊ veynglorye
Which wene ſtond in their eſtatis ſtable
As they the world had cõquerid by victory
And ſodenly be put out of memory
Their fame cloudyd alas and their nobleſſe
With a derke ſhadowe of foryetfulneſſe

Wherof cometh the famous clere ſhynynge
Of emperours in their conſiſtories
Or wherof cometh their laude in reportinge
Saue that clerkes haue writen their hiſtories
Or where nowe conqueſtys tranſitories
Or their triumphes where ſhulde men theym fynde
Nadde writers their proweſſe put in mynde

Reken vp all and firſt the worthy nyne
In high no[illegible]les whiche hadde neuer peers
The ma[illegible] actis which clerely dyd ſhyne
Their fame vpborne aboue all the nyne ſterrys
With loude ſownys of famous clarionetis
Their glorious palmes if they be well preyſid
By lowe labours of comons was firſt reiſed

Make a lykeneſſe of theſe greate ymages
Coriouſly corue out by entaile
Hede/ armes/ body and their freſſhe viſages
Without/ fete or legges may nat vaile
To ſtonde vpright for nedys they muſt faile
And ſemblably ſubiectis in comontees
Reiſe vp the nobleſſe of princes in their ſees

As hede and membres in ymagys been one ſtone
Outher one ſtok by compas vndeuyded
And be proporcion their feturys euerichon
Set in true ordre as nature hath ꝓuydyd
So that all errours through craft by circumcided
The hede higheſt by cuſtum as men knowe
The body amyd the fete beneth lowe

Mighty princes for their high renoun
As mooſt worthy ſhall occupye the hede
With wit memorye and iyen of reaſon
To kepe their membres fro miſcheef and drede
Like their degrees take of theym good hede
With clere forſight of a prudent thought
Their fete preſerue they erre nought

There muſt be handes and armys of diffence
Which ſhall the ymage manly kepe and gide
From all aſſautis of foreyn violence
Which ſhall be named nobleſſe of chiualrie
Their true office iuſtly to magnyfie
Suſteyne the churche and make theym ſelf ſtronge
To ſe that wydowes and maidens haue no wronge

Prudent iuges as it is ſkyll and right
To punyſſhe wronge and ſurfetys to redreſſe
In this ymage ſhall ocupie the ſight
For loue or hate by dome of rightwiſneſſe
For frende or fo his iugementis dreſſe
So egally the lawes to ſuſteyne
In their werkes that none errour be ſeyn

Amyd this ymage there is a body ſet
An aggregate of people and degrees
By lyfe pees and vnyte yknet
By theſtates that gouerne comontees
As meires/ prouoſtes/ and burgeis in cites
Marchauntis alſo which ſeke ſundry londys
With other craftis which lyue by their hondis.

And as a body which ſtant in helthe
Feleth no greef of no frowarde humours·
So euery comon contynueth in greate helth
Which is demenyd with prudent gouernours
That can appeſe debatis and errours
The people kepe from all contrauerſie
Cauſynge the welfare to encreace and multiplie

This body muſt haue a ſoule of lyfe
To quyke the membres with gooſtly mocions
Which ſhal be made of folke contemplatif
The church cõmyttyd to their poſſeſſions
Which by their holy conuerſacions
And good exaumple ſhulde as ſterrys ſhyne
By grace and vertue the people enlumyne

Vpon the ſight of theyr condicions
Of this body dependith the welfare
For in their techinge and predicacions
They ſhulde trouth to high and lowe declare
And in their office for no drede ne ſpare
Vices correcte like as they are holde
Sith they been herdys of criſtes folde

Folowynge vpon of entent full clene
Laborers as ye haue harde deuyſed
Shall this body bere vp and ſuſteyne
As fete and legges which may nat be deſpiſed
For true laboure is iuſtly auctoriſed
And nere the plough vpholden by trauaile
Of kinges princes farwell all gouernaile

Thus firſt if princes gouerned be by right
And knighthode ſuffre the people to haue no wronge
And trouth in iuges ſhewe oute his light
And forth in cites with loue he drawe a longe
And holy church in vertue be made ſtronge
And in his labour the plough ne feyne nought
Than by proporcion this ymage is well wrought

This mater hole for to exemplifie
Kynge Roboam for a fals oppreſſion
And for his wilfull frowarde tyrannye
Loſt a greate ptye of his region
Wherfore lete princes conſidre of reſon
God ſet the people for lordes auauntage
And to be oppreſſyd with ſeruage

Vpon ſūme princes bochas doth compleyne
Such as haue a cuſtome and manere
Agayn their ſubgettes vngoodly to diſdeyne
And of pride to ſhewe theym frowarde chere
Counſeyleth theym to remembre and lere
As this chaptre dothe fynally deuyſe
Firſt oute of lordſhip all laboure dyd ariſe

### Howe Mucyus Seeuola ſlough an Innocent in ſtede of kinge Porcẽna that laide ſiege to Rome.

W han kinge porcẽna with his chiualrie
Agayn romayns a werre firſt began
The town beſegynge vpon eche ptye
With greate puiſſaunce brought of tuſkan
In the cite there was a knightly man
Mucius Seeuola which caſt in their diſtreſſe
To breke the ſiege through his high prowesse

Lete arme him ſelf clene in plate and maile
For comon profite to auaunce his corage
Kynge porcenna proudly to aſſaile
A tyme prouyded to his auantage
Through the ſege to make his paſſage
And finally at his in comynge
Iupte his pſone for to ſle the kynge

But like as tellith titus lyuius
Where Porcenna ſate in his roiall ſee
This Senatoure this manly Mucius
Sawe a prince of greate auctorite
The kynge reſemblynge clad in one lyuere
Atweyne decernynge no maner variaunce
Slough that prince of very ignoraunce

But whan he knewe that he dyd faile
To ſle porcenna enmy to the town
And ſawe he had loſt all his trauaile
He made a pitous lamentacion
Bycauſe he dyd execuſion
Of ignorance ageyn his owne entent
To ſpare a tiraunt and ſle an Innocent

For which he was with him ſelf full wroth
That he was founde ſo negligent in dede
And with his hande vnto a fire he goth
Made it brenne bright as any glede
Both nerf and bone and his fleſſh to ſhede
His hande conſūmynge on pecis here and yondre
And from his arme made it pt a ſondre

And as the ſtory declareth vnto vs
This manly man this noble ſenatoure
Afore tyme was callyd mucyus
Which for the comon dyd many greate laboure
And for the vncouth haſty fell rigour
Done to him ſelf the romayns all
Seeuola they dyd him after call

As moch to ſay by langage of that londe
Who take a right the expoſion
As a man which is without an honde
And after him by ſucceſſion
All his offpringe borne in the town
In remembraunce for to encrece his fame
Of Seuola bare after him the name

By this exaumple and many other moo
If men liſt here corages to awake
They ſhulde ſe what pill and what woo
For comon profite men haue vndertake
And whilom brutus for Lucrecis ſake
Tarquyn chacyd for his tranſgreſſion
And kinges all oute of rome town

Touchinge Lucrece exaumple of wifly trouth
Howe yonge Tarquyn hir falſly dyd oppreſſe
And after that which was ſo greate a routh
Howe ſhe hir ſelf ſlough for heuyneſſe
It nedeth nat reherce the proceſſe
Sith that Chaucere chief poete of bretayne
Wrote of hir life a legende ſouerayne

Rehersinge there amonge other thinges
Eche circumſtaunce and eche occaſion
Why romayns exilid firſt their kynges
Neuer to regne after in their town
As olde cronicles make mencion
Remembringe alſo the vnkindly greate outrage
By eneere done to Dido of Cartage

Like other ſtories which he wrote in his lyue
Full notably with euery circumſtaunce
And their fatis pitouſly dyd deſcryue
Like as they fill put theym in remembraunce
Wherfore if I ſhulde my penne auaunce
After his makynge to put theym in memory
Men wolde deme it preſumpcion and veyne glorie

For as a ſterre in preſence of the ſunne
Leſith his freſſhneſſe and his clere light
So my rudneſſe vnder ſkies dunne
Dareth full lowe and hath loſt his ſight
To be comparyd ageyn the bemys bright
Of this poete wherfore it were but veyne
Thinge ſaide by him to write it newe ageyne

Howe lucrece oppreſſed by Tarquyn
ſlough hir ſelf

But at Lucrece ſtynt I will a while
It were pite hir ſtory for to hide
Or ſlouth the penne of my rude ſtile
But for hir ſake all maters ſet aſide
Alſo my lorde bad I ſhulde abyde
By good auice at leyſer to tranſlate
The doolfull proceſſe of hir pitous fate

Folowynge the tracis of collucyus
Which wrote of hir a declaracion
Mooſt lamentable/ mooſt doolfull / mooſt pitous
Where he diſcriueth the dolorous treaſon
Of hir conſtreyned fals oppreſſion
Wrought and compaſſid by vnware violence
The light vntroublyd of hir clere conſcience

Hir fader whilom callyd Spurius
Hir worthy huſbonde namyd collatyn
Which by the luxurie and treſon odious
And vicious outrage of ſextus proude Tarquyn
Oppreſſyd was and brought vnto hir fyn
Whoos dedely ſorowe in Engliſſh for to make
Of pitous ruth my penne I fele quake

This ſaide Tarquyn this euyll auiſyd knight
This ſlaundred man mooſt hatefull for his dede
Cam like a theef alas vpon a night
With nakyd ſwerde whan noman toke hede
Vpon Lucrece ſhe quakinge in hir drede
Lyenge abed ferre from hir folkes all
And knewe no refuge for helpe for to calle

He manaſynge in his frowarde entent
On hir beholdynge with a furious chere
That with his ſwerde but ſhe wolde aſſent
Hir and a boy he wolde prente I fere
Suchone as was mooſt ougly of manere
Mooſt vnlikely of pſone and of fame
Thus he hir thrat for to ſlaundre hir name

But his entent whan ſhe dyd fele
And ſawe no mene of hir woful chaunce
The morowe after ſhe lift no thinge conceile
Tolde hir huſbonde holy the gouernaunce
Him requerynge for to do vengeaunce
Vpon this cryme ſaide like a trewe wife
She wolde hir herte perce with a knyfe

In this mater this was hir fantaſie
Better was to dye than to lyue in ſhame
And laſſe ill to put in Iupdye
Hir mortall body than hir good fame
Whan honour dieth farwell a mannys name
Better it were out of this life diſceuere
Than ſlaunderous fame to ſle a man for euer

But to that purpos hir huſbond ſaide nay
Hir fader alſo was therto contrarie
Makynge a promyſe without more delay
To do vengeaunce howe they wilnat tarie
To her declarynge with reaſons debonarie
Vndre theſe wordes trouth and right cōſerued
To ſle hir ſelf ſhe hath no thinge deſerued

For ſodenly and alſo vnawiſyd
As a foole is trappyd in the ſnare
By vnware fraude vpon the practiſyd
Thou were diſceyued pleynly to declare
Hauinge this concept hard is to repare
The name of theym which falſly be diffamyd
Whan wronge report the high renowne hath ſhamyd

Touchinge thy ꝑſone I dare afferme and ſeyn
That it were a maner impoſſible
And like a thinge which neuer yit was ſeyn
That thy worſhip was founde corruptible
But ſtedfaſt ay and indiuiſible
Vnytyd vertue and made ſtronge
And nowe deſirous to auenge thy wronge

On thy Iniurye we ſhall auengyd be
Conſideryd firſt the dedely heuyneſſe
Which thou ſuffrideſt by greate aduerſite
Whan the auoutour thy beutye dyd oppreſſe
And reioyſynge by a fals gladneſſe
Maugre thy wyll as a theef by night
The encombred of very force and myght

But if thou woldeſt leue all thy mournynge
And reſtreyne thy importable woo
Sone ſhuldeſt thou ſe an egall punyſſhinge
Vpon thy mooſt frowarde mortall foo
To warne all other they ſhall nomore do ſo
In chaſtiſinge of fals auoutrie
The and thy renown of right to magnifye

What was diffaſinge to thy true entent
Though his youth vnbrydelyd went at large
So for to aforce a cely innocent
Whoos wickydneſſe ought to bere the charge
And we of right thy conſcience diſcharge
The ioye vnlefull of his fals pleſaunce
With double palme thyn honoure doth auaunce

Conceyue and ſe o thou my Lucrece
Howe that reaſon and good diſcrecion
Shulde thy trouble and thy mournynge cece
Of right reſtreyne thy opinion
So rechekeſly to do punycion
With knyf or hande to ſle thy ſilf alas
For others gilt and dideſt no treſpas

Laſſe Lucrece / laſſe all thy dool
Cece thy complaynt and thy woo reſtreyne
Shulde I fro the lyue alone all ſool
And thy deth ꝑpetuelly compleyne
To put thy fader in importable peyne
Of oure welfare be nat ſo recheles
To dye and leue our childre moderles

Of prudence eke thou oughteſt for to ſe
And aduertiſe only of reaſon
Though of force thy body corrupte be
Thy ſoule inwarde and thyn entencion
Fraunchiſyd been from all corrupcion
Offence is none conſidre in thyn entent
With will and herte yeue therto full conſent

Thou were nakyd in thy bed lyenge
Alone vnware ſlepinge and voide of my ſight
Suſpeciouſles all of his comynge
That tyme namely bycauſe that it was night
A ferfull woman and he a manly knight
All be it ſo vnknightly was his dede
With nakyd ſwerde to aſſaile thy womanhede

He might thy body by force well oppreſſe
By ſleighty weyes that he had ſought
But wele wote I for all his ſturdyneſſe
He might neuer haue maiſtry of thy thought
The body yeldyd the herte yeldyd him nought
Ye were tweyne/ thou feble/ and he right ſtronge
Thy trouth afforcyd he werker of the wronge

Where mighteſt thou haue greter price or laude
All right conſidred trouth and equite
Firſt counterpeyſed his force and ſleighty fraude
Than to ꝑſeuere in femynite
With thought enchaunged and infragilite
Of womanhede to haue an hert ſtable
What thinge in the might be more comendable

It is well knowe thou were of herte ay one
To all fals luſtys contrarie in gouernaunce
More like an Image keruyd oute of a ſtone
Than like a woman fleſſhly of pleſaunce
The tyraunt founde in chere and countenaunce
Which euer after by womanly victorye
Shalbe aſcryued to thyn encreace of glorie

Thy fader Brutus hath the well excuſed
Myſilf alſo thy blode and thy kynrede
On this mater late nomore be muſyd
To ſle thy ſilf or do thy ſydes blede
Certys Lucrece thou haſt full litell nede
It were greate wronge by all oure iugement
To ſpare a tyraunt and ſle an Innocent

Thy ſilf to murdre to ſume it wolde ſeme
Thou were gilty where as thou art clene
Dyuers wittes diuerſly wyll deme
Report thinge thou none dideſt mene
For which thou ſhalt paciently ſuſteene
Tyll thy chaſt wifly Innocence
May ſe him punyſſhed for his violence

Folke wyll nat deme a ꝑſone Innocent
Which wilfully whan he is nat culpable
Yeldeth him ſelf to deth by iugement
And neuer was afore of no gilt portable
His owne dome vpon him ſelf vengeable
Cauſeth the people though their report be nought
To deme a thinge that neuer was done ne wrought

To be auengyd vpon thyn owne life
In excuſynge of thy dedly fame
To ſhewe thou art a true weddyd wife
Weninge by deth to gete the a name
In this deuice thou art greatly to blame
Where thou yet knoweſt thyn honoure clerly ſhyne
To yeue the people mater to deuyne

And with that worde Lucrece dyd abrayde
Full dedely both of loke and chere
To theym ageyn euyn thus ſhe ſaide
Lat be huſbonde/ lat be my fader dere
Speke nomore to me of this matere
Leſt men dempt in hinderinge of my name
I drede deth more than fals diffame

Youre counſeyle is I ſhall my life conſerue
To ſorowe and ſclaundre but no gladneſſe
But leſſe ill it is at an houre to ſterue
Than euer languyſſh in ſorowe and heuyneſſe
Deth maketh an ende of all worldly diſtreſſe
And it was ſaide ſith full yore ago
Better is to dye than euer to lyf in woo

Whan that worſhip in any creature
Is ſlayne and dede by ſclaunderous report
Better is of deth the dredfull peyne endure
Than by fals noiſe ay to lif in diſcomfort
Where newe / and newe diffame hath his reſort
Neuer dyeth but quickeneth by the outrage
Of hatefull tunges and venymous langage.

Do youre deuer to halowe and make ſtable
The chaſt chaumbres of wifly gouernaunce
For in this caſe if ye be variable
On fals auoutrye for to do vengeaunce
There ſhall folowe euerlaſtynge remembraunce
Howe true ſpouſaile as ye haue harde deuyſed
In youre cite broke and nat chaſtiſed

If ye be founde in ſuch caſe necligent
To punyſſh auoutours of right as youre charge
Through youre ſlouth as ye were of aſſent
Lyuynge vnbridelyd ſhall renne abrode at large
Who ſhall than youre conſcience diſcharge
Or what woman ſtonde in ſekirneſſe
Of Lucrece afforyd the clenneſſe

O dere huſbonde what ioye ſhulde it be
To thyn eſtate in any maner place
Like as thy wife to cheriſſh me
Or in thyn armes me goodly to enbrace
The gilt horrible conſidered and treſpace
By Tarquyn done alas and welaway
Which in my ꝑſone may neuer be waſſhed away

And fader myn howe ſhuldeſt thou me call
After this day thyn owne doughter dere
Which alas refuce of wymen all
That to thy pleſaunce was whilom mooſt entere
Within thy hous whan I dyd lere
By clere exaumple of manyfolde doctryne
All that ꝑteyned to vertuous diſcipline

Which I haue loſt nowe in my dayes olde
Diſpeyred it to recure ageyn
Myn owne childre I dare nat theym beholde
Bycauſe the wombe in that they haue leyn
Diſſoulyd is and pollute in certeyn
Which was tofore in chaſtite conſeruyd
Chaſtiſe the auoutre as he hath deſeruyd

And for my part to ſpeke in wordes fewe
Lenger to lyue I haue no fantaſie
For where ſhulde I out my face ſhewe
Or dare appere in any company
Sith a derke ſpot of fals auoutrie
Shall euermore whether it be fals or true
Into myn hinderynge the ſclaundre to renewe

Luſt afforcid hath a fals appetite
Of frelte includyd in nature
Maugre the wyll there foloweth a delite
As ſūme folkys ſay in euery creature
Good fame loſt full harde is to recure
And ſith I may my harmys nat redreſſe
To you in open my gylt I wyll confeſſe

All be I was agayn my wyll oppreſſyd
There was a maner conſtreyned luſt in dede
Which for no power might nat be redreſſyd
For febleneſſe I ſtode in ſo greate drede
For which offence deth ſhall be my mede
Sith leuer I haue with ſūme edge loſe
To ſle my ſilf than lyue in ſlaundre and dole

O fader myn ſpare and haue pite
And dere huſbonde rue on myn offence
Goddys and goddeſſys callyd of chaſtite
To my treſpas graunt an indulgence
For of my gylt to make a recompence
Where that Venus gate in me a vauntage
Deth ſhall redreſſe and chaſtiſe myn outrage

For if I ſhulde make a delay
To perce my breſt with ſharpneſſe of a knife
Men wolde deme and ſay fro day to day
To make my ſclaundre more opyn and more rife
Howe that I was more tendre of my life
Than of my worſhip which to greate a ſhame
To loue my lyfe more than my good name

In this mater no witneſſe is ſo gode
To put away all fals ſuſpecion
As with a knife to ſhede my hert blode
I might nat make a better purgacion
To all folke that haue diſcrecion
Than fynally by my deth to excuſe;
The gilt horrible of which men me accuſe

Goo forth my ſoule pure and immortall
Cheef witneſſe of myn Innocence
Tofore tho iuges which been infernall
Firſt Mynos kynge to deme my conſcience
With Radamanthus to yeue a ſentence
Lyke my deſert that it myght be ſene
In wiſly trouth howe that I was clene

Thou erthely body which through thy faireneſſe
Were to auoutry full greate occaſion
Of thy blode ſhed out the redneſſe
And by thy ſides late it raile down
Stere and exite the people of this toun
To do their deuer within a litell while
For loue of tarquyn all kinges to exile

And firſte I pray my huſbonde mooſt entere
Of this vengeaunce to make no delay
With helpe and ſocoure of my fader dere
To punyſſhe the auoutour in all the haſt ye may
Late him take his wages and his pay
Lyke as ye ſe and pleynly nowe conceyue
For his offence the deth I do receyue

And ſodenly or they might aduert
She toke a knife and with greate violence
Through the breſt euyn vnto the herte
She made it glide there was no reſiſtence
Full pale and dede fyll down in their preſence
And by occaſion of this pitous dede
Tarquyn exiled and hooly his kinrede

For which cauſe by recorde of writynge
Was there neuer in Rome the cyte
After that day no man crownyd kynge
As in cronycles ye may beholde and ſe
Thus for luxurie and their cruelte
Their tyrannye and fals extorcion
They were exiled oute of rome toun

## Howe rome after was gouernyd/ and virginea by hir fader ſlayne

Gouernyd after by other officers
As is remembred in titus Lyuyus
Callyd decembre of diuers cronicles
Amonge which there was one appius
A iuge vntrue proude and luxurious
Which through the cite the ſtory berith witneſſ
Behatyd was for his greate falſneſſe

And onys it fyll as he keſt his loke
Vpon amaide mooſt inly faire of ſighte
A fals deſire within his herte he toke
Hir to diſuſe agayn all ſkyll and right
And ſhe was doughter to a worthy knighte
Full manly founde in his dedis all
And virginius the Romayns dyd him call

Whoos goodly doughter the ſtory doth beſere
Was after him for his noble fame
Virginia callyd mooſt goodly and entere
And for this cauſe ſhe bare the ſame name
But appius to greatly was to blame
Which hath conſpired through his greate falſneſſe
If that he might her beutye to oppreſſe

This iuge vntrue both in thought and dede
Of lawe vnrightfull ſought oute occaſion
Made a ſargeaunt of his to procede
Agayn this maide to take an action
Cleymyd hir his ſeruaunt by fals colluſion
And this done was by appius of entent
That he on her myght yeue a iugement

And by thys mene in his fals delite
Thought he myght her beutye beſt diſuſe
So to accompliſſhe his fleſſhly appetite
She beynge feble the action to refuſe
Wherupon hir fader gan to muſe
Fully conceyued of Appius the manere
In her defence wrought as ye ſhall here

Whan Appius had yeuyn his iugement
Agayn this mayde which afore him ſtode
Hir manly fader mooſt knightly of entent
Toke hir apart as he thought it good
And with a knife ſhed hir hert blode
Dempt it better to ſle hir in clenneſſe
Than the tyraunt hir beute ſhuld oppreſſe

Thus hole conſeruyd was hir virginite
And vndefoulyd was hir maidynhede
For virginius to kepe hir honeſtye
Sparyd no thinge to make hir ſides blede
But Appius for this horrible dede
And Decemuyr through his vnhappy chaunce
Had in that cite neuer after gouernaunce

As the ſtory alſo maketh mencion
Appius aſhamyd of this dede
Slough him ſilf fetred in priſon
Of a fals iuge lo here the fynall mede
And tho tribuni in rome gan ſuccede
Twene right and wronge truly to diſcerne
And romayn lawes iuſtly to gouerne

Men may here ſe as in a myrroure clere
Eſtatis chaungyd for theyr greate offences
And by ſume pore pſones ſinguler
Princis put down from their magnificences
Which nat conſidre in their greate excellences
Howe god ordeyneth his yerde many ſundry wiſe
The pore ſum while the pompous to chaſtiſe

Heron to ſhewe exaumple anone right
Markyd in ſtory for a notable thinge
Panſanias of Grece a manly knight
Of Macedonye ſlough Philip the kinge
At a table where he was ſittynge
Atwene Aliſaundre and Olympiades
His wronge to auenge amyddes al pres

Eke Salmator a knight of lowe degre
For wronges done in eſpeciall
Of manly force groundyd on equite
Slough of cartage the prynce Haſtruball
Which brother was vnto duke Hanyball
Beſide a ryuere as they met in batayle
Callyd metaure which renneth in Itaile

Wherfore ye princes if ye lyſt longe endure
Be right well ware be ye neuer ſo ſtronge
In youre lordſhippis nat to moch aſſure
Or ſurquedie the poraile to do wronge
In your diſcrecion conceyuynge euer amonge
Grteſt drede is that may your ſtate aſſaile
Whan ſubieccion doth the people faile

## Lenuoye

This tragedie declareth in partye
What myſcheef foloweth of extorcion
Eke of ſpouſebrech and of auoutre
By Tarquyn done through fals extorcion
Vnto lucrece within rome toun
Kynges exiled for ſuch myſgouernaile
And fals outrages done to the poraile

Eke appius of wilfull tirannye
Agayn virginya toke an action
Through a fals luſt of froward lecherie
Blent and ſerderkyd his memory and reaſon
Which was cheef cauſe and occaſion
Why the eſtate of diſhōme dyd fayle
Through fals outrage done to the porayle

Kynge philip loſt cepture and regalie
Of maccedonye the famous region
Unwarly ſlayne amyd his chyualrye
Sittynge at the table within his chheef dongeon
And grettest cauſe of his fallynge doun
was whan fortune his pride dyd aſſaile
For fals outrages done to the poraile

Duke haſtruball whome bokys magnifie
Up to the heuyn for his high renoun
whoos triumphes raught up to the ſkye
And had all cartage in his ſubieccion
yit was he ſlayne unwarly by treſon
By a ſeruaunt lo what it doth auayle
Treſon purpoſyd afore in the poraile

Noble princes your reaſon do applie
Which ouer the people haue dominacion
So prudently to gouerne theym and guye
That loue and drede by true affeccion
Preſerue their hertis from fals rebellyon
Sith to your highneſſe no thinge may more preuayle
Than true ſubieccion expert in poraile

## Howe Ieroboam kinge of Iſraell for Idolatrie & diſobedience cam to a myſcheuous ende

n ext these ſtories in bochas as I fynde
There dyd appere unto his preſence
Kinges fyve him prayinge to haue mynde
Upon their fall by unware violence
From their eſtatys of roiall excellence
And tofore all I fynde that there cam
Of all iſraell kynge Ieroboam

Unto myn auctoure he began to declare
His dedely compleynt with a pale face
His greate myſcheuys and his euyll fare
And howe he fyll doun from his kingly place
Through gret unhappis which did his hight enbrace
And as this ſtory playnly hath deuiſed
For his offencys howe he was chaſtiſyd

In Idolatrie he was as it was tolde
Reiſyd up auters of very force and might
Set therupon two calueryn of pure golde
Dyd theym worſhip ageyn all ſkyll and right
Gaue euyll exaumple in the peple ſight
whan he dyd with fumys and enſence
To fals ydoles undue reuerence

Fro the temple he made the people gone
Preſtes ordeyned after his owne guiſe
Forſoke the tribe of leuy and aaron
And upon Bethell his offringe gan deuiſe
And while he dyd unlefull ſacrifiſe
God that wele knewe of him the fals entent
From Ieruſalem a prophete to him he ſent

which him rebuked of his myſgouernaunce
And gan the perylles to him ſpecifie
Tolde him afore for to do vengeaunce
Of dauid kinge there ſhulde come one Ioſie
which ſhulde his preſtes that falſly coude lye
Manly deſtroy and ſle theym all at onys
And into aſſhes brenne theym fleſſhe and bonys

And in token of their diſtruccion
The prophete tolde amonge theym all
Howe his auters ſhulde bowe doun
And his ydoles from their ſtage fall
whan that folys their goddys falſly call
whiche haue no power to helpe in no manere
For they may neyther ſee/fele/nor here

After this prophete Iadan had tolde
Theſe ſeide ſignes playnly to the kynge
His auter fyll on pecis many folde
And ouerturnyd bacwarde his offringe
For which the kynge furiouſly lokynge
Put forth his hande the ſtory maketh mynde
Bad his men the prophete take and bynde

And as he his arme raught oute on length
Had no power it to withdrawe ageyn
wex unweldy/contracte/and loſt his ſtrength
And whan the kinge theſe tokyns hath ſeyn
And howe the prophete ſpake no worde in veyn
Greatly aſtonyed coude ſey nomore
But praide Iadan his arme to reſtore

And by his praiere and mediacion
Of his arme after this vengeaunce
There was anone made reſtitucion
And of his peyne feleth alegeaunce
For which the kynge with full greate inſtaunce
Requeryd him to be ſo gracious
That day to abide and dyne in his hous

But the prophete wolde nat aſſent
Nouther with him to ete nor to drinke
Toke his aſſe and forth anone he went
On whoos deptynge the kynge gan ſore thinke
And fantaſies gan in his herte ſynke
Specially whan he toke hede
Of all his tokens howe they were true in dede

God bad Jadan in this greate empriſe
To Jeroboam firſt whan he was ſent
Ete nor drinke in no maner wyſe
In that cyte while he was preſent
But a nother prophete of entent
Full olde and ſligh on that other ſide
Compellyd hath this Jodan to abide

Him aforſinge by fals colluſion
To reſorte ageyn vnto the cite
And to make no contradiccion
With him to dyne of fraternite
To him affermynge it may none other be
For god ſent him as to his frende and brother
To abide with him and pleynly with none other

Of frendlihede and true affeccion
Within his hous to ſhewe his preſence
For a repaſt and a refeccion
This goddis will and fully his ſentence
To whoos wordes the prophete yaue credence
And as they ſat at dyner both in fere
God vnto Jadan ſeyde in this manere

For the brekinge of my commaundement
Thy greate offence and thy tranſgreſſion
That thou haſt be ſo wilfull negligent
Thou ſhalt endure this punicion
Be all to torne and rent of a lion
And in thy cuntre thou ſhalt nat recure
With prophetis to haue thy ſepulture

Of which thinge this Jadan no thinge fayne
Gan to depte with full heuy thought
Of a lyon airyd of the weye ſlayne
But his aſſe harmyd was right nought
A full greate merueile if it be wele ſought
The lion ſittynge as in their diffence
And kept theym both from all violence

All theſe tokens might nat conuert
Jeroboam fro his iniquite
Goddis warnynge him liſt nat to aduerte
Nor by his prophete correctyd for to be
Wherfore god wolde that he ſhulde ſe
Vengeaunce folowe as it dyd in dede
Both vpon him and his kinrede

A ſonne he had which fyll in greate ſekeneſſe
Callyd abumen the boke doth ſpecifie
For which the kinge bad the quene hir dreſſe
To go diſgyſed without cumpany
Unto a prophete which callyd was achie
Him to requere truly for to ſeye
Whether the childe ſhulde lyue or dye

And in his inwarde ſight contemplatif
God ſhewed him by clere inſpeccion
Of Jeroboam howe ſhe was the wife
For all hir ſleyghty tranſformacion
For nouther fallas nor fals deception
May be god but it be parceyued
For he/ ne his prophetys may nat be deceyued

She cam to him in ſtraunge wede
At the enterynge he callyd her by hir name
Come forth quod he for it is no nede
To hide thiſilf as it were for ſhame
For the trouth truly to attame
God hath yeuyn me fully knowlegynge
What thou ſhalt anſwere and ſey to the kynge

Sey pleynly to him and marke it in thy thought
In thy repaire theſe wordes reherſynge
Sith god hath made the and reyſed vp of nought
From a ſeruaunt to regne as a kynge
Fro Dauidis kyn mooſt worthy regnynge
Partyd the kingdome and yeuyn it vnto the
And thou vnkinde therof canſt no thinge ſe

His greate goodneſſe is out of remembraunce
Fully forgetyn of thy frowarde pride
In fals goddys put thin affiaunce
God aboue falſly ſet aſide
Wherfore from the anone he ſhall deuide
Thy kingdome hole without more delay
And fro thy lyne the crowne take away

And for thou haſt thy confuſion
Thy feith vnfeithfull to fals goddis take
Wrongly refuſyd thy religion
Of god aboue and pleynly him forſake
This is the ende which that thou ſhalt make
The and thy kyn no man may ſocoure
Fleſſh/ ſkyn/ and bone houndes ſhall deuoure

And at the entrynge home to the cite
Thy ſon and his thou ſhalt fynde hym dede
Of all his kyn though there were none but he
Founde very goode take therof good hede
Of which anſwere the quene fyll in greate drede
Entrynge the cite in eſpeciall
Hir childe was dede and lay colde by the wall

Of this warnynge the kinge toke none hede
But made him redy with full greate apparaile
Forty thouſand with him he dyd lede
Of manly men armyd in plate and maile
With kinge abias for to haue a greate bataile
The which abias that was of iuda kinge
Unto his people ſaide at ther metynge

O noble knightes haue one thinge in memorie
No man venquiſſheth platly to conclude
With greate people nor getith victorie
With noumbres heppyd nor greate multitude
Fals Idolatres god will theym delude
Nat ſuffre his ſeruauntes that been true and ſad
Of miſcreauntis to be ouerlad

Triumphe is none founde of newe or old
In theſe ydolys of ſtone nor ſiluer ſhene
Nor in caluetryn of metall made or golde
Yeue to that partye which vntruly mene
And ſith that god knoweth oure quarell clene
There is none hope / force none nor might
With theym grounde theym a cauſe ageyns right

Hope of victorie ſtandith vpon rightwiſneſſe
Of theym that caſt their ſynfull life to amende
And liſt forſake wronge and al falſneſſe
And with hole herte vnto the lorde entend
Which ſhall this day his grace to you ſende
Oure true cauſe truly to termyne
And thus Abias gan his tale fyne

His preeſtys gan their trumpes for to blowe
And kinge Abias through his high renown
Gaue to his people both to high and lowe
For manly confort and conſolacion
And fifty thouſande by computacion
Were ſlayne that day which full proudly cam
Upon the party of kinge Ieroboam

And all the partye of Ieroboam
And all that were of his lyne borne
After this bataile vnto miſcheif cam
Whan they were ſlayne with houndes all to torne
As the prophete had theym tolde beforne
But for the kinge toke therof none hede
With ſoden vengeaunce god quit him his mede

### Howe zereas kinge of Ethiope was ſlayne in bataile

After him to Bochas dyd appere
Next in ordre pleynly as I finde
One zareas with a ſorowfull chere
And he was kynge of Ethiope and ynde
Whoos yien were almoſt with wepynge blynde
Prayinge myn auctour his vnhappy chaunce
With other wofull to put in remembraunce

And that he wolde recorde by ſcripture
His ſodeyn fall and dolorous diſtreſſe
And his diffamous hatefull diſconfiture
With the diſpoilynge of his greate richeſſe
And howe kinge aſaph through his high nobleſſe
And his people as he dyd theym aſſayle
Hath him venquiſſhyd and ſlayne in bataile

### Howe Adab kinge of Ieruſalem loſt ceptre and crowne

Of Iſraell than cam the wofull kinge
Callyd Adab full pitouſly wepynge
Unto bachas his compleynt reherſinge
Howe kinge baſa by ſubtyll fals werkynge
With ſlaughter cauſyd his fallynge
Whan fortune gan falſly frowne
And toke vnwiſly from him ceptre and crowne

### Howe the vengeable prince zambrias ſet a toure on fyre and brent him ſilf

NExt cam zambrias a prince vengeable
which ſlough kinge helam by fals treaſon
That was founde alſo full vnſtable
For this zambrias of entencion
Hath murdryd him within the cheef dongeon
Of his caſtell with a full greate route
As he vnwarly laide a ſiege aboute

But a maryn a prince of full greate might
Cam into Tharſe a famous grete cite
And caſt hym pleinly lyke a worthy knight
On this zambrias auengyd for to be
Him to deſtroye without mercy or pite
But in a toure as zambrias went
Set it a fire and ſo him ſelf brent

### Of kinge Achab and Iezabell his wife

Ith ſighes ſore and weppynge importable
w Cam kinge Achab vnto Iohn bochas
Whos hertely ſorowe was incomperable
And compleynynge full oft ſeide alas
Beſechinge him to write his woful cas
Compile his fallinge and the fate yfere
Of Athalia his owne doughter dere

To god aboue mooſt contrarious
This Achab was in all his gouernaunce
And had a wife cruell and lecherous
Callyd Ieſabell which ſet al hir pleſaunce
On goddes prophetys for to do vengeaunce
In the byble their malice men may ſee
And ydolatres they were both he and ſhe

God for their treſpacis as it was wele ſeyn
Aforeſhewyd by true propheſie
Sent thre yere neither dewe ne reyn
Vpon the erth their grayne to multiplie
Tyll eft ageyn by prayere of helye
Holſom waters from heuen gan deſcende
Which gaue theym cauſe their curſyd life to amende

But his wife that curſid Ieſabell
To eche thinge hatfull which was diuyne
An hundryd prophetis ſhe ſlough in Iſraell
Vnto baal for they wolde nat inclyne
And ſhe alſo ſlough Naboth for his vyne
Through whoos outrage and fals oppreſſion
Achab was brought to his confuſion

Of his enmyes outraied in bataile
With a ſharpe arowe caught his fatall wounde
Tyll all his blode by bledynge dyd faile
Aboute his chare with many droppys rounde
That the wordes were full true founde
Of helias which tolde him as it ſtoode
That hungry houndes ſhuld licke his bloode

In a cite than callyd Iſraell
Down from a toure Ioyned to a wall
The ſeyde quene callyd Ieſabell
Was ouercaſt and had a dedely fall
Touchinge theſe myſcheuys for ſhe was cauſe of all
Beware ye princes remembring all youre lyues
To eſchewe fals counſeile geuyn by youre wyues

### Of quene Gatholia for hir tirannie ſlayne

Ext to Achab in ordre dyd ſue
n Gatholia with doolfull countenaunce
Both beſechinge as him thought due
Hir ſodeyn fall to put in remembraunce
Sours and cheef rote of ſorowe and myſchaunce
Vſurpacion and of fals couetiſe
Like as hir ſtory herafter ſhall deuyſe

She was vpreiſed by fauoure in thre thinges
For fader/ broder/ and alſo hir huſbonde
Were in that tyme echone crowned kinges
With ceptre and ſwerde as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
Many empriſes their dayes toke on honde
And howe fortune their highneſſe dyd aſſayle
I caſt ſhortly to make reherſaile

She fyll of fortune in the vnhappy boundys
Firſt whan hir fader was with an arowe dede
His blode vplickyd with cruell hungry houndes
Aboute his chaar rennynge down full rede
His body pale lay who that toke hede
Like a careyn nakyd and diſpoiled
With foule blacke erth amyd the felde ſpoiled

Cauſe of another vnhappy heuyneſſe
And of hir dedly deſolacion
Was the people felly dyd theym dreſſe
Of Arabie in their rebellyon
Ageyn hir huſbonde of entencion
To robbe his treſoure to their auantage
And his richeſſe by outrageous pillage

Sum̄e of his meyne they put in priſon
There was ageyn theym made no diffence
Sparyd nouther cite brough nor toun
Slough man and childe thorugh ſturdy violence
Hir lorde enfect with ſodeyn peſtilence
Conceyued fully by his maladye
There was no geyn but he muſt dye

After his dethe mooſt wretchyd and odible
His body corrupt his bowellys fyll doun
Of his careyn the ſtench was ſo horrible
There enfect aboute him enuyron
With ſo greate horroure and putrefaccion
That no man might abide nor endure
To bringe his body vnto ſepulture

Hir thirde vnhap wherof ſhe was full fayn
That fortune liſt hir eft aſſayle
Made hir vncle kinge Ioram to be ſlayne
With an arowe as he fled in bataile
She ſuppoſinge greatly it ſhulde auaile
Like a woman mooſt furious and wode
She of kynge dauid ſlough all the roiall blode

Hir purpoſe was to gouerne all the realme
Alone hirſilf to haue dominacion
To regne in Iuda and Ieruſalem
This Gatholia by vſurpacion
And for that cauſe in hir entencion
With mortall ſwerde ſhe made tho fyne
That were deſcendyd from dauid doun by lyne

Except one Ioas there left none a lyue
Childe of a yere ſonne of kinge Ochoſie
Whom Ioſabeth the ſtory doth diſcryue
Of very pyte caught a fantaſie
The childe to ſaue that he ſhall nat dye
From the malice of Gatholia
And ſhe was wife to biſſhop Ioiada

She and this biſſhop with hole herte and entere
Kept this childe in full ſecre wiſe
Within the temple the ſpace of ſeuen yere
And in the ſeuenth the ſtory doth deuiſe

Ioiada toke on hir this empriſe
Yonge Ioas within a certeyn day
By iuſt title to crowne him if ſhe may

His meſſangers he ſendith out anone
Of princis tribunys gan a counſeyl call
Of preſtys eke and leuytes eueruchon
And whan he had diſcuryd to theym all
Hole his entent thus it is befall
Sworne and aſſentyd as it was ſittinge
That yonge Ioas ſhalbe crowned kinge

For by promyſe which that is diuyne
Quod Ioiada if ye take hede
God hath beheſtyd to dauid and his lyne
And aſſured vnto his kinrede
In ieruſalem howe they ſhal ſuccede
And though Ioas be yonge and tendre of might
He to the crowne hath neuer laſſe right

In this mater I will nat that ye ſlepe
But to ſhewe youre true diligence
On foure partyes the temple for to kepe
That no man entre by no violence
And in the myddes by roiall excellence
Quod this buſſhop no man ſhall vs let
On Ioas hede a crowne for to ſet

And whan eche thinge was brought to the poynt
His high eſtate to encrece and magnifie
The people anone whan he was anoynt
Viuat rex they began to crye
And whan Gatholia gan this thing eſpie
For very Ire and the ſodeyn wonder
Of malencolye hir clothes cut aſondre

Ran to the temple and gan make afray
With hir meyne and to crye aloude
Bad theym go ſle and make no delay
The yonge kynge in all the haſt they coude
Hir venym hid vnder a couert cloude
All atonys hir purpos to recure
By ſodeyn malice ſhe gan that day diſcure

The temple kept entre had ſhe none
People ordeyned awaytinge for the nonys
And or ſhe might any forther gone
Clenly armyd the Centurionys
The cruell quene aſſailyd all atonys
And of hir malice to write a ſhort tale
They ſlough hir after of Cedron in the vale

Lo here the ende of murdre and tyrannye
Lo here the ende of vſurpacion
Lo here the ende of fals conſpiracye
Lo here the ende of fals preſumpcion
Borne rightfull heires wrongly to put theym down
O noble princes though god hath made you ſtronge
To rightfull heires be ware ye do no wronge

### Lenuoye

These tragedies / to eſtatis and degrees
Fully declareth the deceptions
Of fortunes fals mutabilitees
Shewed in prouinces Cites and eke tou͂s
Princes vnwarly loſt their poſſeſſiou͂s
Which from their ſynnes in no maner wiſe
Had of god warnynge and liſt nat for to riſe

Mighty princes caſt doun from their ſees
Loſt their lyues and their regions
Vnwarly throwe from their felicitees
Jeroboam for his oppreſſions
And for his frowarde fals oblacions
Done to ydoles his ſtory doth deuyſe
Had of god warnynge and liſt nat for to riſe

Achab alſo had greate aduerſitees
Through fals counſeyle and exortacions
Of Jezabell rote of Iniquitees
Dyd to his people greate extorcions
She ſlough prophetys goddys champions
Bothe he and ſhe mooſt curſyd in their guyſe
Had of god warnynge and liſt nat for to riſe

Gathalia with hir duplicitees
And conſpiryd fals intruſions
Slough dauidis ſede to entre their dignitees
And to poſſede their dominacions
But for hir hatfull fals colluſions
Vnwarly ſlayne for hir greate coueitiſe
Had of god warnynge and liſt nat for to riſe

Princes remembre in your proſperitees
And ſe afore in your diſcrecions
Wronge clymbinge vp of ſtatys or degrees
Outher by murdre or by fals treſons
Ayeth a fall for their fynall guerdons
Namely of theym that the lorde deſpiſe
And for his warnynge liſt nat for to riſe

### Howe Dido quene of cartage ſlough hir ſilf for conſeruacion of hir chaſtite

Nowe muſt I put my rude ſtile in prees
To quene dydo make my paſſage
Hir lorde Siche was preeſt to hercules
Hir fader Belus fell in greate age
Kinge of Tire and ſhe quene of Cartage
And it is red in bokes that been true
Howe firſt in Tyre was founde purpyl hue

Cadmus founde firſt lettres for to write
Gaue theym to grekys as made is mencion
Whoos brother Fenyx as clerkes eke endyte
Founde firſt the coloure of vermylion
And of cartage the famous mighty town
This ſayde Dido hir ſtory doth expreſſe
Howe ſhe was quene and foundereſſe

But hir huſbonde was cheef lorde and ſire
Callyd Sicheus full famous of renown
Of this noble cite callyd Tire
Had greate treſoure and greate poſſeſſion
And for enuye kinge Pigmalion
Brother to dydo this Siche ſlough in dede
Of fals entent his richeſſe to poſſede

Dido this ſlaughter toke greuouſly to herte
Sore compleynynge this vnhappy chaunce
Laſt ſhe wolde if ſhe might aſterte
Fle oute of Tire and hir ſilf auaunce
With all the treſoure and the habundaunce
Behinde left whan hir lorde was dede
Hir ſhippys entringe went away for drede

She knewe and dred the gredy auarice
Of hir brother kinge pigmalion
And howe that hatefull vnſtauncheable vice
Was grounde and rote/ and cheef occaſion
Why that hir lorde was ſlayne in that town
For whom ſhe cried full oft welaway
Whoos deth was cauſe why ſhe fled away

She had alſo this opinyon
Which cauſed mooſt hir hertly heuyneſſe
That ſith hir brother pygmalyon
Had ſlayne hir lorde for his greate richeſſe
If ſhe abode that he wolde hym dreſſe
Parcell for malice/ parcell for couetiſe
To haue treſoure ſum treaſon to practiſe

And for to eſchewe his malice and treaſon
For hir nauy ſhe maketh ordenaunce
By the auice of theym in whom as by reaſon
She ſhulde of right ſet hir affiaunce
And they full redy hir to do pleſaunce
By one aſſent for no thinge wolde fayle
With faire dydo out of that lande to saile

In Cipres firſt was hir arryuaile
And there ſhe fonde by the ryuer ſyde
Of yonge maydens with full rich apparaile
Sixty and ten in the ſame tyde
Which in the temple of Venus dyd abyde
After the cuſtome as I can reporte
Of Cipriens ſtraungers to diſporte

And in their mooſt faithfull humble wyſe
After the rightys of Cipre the cuntre
Unto Venus eche day do ſacrifiſe
Theym to conſerue in their virginite
Duringe their life to lyue in chaſtite
Neuer to be ioyned in mariage
And with quene dido they went to cartage

In their paſſage fyll a greate myracle
As ſeruius maketh mencion
For Dido toke of Juno this oracle
Outher by apparynge or by adviſion
Of cartage to bylde that myghty toun
And at reuerence of that greate goddes
She to the pyres faſt gan hir dreſſe

The ſayde cite ſtatly for to founde
And hir werkmen as they the erth ſought
An oxys hede of auenture they founde
And to quene dydo anone the hede they brought
Menynge wherof to ſerche out they thought
And hir clerkys in their deuynayle
Tolde it was tokyn of ſeruage and trauayle

For which ſhe left to bylde that place
And remeue as ſhe ought of right
And fro thens but a litell ſpace
A ſoile ſhe fonde full delectable of ſight
And as hir werkmen with their full might
The grounde gan ſerche/ anone or they toke hede
The ſtory tellyth they fonde an hors hede

And by expownynge of hir deuynours
Fonde this beſt myght greatly auayle
Unto princes and mighty conquerours
Neceſſarie in werre and bataile
And for no wight hir nobleſſe ſhulde aſſayle
Cartage ſhe byldyd of ſo greate excellence
Ageyn all enmyes to ſtonde at diffence

Sūme bokes declare and ſpecifie
Dydo dyd as moch londe purchace
As a ſkyn in rounde myght occupye
Of an ox theron to bylde a place
The grounde compacyd toke a large ſpace
Which ſtrongly bildyd thus it is befall
After the ſkyn men birſa dyd it call

And whan this cite mightely was wallyd
After a ſkyn wrought by good curray
The name take/ Carta it was callyd
Lethyr of birſa pleynly this is no nay
Toke eke his name duringe many a day
Carta and birſa knyt in their langage
As moche to ſay as this worde cartage

And in Affrik ſtant the teritorie
Where ſhe bylded this cite delectable
Founded it in laude and memorie
Of mighty Juno the goddys honourable
The cyte wallyd with toures ſtronge and ſtable
Tyme of kynge dauid amyd the fourth age
As I ſaide erſt callyd it cartage

With greate worſhip ſhe regnyd in that toun
Euer of purpos to lyue in chaſtite
And rounde aboute floured hir renoun
Of hir prudence and hir honeſtye
Tyll the reporte of hir famous beutye
Cam to the eerys which gladly wyll nat hide
Of a kynge that dwellyd there beſide

Of Muſitans he was lorde and ſire
As poetis pleynly liſt deſcryue
Which in his herte greately gan deſire
The quene dido by hir aſſent to wyue
Unto his grace if he myght arryue
But for ſhe had auowed chaſtite
She neuer caſt maried to be

The kinge ſuppriſyd with loue in his corage
For hir wiſdam and hir greate boute
Sent for the princis of cartage
On this mater to haue a greate trete
To condeſcende if it might be
Like his deſire in all their beſt entent
Do their deuer to make hir conſent

With his requeſt he gan theym eke monace
If he failyd of his entencion
Like his deſire to ſtonde in his grace
Seide he wolde be enmy to their town
To ordeyne by force for their diſtruccion
Nat fully ſobre/ nor fully in a rage
This was to theym playnly his langage

But for they knewe hir greate ſtedfaſtneſſe
And hir hert very immutable
They were aferde any worde to expreſſe
Leſt their anſwere were nat acceptable
To his highneſſe for he was nat tretable
Eke in their conceit they gan alſo recorde
To his deſire the quene wolde nat acorde

With good auyce an anſwere they puruey
To his purpos in party fauorable
Aferde he wolde their noble town werreie
Or of diſdeyne vpon theym be vengeable
But quene Dido in her entent ay ſtable
Laſt ſhe wolde what ſo euer they hir tolde
Hir chaſt auowe feithfully to holde

She ſet aſide of this cruell kinge
His fell manacis and his wordes greate
And to hir princes for their conſentynge
Which ſtode in fere of that he dyd theym threte
She vnto theym yaue a maner hete
For they were bolde to attempte or to attame
To trete of mater reboundynge to hir ſhame

Nay rather dye quod ſhe than aſſent
To his deſires which kynge god forbede
Or fro the centre of my chaſt entent
For to remeue outher in thought or dede
Which diſſlaundre to all womanhede
To condeſcende for any manacynge
To breke my vowe for pleſaunce of a kynge

Touchinge manacis made to this cite
For to deſtroy it with his greate might
Without cauſe or title of equite
To grounde him a quarell ageyn right
Only for he is blynded of his ſight
With frowarde luſt my chaſt auowe to aſſaile
Be right well ſure howe he therof ſhall fayle

If ye were bolde and manly of corage
For comon profite your cyte to diffende
And withſtonde his vicious outrage
To trete with him ye wolde nat condeſcende
But myn entent platly to comprehende
Whether it be to you ioye or diſpleſaunce
In my promys ſhall be no variaunce

My lorde Sicheus which alas is dede
Vnto the worlde who liſt aduerte
Truſt verrely for manacynge nor drede
That he ſhall dye in myn herte
Nor he ſhall neuer myn auowe peruert
Thus auiſyd while that I ſtande fre
Quene of cartage to gouerne this cite

Myn haſty anſwere I praye you diſdeyne
But that ye liſt to yeue me liberte
With youre ſupport that I may attayne
To haue a ſpace grauntyd vnto me
This to mene the ſpace of monethis thre
My lordes wyll to accompliſſh of entent
Which whilom made in his teſtament

Vnder colour to hir auantage
She toke this ſpace bokes ſpecifie
That ſhe might hir cite of cartage
The mene tyme ſtrongly fortefie
Ageyn hir enemyes that for no ſlogardye
Of theym that wolde hir high eſtate confounde
Vnpurueyed hir cyte nat be founde

Whan thre monethys paſſyd were and gone
She after wolde for hertely pleſaunce
With ſundry rightes many mo than one
To all hir goddys do ſum obſeruaunce
For a ſpeciall ſinguler remembraunce
Of him that was as folke ſhall vnderſtonde
Whilom hir lorde and beſt belouyd huſbonde

And more to exalte hir glorye and his honour
Helde his exequies by due reuerence
Of all cartage in the higheſt tour
With brennynge fire fumys and encence
Hir princis all beynge in preſence
To which ſhe gan declare in compleynynge
Hir dedly ſorowe down from hir toure lokynge

Farwell my frendes farwell for euermore
Vnto my lorde my huſbonde I muſt gone
To him I mene that was my lorde of yore
For of huſbondes god wote I haue but one
Prayinge you to report euerychon
After my deth dydo of cartage
Ioyned was but ones in mariage

Sey to the kinge which you manacyd
My chaſt beutye that he wolde aſſayle
So tell him howe that I am paſyd
And of his purpos howe that he ſhall fayle
His manaſinge ſhall nat him auayle
And ſaye howe dydo dyed for the nonys
For ſhe nat wolde be weddyd more than onys

Leuer I haue my life nowe to loſe
Rather than ſoile my wedowes chaſtite
Late him go ferther ſum other to choſe
For in ſuch caſe he ſhall nat ſpede of me
And with the treſoure of myn honeſtye
Which I haue truly obſeruyd all my lyue
I wyll departe oute of this worlde nowe blyue

And into fire that brent clere and bright
She ran in haſt there is nomore to ſeyne
Saue with a knif in euery mannys ſight
Full ſodenly ſhe roof hir herte on twayne,
Whoos pitous deth the cite gan compleyne
Sore weppinge for wonder and for ruthe
In a woman to fynde ſo greate a truthe

After hir deth they dyd their beſineſſe
To holde and halowe a feeſt funerall
Worſhyped hir like a chaſt goddes
And hir commendyd in eſpeciall
To heuenly goddys / and goddes infernall
And wedowes all in their clothis blake
And this feſt wept for hir ſake

Touchinge Dido late there be no ſtrif
Though that ſhe be accuſyd of Ouide
After bochas I wrote hir chaſt lif
And the contrarie I haue ſet aſide
For me thought it was better to abyde
On hir goodneſſe than thinge reherce in dede
Which might reſowne ageyn hir womanhede

To Eneas though ſhe were fauorable
To Itale makynge his paſſage
All that ſhe dyd was comendable
Him to receyue comynge by Cartage
Though ſume folke were large of their langage
Amys to expowne by report or to expreſſe
Thinge done to him only of gentilneſſe

There ſhall for me be made no reherſaile
But as I finde wrytyn in bochas
For to ſay wele may moche more auayle
Than frowarde ſpech in many diuers caſe
But all Cartage oft ſaide alas
Hir deth compleynynge throughout their cite
Which ſlough hir ſelf to obſerue hir chaſtite

## Lenuoye

O faire Dido mooſt ſtable in thy cōſtaunce
Quene of cartage myrroure of high nobleſſe
Regnynge in glorye ⁊ vertuous habundaūce
Callyd in thy tyme cherf floure of gentil's
In whom was neuer founde doubleneſſe
Ay of one hert and ſo thou dydiſt fyne
With light of trouth all widowes to enlumyne

Chaſt and vnchaungyd in thy p̄ſeueraunce
And immutable founde goodneſſe
Which neuer thoughtyſt vpon variaunce
Force and prudence wardeyns of thy fairneſſe
I haue no langage thy vertues to expreſſe
By newe report ſo clerely they ſhyne
With light of trouth all wydowes to enlumyne

O lode ſterre of al good gouernaunce
All vicious luſtis by wiſdome to repreſſe
Thy grene youth flouringe with all pleſaunce
Thou doiſt it bridell with vertuous ſobirneſſe
Diane demenyd ſo chaſtly thy cleneſſe
While thou were ſoul plainly to termyne
With light of trouth all wydowes to enlumyne

Thy famous bountie to put in remembraunce
Thou ſloughyſt thy ſelf o Innocent pureneſſe
Leſt thy ſureneſſe were hangyd in balaunce
Of ſuch that caſt theym thy chaſtite to oppreſſe
Deth was Inough to bere therof witneſſe
Cauſynge thy beutie to all cleneſſe to enclyne
With light of vertue all wydowes to enlumyne

Lenuoye direct to wydowes of the
tranſlatoure

O Noble Matrones which haue all ſuffiſaunce
Of womanhede your wittes do vpdreſſe
Howe that fortune liſt to tourne hir chaunce
Be nat to rechcles of ſodeyn haſtyneſſe
But ay preuide in your ſtableneſſe
That no ſuch foly entre in youre corage
To folowe Dido that was quene of Cartage

With hir maners haue none acqueyntaunce
Putout of mynde ſuch foliſſhe wilfulneſſe
To ſee your ſilf were a greate penaunce
God of his grace diffende you and bleſſe
And preſerue youre variaunt brotilneſſe
That your trouth fall in none outrage
To folowe dydo that was quene of Cartage

With couert colour and ſobre countenaunce
Of feithfull menyng pretendith a ſikerneſſe
Counterfeteth in ſpech and daliaunce
All thinge that ſowneth into ſtedfaſtneſſe
Of prudence by greate auiſneſſe
Youre ſelf reſtreyneth yonge and olde of age
To folowe Dido that was quene of Cartage

Late all your port be voide of diſpleſaunce
To gete frendes do your beſyneſſe
And be neuer without purueyaunce
So ſhall ye beſt encreace in richeſſe
In one acord may be no ſekerneſſe
To youre herte be diuers of langage
Contrarye to Dido that was quene of cartage

Holde youre ſeruauntis vnder obeiſaunce
Late theym nouther haue fredam nor largeſſe
But vnder daunger do their obſeruaunce
Daunte their pride theym vndelynge with lowneſſe
And when the ſerpent of newfangylneſſe
Aſſaileth you do your auauntage
Contrarye to Dido that was quene of Cartage

Howe vicious Sardanapalle kinge of aſſirie
brent him ſelf and his treſoure

f Aſſirie to rekyn kinges all
o Whiche had that londe vnder ſubiection
Laſt of all was Sardanapalle
Mooſt femynyne of condicion
Wherfore fortune hath him throwe doun
And compleynynge mooſt ougly of manere
Next after dydo to bochas dyd appere

So vicious luſt his life he dyd enclyne
Amonge aſſiriens whan he his regne gan
Of fals vſage he was ſo femynyne
That amonge wymen vpon the rocke he ſpan
In their habite diſguyſed from a man
And of froward fleſſhly inſolence
Of all men he fled the preſence

Firſt this kynge chaſe to be his guyde
Moder of vices callyd Idelneſſe
Which of cuſtum eche vertue ſet aſide
In eche acourt where ſhe is maiſtres
Of ſorowe and myſcheef the firſt founderesse
Which cauſyd only this ſardanapall
That to all goodneſſe his wittes dyd appall

He fonde vp firſt riete and drunkeneſſe
Callyd a fader of luſt and lecherye
Hatefull of herte he was to ſobirneſſe
Cheriſſhinge ſurfetts watche and glotenye
Callyd in his tyme a prince of baudrie
Fonde rereſopers and fethirbeddys ſoft
Drinke late and chaunge his wynes oft

The aire of metys and of baudy cokys
Which of cuſtum all day rooſt and ſede
Sauour of ſpetys ladlys and fleſſh hokys
He loued well and toke of theym greate hede
And folke that dranke more than it was nede
Smellynge of wyne for their greate exceſſe
With theym to abyde was holy his gladneſſe

He thought alſo it did him good
To haue aboute him with ſkyll and right
Boiſtous bochers all beſpreynt with blode
And watry fiſſhers abode euer in his ſight
Their cotys poudryd with ſcalis ſiluer bright
Dempte their odour duringe all his life
Was to his corage beſt preſeruatiſe

For there was no herbe ſpice gras ne roſe
To him ſo luſty as was the bordelhouſe
Nor gardeyn none ſo holſom nor ſo ſote
To his pleſaunce nor ſo delicious
As the preſence of folkes lecherous
And euer glad to ſpeke of rebaudye
And folke cheriſſhe that coude flatere and lye

Tyll at the laſt god of very right
Diſpleſed was with his condicions
Bycauſe he was in euery mannys ſighte
So femynyne in his affeccions
And hooly yaue his inclynacions
Duringe his life to euery vious thynge
Terrible to here and namely of a kynge

But as bochas liſt to put in mynde
Whan Arbachus a prince of grete renowne
Sawe of this kynge the fleſſhly luſtys blynde
Made with the people of that region
Agayns him a coniuracion
And to him ſent for his myſgouernaunce
Of high diſdeyne a full pleyn diffiaunce

Bad him beware and proudly to him tolde
That he him caſt his vicious life to aſſaile
And in all haſt alſo that he wolde
Within a felde mete him in bataile
Wherof aſtonyed his hert gan to faile
Where amonge wymen he ſat makynge gaudis
No wight aboute but flaterers and baudys

And vp he roſe and gan him ſilf to auaunce
No ſtuf aboute him but ſergeauntes riatous
Toke the felde without gouernaunce
No men of armys but folkes vicious
Whoos aduerſary callyd arbachus
Made him proudly the felde to forſake
That like a cowarde his caſtell he hath take

And for his herte frowardly gan faile
Nat like a knight but like a loſengoure
His rich perre his roiall apparaile
His golde his Jewels veſſels and treſoure
Was brought afore him doun of a toure
Amyd of his paleis and yaue his men in charge
Of cole and fagot to make a fire full large

In which he keſt his treſoure and Jewels
More beſtiall than like a manly man
And amyd his riche ſtones and veſſels
Into the fire furiouſly he ran

This triumphe Sardanapallus wan
Which fire conſumed for his finall mede
Brent all to aſſhes amonge the coles rede

Tofore his deth bad men ſhulde write
Vpon his graue the boke doo ſpecifie
With letters large this reaſon for to endyte
My curſyd life my frowarde glotenye
Myn Idelneſſe myn hatefull lecherye
Hath curſyd me with many fals deſire
My laſt daies to be conſumpt with fire

This Epitaffe on his graue he ſette
To ſhewe howe he was in all his lyue
Redy euer to hindre and to lette
All maner vertue and ther agayn to ſtryue
Who foloweth his trace is neuer like to thryue
For whiche ye princes ſe for youre auaile
Vengeaunce ay foloweth vices at the taile

A commendacion of Bochas of vertuous beſynes reherſynge names foūdyrs of diuers ſciencys and cunnynges in repreef of Idelneſſe

There ere other that liſt falſly prouide
Fals fleſſhly luſtys and diſſolucions
Riete outrage frowarde diſdeyne and pride
Vices to enhaunce in their affeccions
With many vnleful crokyd condicions
Reaſon auoidynge as I reherce ſhall
Theym ſilf delitynge far to beſtyall

Tweyne maner folkes to put in remembraunce
Of vice and vertue to put in a difference
The good alweye hath ſet their pleſaunce
In vertuous laboure to do their deligence
And vicious people in ſlouth and negligence
And the report of both is reſeruyd
With laude or lacke as they haue deſeruyd

Men muſt of right the vertuous preferre
And truly prayſe labour and beſyneſſe
And agaynwarde diſpreyſen folke that erre
Which haue no Ioy but in Idelneſſe
And to compare by maner of witneſſe
Vertuous folke I wyll to mynde call
In rebukynge of kinge Sardanapall

The olde wiſe called Pictagoras
By ſounde of hamers auctours certyfie
Exaumple toke and chief maiſter was
That fonde oute muſyke and melodye
Yet of Tubal ſome bokes ſpecifie
That he by ſtrokes of ſmethis where they ſtode
Founde firſt oute muſyke tofore Noes flode.

And Joſephus remembreth by ſcripture
That this Tubal coude forge well
Firſt ymagyned makynge of armure
With Inſtrumentes of Iron and of ſtele
And their tempures he fonde oute euerydell
Lucyus Tarquyn in ſtory as I fynde
Fonde cheynes firſt folke to fetre and bynde

The children of Seth in ſtory ye may ſee
Flourynge in vertue by longe ſucceſſyons
For to profite to their poſteritie
And firſt the craft of heuenly mocions
Fonde of ſondry ſterres the reuolucions
Bequeth their cunnynge of greate auauntage
To them that after cam of theyr lynage

For their vertue god gaue them greate cunnynge
Touchinge natures both of erth and of heuyn
And it remembred ſothely by wrytynge
To laſtyn ay for water or for leuene
Generacions there were of them ſeuene
Which for vertue withoute werre or ſtrif
Trauayled in cunnynge durynge al their lif

And for that adam dyd propheſie
Twyes the worlde deſtroyed ſhulde be
With water and onys ſtond in Iupartye
Next with fire which no man might flee
But Sethis children all this dyd ſee
Made two pyllers where men myght graue
From fire and water the caracters for to ſaue

That one was made of tyles harde I bake
Fro touch of fire to ſaue the ſcripture
Of harde marbyll they dyd another make
Agayne water ſtrongly to endure
To ſaue of letters the prente and the figure
For their cunnynge afore gan ſo prouide
Agayne fire and water ſpecially to abyde

They demyde their cunnynge had ben in veyn
But folke with theym had ben partable
And for their labour ſhulde afterwarde be ſeyn
They it remembred by writinge full notable
Unto fore god a thinge ful comendable
To theym that folowe by ſcripture and writinge
Or that men dye departe their cunnynge

For by olde tyme folke diuers craftys founde
In ſondry wiſe for occupacion
Vertue to cheriſſhe vices to confounde
Their witte they ſette and their entencion
To put their laboure in execucion
And to outrage this is verrey trouth
For mannys life negligence and ſlouth

Olde Ennok ful famous of vertue
Durynge that age fonde firſt of euerychon
Through his prudence letters of hebrue
And in a pilere they were kepte of ſtone
Tyll that the flode of Noe was gone
And after him Ca n was the ſeconde
By whom of hebrue letters were firſt founde

And Catacriſmus the firſt was that fonde
Letters alſo as of that langage
But letters wretyn with goddes owne honde
Moyſes firſt toke mooſt bright of his viſage
Upon Syna as he helde his paſſage
Which of carectis and names in ſentence
From other writinge had a difference

Eke afterwarde as other bokes tell
And ſaynt Ierom reherſith in his ſtyle
Under thempire of zorobabell
Eſdras of hebru gan letters firſt compile
And Abraham gan ſith a greate while
The firſt was in bokes men may ſee
That fonde letters of Cire and of Caldee

Yſys in egipt fonde diuerſite
Of ſondry letters partyd into tweyne
Firſt for preſtes and for the comonte
Vulgar letters he dyd alſo ordeyne
And fenices dyd their beſy peyne
Letters of Greke to fynde in their entent
Which that Cadmus firſt into Grece ſente

Which in noumbre fully were ſeuentene
Whan of Troye ended was the batayle
Paſſamides their langage to ſuſtene
Put thre therto which greatly dyd auayle
Pidagorus for prudent gouernaile
Fonde firſt out.y.a figure to diſcerne
The life here ſhorte and the life that is eterne

Firſt latyn letters of oure .a. b. c.
Carmentis fonde of full high prudence
Greate Omerus in Iſidere ye may ſe
Fonde amonge Grekis craft eloquence
Firſt in Rome by ſouereyne excellence
Of rethorike Tullius fonde the floures
Vſe and diffence of ſubtyl oratoures

Calliſtrates a grauer mooſt notable
Of white yuor dyd his beſyneſſe
His hande his eye ſo iuſte were and ſo ſtable
Of an ampte to graue oute the lykeneſſe
Vpon the grounde as nature doth him dreſſe
This craft he fonde as Sardanapall
Fonde Idelneſſe moder of vices all

Of a ſcryueyn Bochas maketh mencion
Howe a ſcrowe of litell quantite
Wrote of al Troye the diſtruction
Folowynge Omerus by greate ſubtilte
Which is had amonge Grekes in greate deynte
Bycauſe he was founde in his wrytinge
So compendious the ſtory reherſynge

Matinychides made a charr alſo
And a ſmal ſchip with all the appareile
So that a Bee might cloſe them both two
Vnder his wynges which is a greate merueyle
And no thinge ſeyn of al the hole entayle
This craft he fonde of vertuous beſyneſſe
To eſchewe the vice of frowarde Idelneſſe

Pan god of kynde with his pypes ſeuene
Of recorders fonde firſt the melodyee
Of mercurye that ſit ſo high in heuene
Firſt in his harpe fonde ſugred armonyes
Holſom wynes thrughe fyned from their lies
Bachus fonde firſt on wynes heuy lade
Licour of licours corages for to glade

Perdyx by compas fonde triangle and lyne
And Euclyd firſt fonde Geometrye
And phebus fonde the craft of medicyne
Albumaſar fonde aſtronomye
And mynarua gan charis firſt to gyue
Iaſon firſt ſayled in ſtory it is told
Towarde Cholchos to wynne the flees of golde

Ceres the goddes fonde firſt tilth of londe
Dionyſius triumphis tranſitorye
And Bellona by force firſt oute fonde
Conqueſt by knyghthode and in the felde victorye
And martis ſonne as put is in memorye
Called Etholus fonde ſperys ſharpe and kene
To renne a werre in platys bright and ſhene

Eke Ariſteus fonde oute the vſage
Of mylke and cruddes and of hony ſote
Piroides for greate auauntage
Fro flyntes ſmyte fire daryinge in the rote
And pallas which that may to colde do bote
Fonde oute weuynge this is very ſoth
Through hir prudence of al maner cloth

And fido found firſte oute the ſcience
Of meſures and of proporcions
And for marchauntes dyd his diligence
To fynde balaunces by iuſt dyuiſions
To auoyde all fraude in cites and in tons
On nouther party playnly to compyle
Of true weight that there were no gyle

Compare in ordre clerly all theſe thinges
Founde of olde tyme by diligent trauayle
To the pleſaunce of princes and kynges
To ſhewe howe moch connynge may auayle
And weye agaynewarde the frowarde aquitayle
Contrariouſly howe Sardanapall
Fonde Idelneſſe moder of vices all

Late princes all herof take hede
What auaileth vertuous beſyneſſe
And what damage the reuers doth in dede
Vicious life ſlouth and Idelneſſe
And theſe exaumples late theym eke impreſſe
Amyd their herte and howe Sardanapall
Fonde Idelneſſe moder of vices all

Lenuoye.

Noble prynces here ye may well ſe
As in a myrrour of ful clere euidence
By many exaumples more than ii or thre
What harme foloweth of ſlouth and neglygence
Depe enpryntynge in your aduertence
Howe greate hinderynge doth wilfull frowardneſſe
To your eſtate throughe vicious Idelneſſe

Whan reaſon faileth and conſtaunce
Holdeth the brydell of ſtereles inſolence
And ſoberneſſe hath loſt his liberte
And to falſe luſt is doone the reuerence
And vice of vertue hath an apparence
Miſledeth prynces of wilfull rechelesneſſe
To greate errour of frowarde Idelneſſe

Howe amazias l Juda kinge for pride and preſump‑
cion was venquyſſhed in batayle & after ſlayne

IN his ſtudy as Bochas ſat muſynge
With many vncouth ſolepne fantaſye
To him apperyd many myghty kinge
And tofore all cam worthy amazie
His ſonne alſo that called was Joſie
Of dauidis blode deſcendynge as I rede
Eche after other in Juda to ſuccede

Firſt amazias compleyned in fortune
Cauſinge his greuous great aduerſitees
The traitoureſſe called in commune
Theſe kinges twayne caſtinge from their ſees
Whos ouerturnynge from their dygnitees
Vnware fallinge dredfull and terrible
Been ſeriouſly remembred in the byble

Their ende men may there rede and ſee
Howe fortune their fates dyd entrete
Wherfore teſchewe and fle prolixite
Of tedious thinge in this proceſſe to ſete
And in ſubſtaunce to gadre oute the grete
Of their fallynge I purpoſe nat to ſpare
Compendiouſly the cauſes to declare

This amazias hauynge gouernaunce
By iuſt title of ſucceſſion
The ceptre of iuda with all the hole puiſſaunce
Full peſibly in his poſſeſſion
Tyll that pryde and falſe preſumpcion
Mooſt frowardly dyd his herte enbrace
Which all atonys made hym loſe his grace

In herte he had a maner veyneglorye
Bycauſe that god made hym to preuayle
In his conqueſt and to haue victorye
Amalechites to venquyſſh in batayle
The Edomytes as he them dyd aſſayle
Purpoſynge after if he myght
With Iſraelites of pryde for to fyght

Vnto kinge Joas of iſraell he ſent
Him commaundynge to obey his byddinge
And be lyke ſubiect as were in their entent
His predeceſſours in all maner thinge
Whilom to dauid the noble worthy kinge
This was his ſonde to Joas plat and pleyne
Which by a problem thus wrote to him ageyne

THe ougly thiſtle of the vales lowe
Proudly preſumynge aboue his degree
To make his pride openly be knowe
Sent his meſſage to the Cedre tre
That his ſonne myght wedded be
To his doughter all though in ſubſtaunce
Atwene theym two was a greate diſcordaunce

But of the foreſt the beſtes ſauagyne
In their corages had therof diſdeyne
All of aſſent fersly dyd encline
The thiſtle treyd abrode vpon the pleyne
That there was nouther leef nor pyk ſeyne
This was the problem which Joas by wrytinge
Sent in a piſtle to amazie the kinge

BVt Joſephus in his orygynall
The ſayde epiſtle as he doth expreſſe
Seith of the vale howe the powder ſmall
Of pride ſent to the high Cypreſſe
That his doughter of excellent fayreneſſe
Vnto his ſonne pleynly to deſeruye
Myght be delyuered and haue her to wyue

But a fell beeſt which beſide ſtode
Of cruell Ire and Indignacion
With fete diſdeynynge the powder caſt abrode
High in the ayre aboute him enuyron
The which enſample conceyued of reaſon
Who that attempteth to clymbe high a loft
With vnware chaunge his fall is full vnſoft

Atwene the cedre of trees of roiall
And a ſharpe thiſtle is no conuenience
Nor twene a cypreſſe eſtatly founde atall
And ſothſum pouder is a greate difference
For royall blode ſhulde haue no aſſiſtence
So be ioyned nor knyt in mariage
With ſuch as ben brought forth of lowe page

The cedre is ſtronge and mighty of ſubſtaunce
In his vpgrowynge right as any lyne
And though the thiſtle haue ſpottes of pleſaunce
He hath eke prickes ſharpe as any ſpyne
And both natures playnly to termyne
The cedre of kynde who loke well aboute
To no thoughthiſtle ſhulde his braunches loute

Balſom of odour is the faire cypreſſe
As bokes tell and vertuous of kynde
Duſt and pouder playnly to expreſſe
Troubleth the ayre and maketh folkes blinde
For which in ſpouſayle conuenience to fynde
Late eſtates of their birth honourable
Voide all raſcalye and wedde their ſemblable

But amazias wold nat be ware
For no warnynge nor for no prophesie
But ſtyll in herte greate hatred bare
Agayne kinge Ioas of malyce and enuye
Into a felde brought all his chiualrye
Gadred them out both nere and ferre
Ayenſt goddes wyll on him to gynne a werre

And kinge Ioas full like a worthy knight
Into the felde faſt gan him ſpede
And all the knightes of Iuda anone right
With ſuerd of vengeaunce with a ſodeyne drede
To byd them fle god wot it was no nede
And amazias for al his great pryde
Stode deſtitute and no man by his ſyde

With him was none lefte of al his meyne
So god and Ioas ayenſt him wrought
Of Ieruſalem entred the cite
And amazie of force with him he brought
And in the temple the treſoure out he ſought
Golde and ſiluer and holy theyr richeſſe
And to Samarie home he gan him dreſſe

And amazias he lete oute of pryſon
After all this and ſuffryd him goo fre
To his myſchefe and his confuſion
And he was delyuered from his captyuyte
For ſlayne he was in Lachis the cyte
Amonge his frendes by ſymulacion
His deth conſpired vnder full falſe treaſon

### Howe vpon Ioſias ſuccedynge kinge next in Iuda toke vengeaunce ſmote him with lepre

a fter in Iuda the mighty region
Next Amazias Ioſias gan ſuccede
Wonder manly and famous of renoun
In all his werkes full prudent in dede
And of his knighthode venquiſſhed as I rede
The paleſtynes for all their greate puiſſaunce
With all arabye he brought vnto vttraunce

Wylded touns and many a ſtronge cite
And vnto Egipt he his boundes ſet
Made caſtels beſide the rede ſee
And in his conqueſt whom that euer he met
Of manly pride he wolde lette
I mene al tho that were his aduerſaries
To his lordſhip to make them tributaries

He dyd his laboure alſo to repare
Ieruſalem after his ruyne
The walles rered which on the ſoyle laye bare
Made newe toures right as any lyne
Fanys of golde their torrettes to enlumyne
And to enforce them lete werkmen vndertake
Square baſtiles and bolewerkys to make

He delyted to make freſſh gardeynes
Dyuers greyne and herbes for to knowe
Reioyſed to plante ſondry vynes
To graffe trees and ſedes for to ſowe
And ſtraunge frutes make them growe arowe
And with him had his enemyes to encombre
Thre hundred thouſed manly men in noumbre

His noble fame gan to ſprede wide
And greatly dred for his prowes
Wherethrugh his herte corrupt with pride
Bycauſe only of his greate riches
And frowardly he dyd his beſynes
For to maligne in eſtate royall
Agayne the lorde which is immortall

So god aboue he gan weye obſtinate
That by proceſſe full ſmall he dyd wynne
[illegible]oure caught in his roiall eſtate
To folowe his fader in vnthrift and ſynne
That grace and vertue from him dyd twynne
In mooſt ſhynynge of his magnificence
Fortune proudly aſſayled his excellence

Laſt ſhe wolde within a lytell while
His ſurquedye and frowarde pride aſſayle
And full vnwarly deceyue him and begile
To make his power to appall and to faile
Wh[illegible] kinge toke on thapparaile
Of a buſſhop of very frowardneſſe
And into temple proudly gan him dreſſe

Beynge in purpos on a ſolempne day
To take his way vp to the hye aulter
Falſly vſurpynge who ſo euer ſaide naye
To ſacrifie holdynge the cenſere
Tofore the aulter that ſhone of golde full clere
For which offence the bible ſaith the ſame
Azarias the buſſhop dyd him blame

Gan withſtonde him in the face anone
Fourescore preſtes beynge in preſence
Of the kynred deſcended of Aaron
Which forbad him and made reſiſtence
That with his hande he ſhulde put incence
Vpon the aulter agayne goddes lawe
Him chargynge boldly his preſence to withdrawe

But of deſpyte he made theym holde their pees
In payne of deth began theym to manace
And ſodenly amonge all the prees
An erthquake fyll in the ſame place
And therwithall in the kinges face
Of the ſonne there ſmote a beme ſo brighte
That all his face was ſkorkyd with the lighte

He weyyd a lepre foule and right terrible
For his offence as god liſt ordeyne
To euery man of loke he was terrible
And but fewe his miſcheef gan compleyne
And a greate hyll the ſame houre carf on tweyne
Nat ferre aſide from the towne without
Lyters diſtroynge that ſtode rounde aboute

On kinge Ioſie god toke his vengeaunce
For all his lordſhip and his magnificence
To puniſſhe his pride and his frowarde puiſſaunce
And brought him lowe for his greate offence
For his pſone was put oute of preſence
Perpetuelly as holy wryt can tell
Ferre from all people with lepres for to dwell

His fleſſh was troubled with diuers paſſions
For his ſekeneſſe auoydded the cyte
In cry and ſorwe and lamentacions
His lif he lad in greate aduerſite
And ſo he dyed in ſorowe and pouerte
Symply buryed for all his greate might
Within an Ilande that ſtode fer out of ſight

## An exortacion to princes to be auiſed to do agayn goddes preceptes.

Let princes all in their prouidence
Be right well ware any thing to attame
Which vnto god ſhulde be offence
Leſt that the fyne concluſe to their ſhame
Let theym thinke for all their noble fame
But they repent god of his Iuſtiſe
Their frowarde pride vnwarly wyll chaſtiſe

Let theym be ware of malice to preſume
Agayne his church to do offencion
For god of righ all tyrauntis wyll conſume
In full ſhort tyme for their preſumpcion
Which will nat ſuffre their domynacion
To enterupt for all their greate myght
Nor breke the fraunchiſe of holy church right

So prudent princes which can diſcerne
Let kinge Ioſias/ conſidred his offence
Bern in their mynde a myrrour and lanterne
To holy church to do due reuerence
And conceyue in their magnificence
God wil of right be they neuer ſo ſtronge
Chaſtiſe their malice though he abide longe

## How kinge Oze was takyn by kinge ſalmanazar and dyed in priſon

There was another that called was Ozie
Which whilom regned as I afferme dare
In iſrael whome fortune by enuye
Made him betake or he was ware
Beſeged aboute of kinge Salmanazare
And into aſſirie vnder his daunger
The bible telleth he was a priſoner

His cites townes brought to diſtruction
And all his people vnder longe ſeruage
Were take and kepte in ſtronge babilon
Suffred there greate peyne and damage
And in priſon by furious outrage
This ſayde Ozias in cheynes bounde ſore
For ſorowe dyed of him write I nomore

### Howe ſenacheryb kinge of aſſirie was ſlayne

Ith theſe forſayde woful kinges thre
w Senacheryb of aſſirie kinge
Cam to John bochas mooſt ougly to ſe
Full pitouſly his fate compleyninge
And ſpecially his vnwore chaunginge
He gan bewayle oppreſſed in his thought
From hye nobleſſe howe he was brought to noughte

His reaſon ſprad through many diuers Reme
And all people gan him magnifie.
A ſyege he layde vnto Jeruſalem
In the tyme of kinge Sedechie
But in his mooſt froward ſurquedye
Goddes angel tofore the cyte
An hundred thouſand ſlough of his meyne

And the more to make him aferde
Amyd of his people the ſilf ſame night
Goddes angell ſhoue awey his berde
With a ſharpe ſwerde that ſhone faire and bright
Left his ſyege and toke him vnto flight
And in a temple his goddys worſhippinge
Sloughe him ſilf as he ſat knelinge

### Howe kinge ſedechie for fals forſweringe was ſlayne and made blinde in priſon

Ouchinge the compleynt of kinge Sedechie
t And of his ſorowes to ſhewe the manere
Holy wryt do clerly ſpecifie
Wherfore it were but veyne to tell theym here
For there men the proceſſe may pleynly lere
Howe Joachim kinge of Jeruſalem
His owne brother was led oute of his Rem

Wherof in herte he felt full greate ſoor
This Sedechias as it is there founde
Bycauſe the kinge nabugodonoſor
His brother helde ſtronge in priſon bounde
Fully in purpos the Jewes to confounde
For this tiraunt had in that mortall ſtrif
His brethren/ children in priſon and his wif

And yit this tyraunt in his tyrannye
This fauour dyd in his fell rage
Vnto this mooſt wofull Sedechye
To ſuffre him regne in his greate age
From yere to yere to pay him a truage
By fayth and othe and compoſicion
Reyſed of his people and brought to babilon

Yit Sedechias in eſpeciall
By a maner of fals felicite
Him ſilf reioyſed in his ſe royall
To occupye that noble dignyte
And ſo forgate the greate aduerſitye
Of his brother and other frendes al
Touchinge the myſcheef that they were in fall

Of pride he fill into preſumpcion
When he remembred his brethre and his lynage
Conſidred howe fro kinge Salamon
He was deſcendyd by title of heritage
Gan diſdeyne to pay his truage
And to maligne in herte he was ſo wroth
And falſly brake his ſuraunce and his othe;

He had o maner indignacion
Which he caught of olde remembraunce
Howe tyme paſſed to kinge Salamon
By his manly prudent gouernaunce
Kynges aboute for a recognyſaunce
Payed tribute and durſt it nat withſeye
Fro yere to yere his nobleſſe to obeye

Which thinge remembred of kinge ſedechie
As he were greate and ſtronge in puiſſaunce
Of hye diſdeyne his tribute gan denye
Set aſyde his feith and aſſuraunce
So that his othe ſtode in no ſubſtaunce
For he ageyne the kynge of babylon
Preſumptuſly fyll in rebellion

And his kingdom to ſtrength and fortefie
Thought he wolde to his auauntage
The kinge of egipt haue on his partye
Of pride he fyll into ſo greate outrage
That he nomore wolde pay his truage
Full fynally ſuch wayes he hath ſought
That of his othe litell he rought or nought

But woo alas it is a dolfull thinge
To be remembred in hye or lowe degre
That any prince or any worthy kinge
Shulde fals his oth or vntrue be
Or that men ſhuld ſuch variaunce ſee
In their corages which been ſo hye borne
For any cauſe falſly to be forſworne

By reporte it doth their fame trouble
Infortuneth and clipſith their nobleſſe
Whan a prince is of his heeſte double
And chargith nat of wilfull recleſneſſe
Albe his promys concluſe on doubleneſſe
Though god a while ſuffre theym and reſpyte
At the vnſet houre their falſneſſe he wyll quyte

His warnynge oft he ſent to theym afore
Bycauſe they lacke prudent policie
Recorde I take of nabugodonoſor
Which cam vnwarly on kinge ſedechye
For he his tribute gan falſly him denye
With all his power an dyd abrayde
To Ieruſalem a mighty ſyege layde

They within conſtreyned were of nede
The kinge himſilf there was no better deffence
With mannys fleſſh his people for to fede
While the Caldeis by mighty violence
Of very force withoute reſiſtence
On falſ forſweringe for to take wrake
Their mighty touris and their walles brake

So ſle and kyll they liſt none to ſpare
Who ſo euer they met or cam in their ſight
Sedechias left the towne all bare
But take he was as he him toke to flight
In cheynes bounde and fetryd anone right
In whoos preſence to encreace his peynes anon
His yonge childre were ſlayne euerychon

Hys wyues mooſt woful in their cheyre
Which in theyr tyme mooſt goodly were and fayre
Deſpuceled were in handes of ſtraungeris
And more alas to put him in diſpayre
Into his kingdome neuer to haue repayre
With ſharpe tonges it was to greate a peyne
Out of his hede were rent his iyen tweyne

Of Ieruſalem his cite was brent
Pleyne into the grounde into aſſhes dede
His greate riches his treſoure hooly ſent
To babilon with ſtones blewe and rede
Veſſels of golde which richeſt were in dede
Without mercy or remyſſion
Caldeis toke to their poſſeſſion

And thus in ſorowe and in wretchidneſſe
He dyed alas fetryd in pryſon
Loo here the ende of periurie and falſneſſe
Loo howe fortune can tourne vpſodoun
Of mortall men the condicion
Nowe richeſt ſhynynge in hye proſperite
With vnware chaunge to hatefull pouertye

Nowe men lyft vp to royall dignitees
Nowe hye aloft by fulſum habundaunce
But what auayleth to ſyt in royall ſees
To folke that haue therin none aſſuraunce
Namely whan fortune holdeth the balaunce
Which aye of cuſtome vnto high eſtates
Hath a falſe ioye to ſhewe hir cheſmates

Recorde I take of princes more than one
Their wofull fatys hangynge in Iupartye
Remembred late and amonge echon
The wofull fall of kinge amazie
His ſonne eke lepre which called was Ioſye
And laſt of all howe in Babilon
Kinge Sedechias dyed in priſon

## Lenuoye.

NOble princes conſidre the fallas
Of fortunys frowarde flaterie
Seeth hir deceytes in many dyuers cas
Howe ſhe firſt mocked manly amazye
Which ſlayne was for his ſurquedye
To yeue you warnynge by exaumple as ye may rede
Whan ye ſit higheſt your fall is mooſt to drede

And as it remembreth in Bochas
Eke in the byble of kinge Ioſye
In his tyme howe famous that he was
Both of riches and of cheualrye
Punyſſhed with lepre bokes ſpecifie
For his preſumynge remembreth this in dede
Whan ye ſyt higheſt youre fall is mooſt to drede

All worldly glory fleeth hens a greate pas
I take witneſſe of kinge Sedechie
For fals forſweringe he ſlayne was alas
Made blynde in priſon the ſtory cannat lye
Thus ſheweth fortune through her frowarde enuye
To you princes if ye liſt take hede
Whan ye ſit hygheſt your fall is mooſt to drede

Howe kinge aſtryages laboured to diſherite cirus
But god ſuffred his malice nat to preuayle

After theſe kynges one folowed in the pres
And to bochas his compleynt diſcure
And he was called the greate aſtriages
Which tolde in ordre his vncouth auenture
Lorde of Aſye as bokes vs aſſure
And had of treſure durynge all his life
Aboue all kinges a prerogatife

Mooſt infortunate in all his gouernaile
Felte of fortune none aduerſite
Saue an heir male no thinge dyd him fayle
For he mooſt glorious ſat in his glorious ſe
Of worldly welth he lackyd no plentye
Except only as clerkes of him write
He had no ſon his kingdome to enherite

Which to his welth was greate diſeres
Leſt ſucceſſion fayled in his lyne
A doughter had he called mundanes
Oute of whoos wombe as bokes determyne
He drempte on a night howe he ſawe a vyne
In his auiſion with him ſo it ſtode
Ouer all aſie his braunchis ſpred abrode

He had alſo a reuelacion
Slepynge a night after his ſoupeere
Thoughe he nat knewe the expoſicion
He thought he ſawe a criſtallyn ryuere
With luſty waters as any beryll clere
Out of her wombe with his ſtremys freſſhe
The folke of aſye make tendre and neſſhe

Touchinge this ryuer and this luſty vyne
To him ſhewyd in his auiſion
Within him ſilfe he coude nat termyne
Therof to finde no clere concluſion
Withoute ſome maner expoſicion
To him declared by folkes in ſentence
Which of ſuch dreimys had experience

To him he called his aſtronomers
His philoſophers and his dyuynours
That knewe the menynge of the nyne ſperes
Ymages of ſterres their houſes and theyr toures
And ſuch as were expert expoſitours
And they were aſſembled euerichon
Touchinge his dreme they cordyd all in one

To tell him trouth they were nat recles
Sayde his doughter fro whom there cam a vyne
She that by name was called mundanes
Shuld haue deſcendynge from his lyne
Whoos noble fame through aſye ſhulde ſhyne
Which ſhulde put through his renowne
Him by force of his armys oute of his region

This was his fate he might it nat refuſe
The heuenly cours but it dyd fayle
Wherupon he ſore gan to muſe
Such fantaſies dyd his herte aſſayle
Fyll in greate doubte of their dyuynayle
Thought he wolde make purueaunce
For to withſtonde goddes ordenaunce

Full harde it is to make reſiſtence
Ageyn thinge ordeyned whan god woll that it be
And namely there where as influence
Of heuyn aboue hath ſhape a deſtyne
Some men recorde that no man may it flee
The dome of this where it holde or flytte
To aſtronomers all hooly I cōmytte

This ſaide kinge of whome I ſpake but late
Caſt he wolde for his auauntage
The ordenaunce reuerſe and the fate
Of the heuyn with all the ſurpluſage
And yeue his doughter as in mariage
To ſome vnworthy pore infortunate
That neuer were lykly to riſe to hye eſtate

And in this wiſe kinge aſtriages
Maried his doughter as in his entent
To one worthy called cambyſes
Demynge therby by ſhort auiſement
Within him ſilf that he was right prudent
Wenynge that nobleſſe cam by diſcent of blode
And nat by grace nor as the heuyn ſtode

In his reaſon was nat comprehended
Howe ſocrates mayſter of platon
Of full lowe bed by birth was deſcendyd
And nat enherite kindome nor region
But for to haue fully poſſeſſion
Of morall vertue and philoſofye
Durynge his life his wyt he dyd applye

He ſought contrees for wyſdam and ſcience
And ſecret cūnynges to ſerch he dyd his peyne
And he fonde out through his dyligence
This philoſophre as bokes acerteyne
To ioy reſerued outher to peyne
By grace of god which is eternall
Howe mannys ſoules be founde ay inmortall

The greate appollo in bokys it is founde
Gaue iugement of equyte and right
That ſocrattes in vertue mooſt habounde
And mooſt preferred in euery mannys ſight
Was called of wyſdom the lanterne and the light
And wiſeſt named at euyn and at Pryme
Of philoſophers that were in his tyme

The poete alſo called Euripides
Mooſt honourable called in that age
All be his moder of life was recheles
And contagious through vicious outrage
Yet was this poete for al his vile lynage
Mooſt vertuous founde at aſſayes
Of all poetes that were in his dayes

Called in his tyme a greate tragicien
Bycauſe he wrote many tragedies
And wolde of trouth ſpare no maner man
But theym rebuke in his poetries
Touchinge the vices of fleſſhly fantaſies
Compleyne in princes their dedes mooſt horryble
And eche thinge puniſſhe that was odyble

Another called clerke domeſtenes
The mooſt ſubtyll rethorician
And mooſt Inuentif amonge all the pres
That euer was ſith the worlde began
Albe of birth he was a pore man
Yet had he mooſt ſouereyne excellence
Amonge philoſophers of ſpech and eloquence

By which exaumple me ſemeth doutles
That royal blode nor hye lynage
To mannys birth yeueth but ſmale encres
Nor vnto vertue but litell auauntage
For hye nobles loketh nat his corage
Of rich nor pore nor ſtatys ſouereyne
But of his grace as god liſt ordeyne

Wherfore of foly kinge aſtriages
Contraryouſly ageyne all gentrye
Bad that his doughter called mandanes
Firſt whan folke with childe her dyd eſpye
For to accompliſſh his frowarde fantaſie
Whan it were borne chargynge aboue all thinge
Of archanype to bere it to the kinge

Which in that tyme was called arpagus
And as I fynde he dyd in vertue floure
And ſpyte had the ſtory telleth thus
That beſtes ſhulde the lytell childe deuoure
But god that may in myſcheef beſt ſocoure
To kepe the childe was nat recheles
Ageyne the malice of kinge aſtriages

Which had cōmaundyd of malyce and hatred
Howe that this childe grene and tendre of age
By arpagus ſhulde be caſt in dede
To be deuoured of beſtes mooſt ſauage
But for he dred to do ſo greate outrage
To his ſhepeherde him ſilf to ſtonde at large
The childe to ſle he fully yaue the charge

This herdman all be that he was loth
To execute this woful auenture
Into a foreſt forth with the childe he goth
And gaue to beſtes that lytell creature
Whom to foſtre by grace ageyne nature
A wylde bitch hir whelpes there forſake
And to her pappes the litell childe ſhe toke

And with hir milke ſhe made him ſup and dyne
And beſy was for him to enchace
wylde ſeawys and beſtes ſauagyne
That none ne durſt neygh to that place
Loo howe that god diſpoſe can his grace
Innocentes fro myſcheef to preſerue
Agayne fals enuye which wolde make theym ſterue

O blode vnkinde founde in kinrede
For couetiſe/ o blode deſnaturall
Of fals malyce/ o blode full of hatrede
To murdre a childe borne of the ſtok royall
Where mannys reaſon is turned beſtyall
Falſly transfourmed vnto cruelte
To ſle a chylde where beſtes haue pyte

The nety herde hath tolde his wife the cas
And ſhe anone of pyte dyd aryſe
with hir huſbonde went a full greate pas
Into the foreſt beholdinge all the guyſe
As heretofore ye haue herde deuyſe
Seynge the childe with lyppes tendre and ſofte
The bytches pappes howe he ſook full ofte

The ſayde herde called Sparag[illegible]
His wife alſo of whome tofore I [illegible]
This yonge childe toke in their dep[illegible]
And in hir armes ſhe ſoftly gan it f[illegible]
And he full goodly hir face gan beholde
And on his maner the ſame while
In childly wiſe on hir gan to ſmyle

The childes laughtre whan ſhe dyd aduerte
With all hir hole feithfull diligence
She gan to cheriſſhe it and with all hir herte
She yaue it ſoke with full greate reuerence
Albe the bitch made reſiſtence
Compleynynge ſtode fully at abaye
The lytell childe whan ſhe ſawe lad a way

Full pitouſly ſhe gan to houl and crye
At their departynge doolfully compleyne
And after theym full faſt gan to hye
The childe to lete ſhe felt ſo greate a peyne
Lo howe that god of mercy can ordeyne
A cruell beſt ſuch ſorowe for to make
And ſo to mourne for a childes ſake

But euery thinge that god wyll haue preſeruyd
May not fayle to ſtonde in ſekerneſſe
Hys ſecre domys been to him ſilf reſerued
There can no man expowne theym as I geſſe

For he ſhope firſt that this ſhepherdeſſe
Of ſparagos the true pore wife
For to be mene to ſaue the childys life

Home to hir houſe the childe ſhe ledde [illegible]one
And it to foſtre dyd her beſyneſſe
Of other ſalary god wote knewe ſhe none
Saue that her herte therto dyd hir dreſſe
And moore entierly the ſtory beryth [illegible]eſſe
She tendryd him and with more beſy cure
Than him that was hir childe borne of nature

And as the ſtory playnly doth expreſſe
This yonge childe as he wexe in age
Fro day to day encreſyd in nobleſſe
Lyke for to be right manly of corage
Cirus he was called in that langage
To ſaye in latyn playnly in ſubſtaunce
A man yborne to greate enheritaunce

And whan the renoun of his excellence
By longe proceſſe and of his greate encreſſe
Cam by the report vnto the audience
Of his aiell the greate aſtriages
And howe the kinge was founde reckles
Called arpagus for to do vengeaunce
On yonge cirus he fyll in diſpleſaunce

This is to mene aſtriages was wroth
That arpagus was founde merciable
Cyrus to ſaue and for that he was loth
Agayns all right for to be vengeable
To ſle a childe a thinge nat comendable
Demynge of trouth in his conſcience
God was nat payde to murdre Innocence

Aſtriages caſt him to be wreke
On arpagus by fals colluſion
Bycauſe that his byddynge he dyd breke
And was contrarye to his intencion
Cirus to ſle agayne all reaſon
And for that cauſe aſtriages I rede
Of arpagus lete ſle the childe in dede

This to ſay by fals compaſſinge
And couert mordre wrought by aſtriages
The ſonne was ſlayne of arpagus the kinge
And after roſtyd eſas full cauſeles
And ſith preſented amonge all the pres
Tofore his fader a thinge mooſt lamentable
With aſtriages he ſate at the table

But whan this kinge called arpagus
Conceyued hath this mordre mooſt terrible
And howe his ſon and heire was ſlayne thus
In his Ire mooſt furious and odible
In all the haſt that it was poſſible
He is repayred home to his houſholde
And all the cas to Cirus he hath tolde

And howe his ſonne was ſlayne for his ſake
In the mooſt hatful odious crueltye
Excitynge him with him to vndertake
On this fals mordre auengyd for to be
To him declarynge of trouth and equyte
Howe he was borne by diſcent in dede
As right heire to regne in perce and mede

To him declarynge the ſtory by and by
Firſt of the dreme of aſtriages
And howe that he by fraude full falſly
Made his doughter called Mundanes
Poorly to be wedded vnto cambyſes
Which was his moder and howe in tendre age
He was oute caſt to beſtes full ſauage

By a ſhepperde and ſhepperdeſſe
Foſteryd he was in greate pouerte
And brought from beſtes oute of wyldерneſſe
By cauſe god wolde he ſauyd ſhuld be
For thilke lorde which euery thinge may ſe
Whan that he hath a thinge afore diſpoſed
Nedys it muſt fall and may nat be depoſed

This ſayde Cirus at his natiuyte
Ordeyned was by reuolucion
Of the heuenly ſperys in nowmbre thries thre
So ſtode that tyme his conſtellacion
That he ſhulde haue the domynacion
Ouer all aſie by influence dyuyne
Aforefigured by ſpredynge of the vyne

What may the fraude of ſlayghty folke auayle
Innocentes to put out of their right
Though trouth be hyd amonges the parayle
Hard brought forth and dare nat ſhewe his light
Yit god wyll ordeyne that the bemys bright
Shall ſome one day ſhewe out his clerneſſe
Maugre all tho that wolde his title oppreſſe

For this Cirus as clerkes of him write
Was by the title of his moders ſyde
Borne to be kinge all aſie to enherite
Albe his aiel from him wolde it diuyde
But god that can for trouth beſt prouide
Hath for Cirus by proceſſe ſo ordeyned
That he of aſie the lordſhyp hath atteyned

Cirus that tyme was growen vp well of length
Well proporcioned of membres and ſtature
Wonder deliuer and poſſynge of greate ſtrength
Straunge empriſes proudly to endure
And to Iupart and put in auenture
His owne perſone the ſame was of him ſo
Was none more lyuly where men ſhulde haue adoo

And by the counſeyle of kinge arpagus
Whan this Cirus was well waxe in age
With percians proude and ſurquedous
And archanytes cruell of corage
For to recure his rightfull heritage
Began with cirus armyd with plate and mayle
With aſtriages to holde batayle

And he agaynwarde gan to take hede
And with him toke many a worthy knyght
With all the puiſſaunce of the londe of mede
Hath take the felde the ſame day forth right
To diſherite cirus of his right
But god and trouth was atwene them twayne
Egall iuge their quarell to darrayne

The feld ordeyned and ſplayed their baners
On outher party full proudly on they ſet
At thaſſemblynge like lions of their cheres
In the face as they freſſhly mette
With rounde ſperes ſharpe ground and whet
Tyll that Cirus of grace more than nowmbre
Of his aiel the partye dyd encombre

This mighty Cirus this yonge champion
Throughoute the felde gan ſuch a ſlaughter make
With his knightis as he went vp and down
That as the deth his fomen him forſake
Aſtriages vnder his baner take
The felde venquiſſhed for all his falſe veynglorye
To ſhewe that right hath alwey the victorye

A man of malice may a thinge purpoſe
By a maner frowarde prouydence
But god aboue can graciouſly diſpoſe
Agayne ſuch malyce to make reſiſtence
Men for a whyle may ſuffre violence
And wronges greate where ſo that they wende
But trouth alwey venquiſſheth atte ende.

Aſtiages fonde ful ſoth his dreme
Though he ageyne it made purueaunce
To haue depryued Cirus of his reyn
He was deceyued of his ordenaunce
For where that god thrugh his myghty puiſſaunce
Liſt for heiris iuſtly to prouide
Sleight in ſuch cas of man is ſet aſyde

Maugre the might of aſtiages
Cirus on him made a diſconfiture
And all aſie reioyſed eke in pees
Of very right as was his aduenture
And by iuſt title he dyd alſo recure
The londe of mede like as was his fate
And into perce he dyd it hole tranſlate

Ageyne his auel he was nat vengeable
Which had wrought to his deſtruccion
But was to him benigne and merciable
And grauntyd him of hole affection
The forte part of the region
Of archanye of which afore I tolde
Him to ſuſteyne in his dayes olde

For kinge Cirus wolde nat his lyue
Suffre his auel of very gentilneſſe
That men ſhulde him fynally depryue
Of kingly honour for none vnkindneſſe
To yeue exaumple to princes in ſothneſſe
Though god in erth haue yeuyn theym myghte
They ſhulde ay mercy medle with the right

Lenuoye.

Noble princes youre eyes do enclyne
And conſidre in your diſcrecions
Howe dremys ſhewed by influence dyuyne
Be nat lyke ſweuenys but like auyſions
Or reſemble to reuolucions
Which though men wolde diſtourbe and make fayle.
God wyll nat ſuffre their malice to preuaile

Aſtiages dempt he ſawe a vyne
Shewed of trouth and none illuſions
From his doughters wombe right alyne
Spred in aſie ouer the regions
But to diſherite by fals colluſions
Yonge Cirus the kinge dyd his trauaile
But god nat ſuffred his malice to preuayle

Princes remembre that in honoure ſhyne
Vpon this ſtory in youre entencions
And be wel wyſlyd where god liſt forthre a lyne
Outher to riches or dominacions
To fauour theym to their promocions
Be nat contrarye in youre acquytaile
Syth god will ſuffre no malice to preuayle

### Howe Candalus king of Lide was made cokwold and after ſlayne

While John bochas caſt his loke aſyde
In his ſtudye as he ſat wrytinge
To his preſence cam the kinge of Lyde
Called Candalus full pitouſly pleyning
With ſalt teris full lowly beſechinge
That he wolde ſwage his greuaunce
His dedly ſorowe to put in remembraunce

His compleynt was mooſt of vnkindneſſe
For fals deceyt ageyne all ſkyll and right
That where his truſt was mooſt of gyntylneſſe
He mocked was for all his greate might
For of his hous there was a certeyne knight
Gyges called thinge ſhamefull to be tolde
To ſpeke playne Ingliſſh made him a cokolde

Alas I was nat cauſed well be ſorie
Vncunyngly to ſpeke ſuch langage
I ſhulde haue ſayde howe that he had an horne
Or ſought ſome terme with a fayre viſage
To excuſe my rudeneſſe of this greate outrage
As in ſome londe Cornodo men do theym call
And ſome afferme howe ſuch folke haue no gall

Thus was the cas whan phebus ſhone ſhene
The ſomer ceaſon in his aſſencion
Whan ſote braunches were clad in newe grene
Hete importable had dominacion
Whan that the quene for recreacion
Vnprouided that ne man dyd hir kepe
Vpon hir bed lay nakyd for to ſlepe

And as clerkys of hir beute wryte
There was on lyue none fairer creature
Nor more excellynge lyke as they endyte
Of ſemelyneſſe hir ſtory doth aſſure
Calkyd for bewtye coſyn to nature
And worthy eke if I ſhall nat fayne
To be compared to Griſilde or Eleyne

Kynde in hir forge liſt no thinge to erre
whan ſhe hir wrought by greate auiſeneſſe
To make of beute the very lode ſterre
And yeue hir beute fauour and ſemelyneſſe
But for nature had ſo greate beſynes
To fourme a woman that was ſo freſſh of hewe
She had forgete for to make hir true

Hir iyen were very celeſtyall
Hir here vntreſſed like phebus in his ſpere
A thinge reſemblynge that were immortall
So angelyk ſhe was of loke and chere
An exampler of port and manere
There was no lacke ſaue nature through hir ſlouth
Had lefte behinde to yeue hir fayth and trouth

And on a day as ſhe lay ſlepynge
Nakyd on bed mooſt goodly to ſight
Ful vnwarly cam candalus the kinge
Into the chaumbre where titan ſhone ful bright
And ſhewed her beutye vnto his owne knight
Of entent he ſhulde bere witneſſe
Howe ſhe excelled all other in fayreneſſe

And whan Giges gan in ordre ſe
Of this quene the greate excellence
He was enamoured vpon hir beutye
All the while he ſtode there in preſence
Gan ymagyne a treaſon in ſilence
To ſle his lorde without longe taryenge
wynne the quene and after regne as kinge

This was the ende dolful and pitous
To be remembred hatefull and terrible
Of this noble worthy candalus
For of his truſt to moch he was credyble
Vnto Gyges the traytour was odyble
And yet more foliſſhe wherby he loſt his life
Outwarde to ſhewe the beutye of wife

Though ſhe were faire and goodly vnto ſee
There was no truſt nor no ſekyrneſſe
For either had as good parte as he
Gyges coude bere therof witneſſe
Alas a quene or any greate princeſſe
Aſſent ſhulde hir fame for to trouble
But if nature excuſe therin to double

### Howe what thinge kinge Midas touched was gold yet dyed he in miſerye and wretchydneſſe

BVt who ſo euer was ther with loth or fayne
Gyges was after crowned kinge of lyde
whan that his lorde was by treaſon ſlayne
Of him the ſurplus bochas ſet aſyde
And in his ſtudy as he dyd abyde
There cam of frige mydas the rich kynge
To fore myn auctoure his compleynt with wepinge

For there was neuer by conqueſt nor labourre
No kinge afore that had more richeſſe
Nor more plente of golde nor of treſoure
At whoos birth poetes thus expreſſe
Aboute his cradell amptes gan him dreſſe
while he ſlepte and gan aboute him lepe
A full greate noumbre of pured whete greyne

wherupon mooſt expert diuynours
As they take hede in their attendaunce
Such as were beſt expoſitours
Saide it was a tokyn of habundaunce
To haue of richeſſe al maner ſuffiſaunce
And concludynge playnly gan to tell
Howe he all other in treſour ſhulde excell

Poetys of him wrote that were full olde
Bachus gaue him the mighty god of wyne
what he toucheth ſhall tourne into golde
As gode as that which cam oute of the myne
At al aſſayes to be as pure and fyne
This requeſt as writeth Ouideus
was vnto Midas grauntyd of bachus

He thought gold myght him mooſt auayle
what he handlyd was golde with touchinge
But whan hunger his ſtomake gan aſſayle
His bred his mete was clere golde in ſhewynge
And whan he gan to fayle of his fedynge
And founde of gold no recure to eſcape
Beſought Bachus ſome remedye to ſhape

Bacchus bad him go bath in a ryuer
To waſſhe away the colour aurat
Where it is ſhewed the golde grauel clere
Which exemple declareth to eche eſtate
That golde allone maketh men nat fortunat
For what may golde or treſoure there auayle
Where men in hungre fynde no vitayle

Or what is worthy golde perle or ſtones red
Grene Emeroudes or ſaphirs ynde
Whan men enfamyned haue nother grayne ne brede
Nor in ſuch myſchief vytaile may none fynde
For to ſuſtayne theyr nature and theyr kynde
A barly loof in ſuch a diſtreſſe
More myght auayle than all worldly richeſſe

This knewe mydas and was experte in dede
Though he of golde had ſo greate plente
That with metall he might him ſilf nat fede
Which cauſed him of neceſſite
To conſidre and clerly for to ſee
That brede more vayleth for foſterynge of nature
Than all richeſſe that men may here recure

For which this kinge gan hate all richeſſe
Golde and treſoure he had eke in deſpite
Left his crowne and his roial nobleſſe
And chaſe to kepe ſhepe vpon a pleyne
All worldly worſhip was to him but veyne
Of malencoly and frowarde pouerte
Endyd his lif in greate aduerſite

For of ire and impacience
Fynally thus with him it ſtode
Furiouſly in his greate indigence
As writeth Bochas howe he dranke the blode
Of a bole ſauagyne and wode
With loue enchaufed made noo delaies
Mooſt beſtyally endyd thus his dayes

### Of balthaſar kinge of babilone / and howe daniel expowned. Mane. Techel. Phares.

n Ext to Bochas or that he was ware
As he ſate wrytynge with ful grete labour
Of babilone cam greate balthaſare
To declare his ſorowe and his langoure
Which had myſuſed full falſly the treſoure
And the veſſels brought to Ieruſalem
In babilon chief cite of his rem

For at a ſouper with his lordes all
Whan of the veſſels he dranke myghty wynes
And ſolempnly ſat in his roiall hall
And rounde aboute all his concubynes
Philoſophers magiciens and dyuynes
There cam an hande the byble doth aſſure
And on the wall gan write this ſcripture

Mane techel phares wrytyn in his ſight
Though he the menynge conceyued neuerdell
Which on the wall ſhewed faire and bright
Fro whoſe ſentence auayled none appele
But the prophete holy danyel
Fully expowned to balthaſar the kinge
This myſterye of this derke wrytynge

This worde mane playnly and nat tary
In latyn tunge betokeneth in ſubſtaunce
The dayes counted and rekened the noumbratyfe
Of thy regnynge and of thy greate ſubſtaunce
And techel ſowneth a weyenge in balaunce
In tokyn thy power and kingdome by meſure
God hath them peyſed they ſhall no whyle endure

Phares alſo betokeneth a brekinge
In romayne tunge into peces ſmale
For thy power and frowarde rebellynge
Shall from the hye be brought into the vale
This is holy wryt and no fayned tale
For whan princes wyll nat their life redreſſe
God wyll ſodaynly their ſurquedye repreſſe

Thou were by tokyns warnyd longe afore
By many exaumples the ſtory ye may rede
By the fallynge of Nabugodonoſor
And thou therof toke full litell hede
The lorde to thanke and haue his name in drede
For which thou ſhalt within a litell throwe
Loſe ſceptre and crowne and be brought full lowe.

LEte princes all this ſtory haue in mynde
And for theym ſelfe notably prouide
And namely tho that ben to god vnkinde
Their concubynes for to ſet aſide
And make vertue for to be their guide
Voide lecherye and fals preſumpcion
Which hath brought ſo many to deſtruction

Nabugodonoſor had repentaunce
And was reſtoryd to his poſſeſſions
But god of right toke ſodenly vengeaunce
On Balthaſar for his tranſgreſſions
Wherfore ye prynces diſpoſe youre reaſons
After youre merites to haue god merciable
For youre demerites to fynde hym vengeable

Agayne holy church take no quarelle
But aduertiſe in youre inwarde ſight
For Balthaſar dranke of the veſſelles
Stale fro the temple of very force and myght
He loſte lordſhip and lif vpon a night
So that the kyngdome of aſſiriens
Tranſlatyd was to mede and perciens

Ho Creſus and balthaſar were venquiſſhed by cirus and the ſonne of creſus ſlayne at the hūting of a bore

NExt to John bochas within a throwe
Writinge of prynces many pytous fall
He ſawe kynge creſus with other on the rowe
Lowly beſechynge his fallynge to tranſlate
And howe fortune agayne hym gan debate
And of his meſchef doolful for to rede
For to deſcryue anone he gan procede

For as it is remembred in wrytynge
As god and kynde liſt for hym ordeyne
Of Lyde he was gouernour and kynge
And lordſhip had the ſtory can nat feyne
Of many kyngdoms more than one or tweyne
Fame in that tyme ſo dyd hym magnyfie
That he was called floure of all chyualrye

And he was alſo in his tyme founde
The mooſt experte in werre and in bataylle
And of richeſſe was the mooſt habounde
And moſt excellinge in conqueſt to preuaile
Plente of people with royal apparaile
And with al this to his greate auauntage
Noumbre of childre enbelyſſhe his lynage

In the mooſt higheſt of his royal ſee
And all was well and no thinge ſtode amys
yet natheleſſe his felicite
A dreme he had and truly that was this

Howe that his ſonne which called was athis
Was take from hym and by mortall outrage
Slayne ſodenly in his tendre age

This woful dreme dyd hym greate diſtreſſe
And put his herte in greate diſpeyre
Stondynge in fere and greate heuyneſſe
Bycauſe his childe tendre yonge and faire
Which that was borne for to be his heire
Shulde careles in ſuch myſchef dye
So as his dreme afore dyd ſpecifie

Of this proceſſe to declare more
Howe creſus dreme fulfylled was in dede
From olimphus there cam a wylde bore
Mooſt furious and ſauagyne of drede
With fomy toſſhes which faſt gan hym ſpede
Downe deſcendynge and nowhere liſt abyde
Tyll that he cam vnto the londe of Lyde

And gan diſtroye their fruites and their vynes
Where euer he cam in any maner place
Brake the nettes and the ſtronge lynes
Of the hunters that dyd at hym enchace
But vnder ſupporte of the kynges grace
His ſonne of whome I ſpake tofore
Gate hym licence to hunte at this bore

His fader creſus denyinge of this cas
There was no cauſe of drede in no manere
Though his ſonne were preſent at the chas
With other hunters ſuch game for to lere
But aye fortune with her double chere
Is redy euer by ſome fatall treyne
At ſuch diſportes ſome myſchef to ordeyne

For one there was which had gouernaunce
Vpon this childe to wayte and to ſe
Chaſynge the bore to ſaue hym fro myſchaunce
From all damage and aduerſite
Which many luſty folke of that cuntre
With hornes houndes and ſharpe ſperes grounde
Sekynge the bore tyll they had hym founde

And as they gan fercely the bore enchace
He that was charged to be the childes gyyde
As with his ſpere he gan the bore manace
The hede nat entryd but forth bygan to glyde
And on the childe which that ſtode beſide
The ſtroke alight and or he dyd aduerte
The ſperes hede roſe hym throught the herte

But of this childe whan the deth was couth
Tolde and reported hooly the manere
Howe he was ſlayne in his tendre youth
Borne to be heire vnto his fader dere
Creſus for ſorowe chaungyd loke and chere
And for conſtreynt of dool in his viſage
He reſembled a very dede ymage

But euery ſorowe by longe contynuaunce
At the laſt it ſumwhat muſt aſwage
For there is none ſo furious greuaunce
Nor ſo mortall Importable rage
But longe proceſſe yeueth hym auauntage
I mene as thus there is none ſo greate a ſorowe
But it might ceſe outher eue or morowe

Philoſophers concluden and diſcerne
And by their reaſons recorden by ſcripture
Thinge violent may nat be eterne
Nat in one poynt abydeth none auenture
Nor a ſorowe may nat alwey endure
For ſtoundmele through fortunys variaunce
There foloweth ioy after greate greuaunce

The ſorowe of Creſus though it were intollerable
And at his hert the greuaunce ſat ſo ſore
Sith that his loſe was irrecupable
And mene was none his harmes to reſtore
Myn auctor Bochas writeth of his wo nomore
But of his fall howe he ſpyll in dede
To tell the maner forth he doth procede

And for a while he ſet his ſtile aſide
And his penne in pype he forbare
To ſpeke of Creſſus that was kinge of lyde
And gan reſort to write of Balthazar
Ageyne reherſinge or that he was war
Howe mighty Cirus of woful auenture
Made on hym proudly a diſconfiture

And as it is put in remembraunce
Of Balthaſar to holde vp the partye
Creſus with hym had made an aliaunce
With all his puiſſaunce and all his chyualrye
His lif his treſoure to put in Iupartye
Sworne in armes as brother vnto brother
By Cirus venqueſſhed that one after that other

Both their myſcheef no lenger was delaied
Albe that Creſus faught longe in his deffence
He fynally by Cirus was outrayed
And depriued by knightly violence
Take in the felde there was no reſiſtence
And rigourouſly to his confuſion
With mighty fetters caſt in derke priſon

And more to encreace his greate aduerſite
A ſonne of his/ tendre and yonge of age
That was dumbe from his natiuite
And neuer ſpake worde in no maner langage
Cirus cōmaundynge by furious outrage
That Creſus ſhulde by vengeable cruelte
By a knight of Perce in pryſon hedyd be

And with his ſwerde as he gan manace
Creſus to haue ſlayne without all reuerence
The dombe childe there preſent in the place
Which neuer had ſpoken thus ſaide in audience
Withdrawe thy ſtroke and doo no violence
Vnto my lorde thy fame ſo to confounde
To ſle a kynge that lyeth in pryſon bounde

The knight aſtonyed hath his ſtroke forborne
Greatly abaſſhyd in that derke habitacle
Which herde a childe that neuer ſpake toforne
Ageyne his ſwerde to make an obſtacle
Ran and tolde this merueilous miracle
To mighty Cirus with euery circumſtaunce
Hopinge therby to atempred his greuaunce

But where as tyrauntes been ſet on cruelte
Their crokyd malice ful harde is to appeſe
So indurate is their iniquite
That all in vengeaunce is ſet their hertis eſe
Themſilf reioiſinge to ſe folkes in diſeaſe
Lyke as they were in their frowarde daunger
Clenly fraunchiſed fro god and his power

This cruel Cirus mooſt vengeable of deſire
To execute his fell entent in dede
Lete make in haſt of fagot a greate fyre
And gan them kyndle with many coles rede
And made Creſus quakynge in his drede
For to be take where as he lay full lowe
And bad men ſhulde into the fire hym throwe

But Iubiter which hath his vengeaunce ſeyne
Howe cruel Cirus with malice was atteynt
From heuyn ſent a tempeſt and a reyne
That ſodenly the horrible fire was quaynt
Woful Creſus with dredeful fire made faynt
Eſcapyd is his furious mortal peyne
God and fortune for hym liſt ſo ordeyne

This auenture in maner merueylous
The herte of Cirus gan ſumwhat to enbrace
And cauſyd hym for to be pitous
Agayne creſus and grauntyd hym this grace
To occupye whyle he hath lyfe and ſpace
The londe of Lyde except only this thynge
He ſhulde nat after be callyd kynge

And thus of Lyde the kynge dyd fyne
Which toke his begynnynge of one Ardeſine
And endured the ſpace of kynges nyne
Loke whoſo wyll the bokys tell thus
Herof nomore but forth vnto Cirus
I wyll procede with all my beſy cure
For to tranſlate his wofull auenture

How the cruell tyraunt Cyrus delited euer in ſlaughter and ſhedynge of blode & ſo endyd

HEyre by diſcent to greate Aſtriages
Poorly broughtforth as made is mencion
And had al Aſie to his greate encres
Holdynge that regne by iuſt ſucceſſion
In longe quyete without rebellyon
Tyll tyme he thought in full frowarde wiſe
The worlde was ſmall to ſtaunch his couetiſe

He had an Etyke mooſt contagious
Fretinge vpon hym for deſire of good
A dropſie yrefull and furious
Of frowarde rage that made his herte wode
A wateryſſhe thurſt to ſhede mannys blode
Which hath enhaunced by fals malencolye
His royall lyuynge vnto tyrannye

But whan he preſumptuouſly entende
To robbe and reue folke through his pillage
God and fortune made hym to deſcende
Full ſodenly from his royall ſtage
Deuoyinge of pride it was a greate auauntage
To wynne londes of very force and might
Though in his conqueſt there were no tytle of right

So wyll he haue holly the ſoueraynte
And aduertyſed no thynge to reaſon
But perſeuyd his cruelte
To haue lordſhip and dominacion

Aboue ſad trouth and diſcrecion
Which cauſeth princes from their eſtate royall
Or they be ware to haue a ſodeyn fall

For the lordſhyp of all Aſia
Might nat ſuffiſe to cirus gredyneſſe
But thought he wolde conquere Lithia
And there were to encreace his grete richeſſe
Though he no tytle had of rightwiſneſſe
Saue a fals luſt wherof men ſhulde haue ruth
That wyll in princes ſhulde oppreſſe truth

First this cirus all princes dyd excelle
Both in conqueſt victorye and batayle
Of golde and treſoure as bokes hym tell
Kingdoms to wynne he dyd mooſt preuayle
And yet to vyces dyd his herte aſſayle
Firſt couetiſe euer to encreace in good
With a deſire to ſhede mannys blode

With two vices he brenneth euer in one
That neuer might from his herte twynne
Made a greate arme towarde Septentrion
And caſt hym proudly to ſet on and begynne
Lithia the myghty londe to wynne
Quene thamaris there regnynge as I fynde
Whoos kyngdome ioyneth vnto ethiope in ynde

Toward the partye which is orientall
The ſee of Surrye floweth full plentuous
Downe to the ſee called occidentall
And ſouthwarde renneth to Concaſus
And folke of Cythie that ben laborous
Which tyle the londe hath nat to their lyuynge
But only frutys which from the erth ſprynge

The londe of Lithie is rich for the nonys
From greyne and frute a londe full comendable
Rich of golde perle and precious ſtonys
Right comodious and wonder delectable
But a greate party is nat habytable
The people dredful to bylde their manſions
For fere of deth bycauſe of the gryffons

The noble fame nor the hyghe renoun
Was nat ferre ne wyde Iſprad aboute
Of Thamaris quene of that region
Nor of her nobleſſe within nor without
Tyll that kynge Cyrus with a full greate route
Into Lithia gan hym proudly dreſſe
The hardy quene to ſpoyle of her richeſſe

But ſhe hir ſonne more to magnifie
Gan in great haſt with full rich apparayle
Full prudently aſſemble hir chiualrye
And take a felde if he wolde hir aſſayle
Redy with him to haue a batayell
And of hir meyne lyke as ſeyth my boke
Unto hir ſonne the thyrd parte ſhe toke

And yaue him charge in the ſame place
Him ſelf that day to acquyre lyke a knyght
And for to mete Cirus in the face
And no thinge drede with him for to fight
But whan kinge cirus of him had a ſight
Caſt him that day the yonge prince oppreſſe
Rather by wyles than manhode or prowesse

Firſt he lete ſtuffe his large pauilions
With greate plente of drinkes delectable
Dyuers metes and confections
Rounde aboute upon euery table
And in his menynge paſſinge deceyuable
Lyke as he had in maner dredfull be
Toke all his hoſte and gan anone to fle

This yonge prince of menynge Innocent
Nothinge demynge as by ſuppoſayle
But that cirus was with his meyne went
And fled for fere he durſt him nat aſſaile
And whan he founde ſuch plente of vitayle
He and his knyghtes thrugh miſgouernaunce
To ete and drynke ſet all their pleſaunce

They had of knyghthode loſt all the diſciplyne
Forſoke mars and put him oute of ſight
And to Bachus their hedes gan enclyne
Gorge upon gorge tyll it drough to nyght
And proude Cirus cam on theym anone right
With all his oſt/ they oute of theyr armure
On beſtyall folke made a diſconfiture

Cruell cirus left none alyue
Of hygh nor lowe made none exception
They were to feble agayne his might to ſtryue
For chefe cauſe of their deſtruction
Was drunkeneſſe which voideth all relacion
And wiſe men reherce in ſentence
Where folke be dronkyn there is no reſiſtence

And whan this ſlaughter by relacion
Reportyd was and brought to the preſence
Of Thamaris quene of that region
Unto hir herte it dyd full greate offence

But of ire and greate impacience
Seynge hir ſonne ſlayne in tendre age
For ſorowe almooſt ſhe fyll into a rage

But for all hir woful dedly peyne
She ſhewed no tokyn of femynyte
But of prudence hir weypynge gan reſtreyne
And caſt hir pleynly avenged for to be
Upon kinge cirus and on his cruelte
Sente out meyne teſpien his paſſage
If ſhe him finde might at auauntage

And with hir meyne gan feyne a maner flyght
Up to the mounteynes dredefull and terrible
And cirus after gan haſt him anone right
In hope to take hir if it were poſſible
Amonge which hilles more than it is credyble
Been craggy roches mooſt hidous of entayle
Perilous of paſſage and vode of all vitayle

And cirus there fyll in greate daungere
All unpurueyed of drogemen or of gyde
To foſter his people vitayle was none there
Erringe as beſtes upon euery ſyde
And they of cithie gan for him ſo prouide
Wherof their quene god wote was full fayne
At greate myſchefe that all his men were ſlayne

None of all was take to raunſon
Nor he him ſelf eſcaped nat hir boundes
Such wayte was layde to theyr diſtruction
And he through percyd with many mortall woundes
On peces rent as beres ben with houndes
The quene comaundynge whan he lay thus to torne
To hir preſence this body to be borne

Firſt ſhe hath charged to ſmyte of his hede
Whan ſhe hath thus the victory of him wonne
And in a bath that was all blode rede
She gan it throwe within a lytell tonne
And of deſpyte right thus ſhe hath begonne
Mooſt tirauntly in hir woful rage
To dede cirus to haue this langage

O thou cirus that whilom were ſo wode
And ſo thurſtleugh in thy tyrannye
Agayne nature ſo to ſhede mannys blode
So [illegible] was thyn hatfull dropſye
That water non myght it modefye
Thyn etike ioyned gredy and unſtable
With thurſt of ſlaughter ay to be vengeable

It is an horrour in maner for to thinke
So greate a prince rebuked for to be
Of a woman mannys blode to drinke
For to diſclaundre his roiall maieſte
But gladly euer vengeable cruelte
Of right requireth with vnware violence
Blode ſhed for blode iuſtly to recompence

Of mighty cirus the imperiall nobleſſe
Was by a woman vequeſſhed and bowndown
God made her chaſtiſe his furious wodneſſe
And for to oppreſſe his famous highe renown
For where vengeaunce hath dompnacion
In worldly princes playnly to deuiſe
With vnware ſtroke god can theym well chaſtiſe

The ende of cirus can bere full well recorde
Howe god withſtondith folke that been vengeable
Lordſhip and mercy whan they been at diſcorde
Right wil nat ſuffre their ſtate to ſtonde ſtable
And for this cirus was ſo vnmerciable
He with vnmercy punyſſhed was in dede
Deth quyt for deth ſo here his fynall mede

In ſlaughter and blode he dyd him mooſt delite
For in tho thwepne was his repaſt in dede
He fonde no mercy his vengeaunce to reſpite
Where he fonde mater any blode to ſhede
Such ioy he had by deth to ſe folke blede
And for the ſight dyd him ſo moch gode
His fatall ende was for to ſwymme in blode

Lo here the exequies of this mighty kinge
Lo here the ende of his eſtate roiall
There were no flawmes nor brondes clere ſhynynge
To brenne his body with fyres funerall
Nor obſeruaunces nor offringes marciall
Nor tombe of golde with ſtonys rich and fyne
Was none ordeyned that day to make his ſhryne

Epithaphie there was none red nor ſunge
Be no poete with their poetries
Nor of his triumphes there was no bell runge
Nor no wepers with ſubbinge tragedyes
None attendaunce but of his enmyes
Which of hatred in their cruell rage
Caſt out his caryn to beſtes mooſt ſauage

Lo here of cirus the fynall auenture
Which of all aſie was whilom emperoure
Nowe lyth he abiect with oute ſepulture
Of high nor lowe he fonde no better fauour
Lo here the fyne of all worly laboure
Namely of tyrauntys which liſt nat god to drede
But ſet their luſt to ſlaughter and blode to ſhede

Lenuoye.

Right noble princes conſidre in your ſight
The fyne of Cirus pitous and lamentable
Howe god punyſſhith of equite and right
Tyrauntys echone cruell and vengeable
For in his ſight it is abhomynable
That a prince as philoſophers write
In ſlaughter of men ſhulde him ſilf delite

This ſayde cirus was a full manly knight
In begynnynge right famous and notable
Nature yaue him ſemlyneſſe and myght
For in conqueſt was none ſeen more able
Tyll tyrannye the ſerpent deceyuable
Merciles his corage dyd atwyte
In ſlaughter of men whan him gan delite

Wherfore ye princes remembre both day and night
Taffoꝛce youre nobleſſe and make it pdurable
To gete you fauour and loue of euery wight
Which ſhall youre ſtatys conſerue and kepe ſtable
For there is conqueſt none ſo honourable
In gouernaunce as vengeaunce to reſpite
Mercy preferrynge in ſlaughter nat delite

Howe amilius for couetiſe ſlough his brother and
Remus / and Romulus noriſſhed by a wulfreſſe

After kinge cirus bochas dyd eſpye
Two worthy brethren with facis pitous
Borne by diſcent to regne in albanye
Both of one fader the ſtory telleth vs
The one of them callyd Amylyus
And to remembre the name of that other
Numitor I called was his brother

They hadde a fader which namyd was ꝓchas
Kinge of that londe the ſtory doth deuyſe
After whoos deth pleynly this the cas
Amilius for fals couetiſe
His brother ſlewgh in full cruell wiſe
That he vnwiſely by fals tyrannye
Might haue the kingdome alone of albanye

This albana by diſcripcion
Lyke as bochas affermeth in certeyn
Is a cite nat ferre fro rome toū
Set on an hyll beſide a large pleyn
The beldinge ſtatly rich and well beſeyne
Stronge walled with many a rich toure
And aſcanius was firſt therof foundoure

Which called was in his fundacion
Albania for the grete whitneſſe
There kinges after by ſucceſſion
Named albonoys princes of greate nobleſſe
And by diſcent the ſtory bereth witneſſe
From kinge prochas recorde on bokes olde
Cam theſe two brethren / Rea ther ſuſter tolde

Numiter ſlayne as made is mencion
The kinge occupyed by amilius
And rea entred into religion
For to be wympled in that holy hous
Sacryd to veſta with virgynes glorious
Therfore to abyde and be contemplatyf
With other maydyns duringe all hir lif

And this was done while ſhe was yonge of age
By hir brother of fals entencion
That ſhe ſhulde haue no maner heritage
Nor clayme no title in that region
Of hir kinrede by none occaſion
But ſtonde profeſſyd in virginyte
Tofore veſta and lyue in chaſtite

Yet natwithſtandynge hir virginell clenneſſe
She hath conceyued by naturall myracle
Gan to encreace in hir holyneſſe
Whoos wombe aros in kinde was none obſtacle
Ageyne ſuch bolnynge auayleth no tryacle
But the goddeſſe for hir ſo dyd ordeyne
That ſhe at onys had ſonnes tweyne

The temple of veſta ſtode in wildernes
Where Rea had holly the gouernaunce
Of preſtly honoure done to the goddes
With many ſtraunge vncouth obſeruaunce
But by hir brothers mortall ordenaunce
Hir yonge ſonnes might nat be ſocoured
But caſt oute to beſtes for to be deuoured

But a ſhe wulfe which whelpyd had late
To yeue theym ſoke dyd hir beſyneſſe
By god ordeyned or by ſome heuenly fate
Theym to conſerue fro deth in theyr diſtreſſe
For holy writ pleynly bereth witneſſe
God can diffende as it is well couth
Children from myſcheef in theyr tendre youth

But in this while this ſayde amilius
That was their vncle as made is mencion
Ageyne his ſuſter froward and furious
Made hir be ſhet in a full derke priſon
And ther compleynynge the diſtruction
Of hir two children borne to hir repreef
For very ſorowe dyed at greate myſcheef

These ſayde children deuoyde of all refute
Beſide a ryuer lay pitouſly cryenge
From all ſocoure nakyd and deſtitute
Except a wulues vpon theym waytinge
At whoos wombe full ſtyll they lay ſoukinge
Vnto nature a thinge contrarious
Children to ſouke on beſtes rauenous

But he this lorde of euery creature
Right as him liſt can both ſaue and ſpyll
And beſtes which been rage of their nature
He can aduerte and make theym lye full ſtyll
Tygres lyons obeyen at his wyll
The ſame lorde hath made a fell wulues
Vnto tweyne children hir biggys for to dreſſe

And while this wulues had theym in depos
There cam an herde called fauſtulus
Behelde their ſoukynge and ſawe theym lye full clos
Which ſhepperde was of kinge amilius
Caught vp theſe children the ſtory telleth thus
And brought theym forth with greate diligence
Vnto his wife that called was laurence

And ſhe for loue dyd hir beſy peyne
Theym to foſtre tyll they cam of age
Gaue theym ſouke of hir breſtes tweyne
Fro day to day of herte and hole corage
And they were called as in that langage
After the ſtory that one of theym remus
And the ſeconde was named romulus

Of which brethern brefely to termyne
The to un of rome toke orygynall
Of falſe deſclaundre firſt began that lyne
The rote oute ſought full furious founde at all
Clerely remembred for a memoriall
Their begynnynge grewe of ſuch incontinence
As clerkes call inceſtus in ſentence

Inceſtus is a thinge nat faire nor gode
After that bokes well deuiſe cāne
As treſpaſſinge with kyn or with blode
Or frowarde medlynge with hir that is a nūne
And thus the lyne of rome was begūne
For ſlaughter murdre and falſe robbrye
Was chefe begynnynge of all their auncetrye

Of couetiſe they toke their auauntage
Ligges of weys and robbers openly
Murdrers alſo of their owne lynage
And ſtronge theuys gate to their company
Spoiled all tho that paſt theym forby
Under ſhadowe of kepinge their beſtaile
All maner people they proudly dyd aſſaile

To ſle marchauntys they had no conſcience
And for to murdre folke of euery age
Wymen to oppreſſe of force and violence
In all that cuntre this was their uſage
Where they abode there was no ſure paſſage
And theſe two brethren like as it is founde
Fonde firſt the maner of ſperes ſharp grounde

A ſpere in greke callyd is quiris
And for that cauſe the ſayde romulus
As bokes ſay and ſothely ſo it is
He afterwarde was callyd quirinus
Which with his brother that callyd was Remus
Was in all thinge confederat and partable
That tofore god was vicious and dampnable

And as it was accordynge to their life
For lak of vertue they fyll in greate diffame
And atwene theym there was an vncouth ſtrif
Which of both ſhulde yeue the name
Unto the cite atwene ernest and game
After their names came to be called
Thus fyll the cas afore or it was walled

And theruppon full longe laſted there ſtryues
Which ſhulde of theim haue dominacion
Shewynge their titles and prerogatyues
Who ſhulde of theym yeue name to the town
And regne as kinge in that region
There was no reaſon who ſhulde go beforne
Bycauſe they were both at onys borne

But to fynyſſh their fraternall diſcorde
They haue prouyded atwene theym anone right
Thus condeſcendinge to put theym at acorde
Nouther by force oppreſſion nor myght
That which of theym ſawe greteſt flight
Of byrdys flyenge hygh upon an hyll
Shulde name the cite at his owne wyll

Of this accorde for to be witneſſe
They with theym ledde a full greate multytude
Therof to yeue a dome of rightwiſneſſe
Both of wyſe and of people rude
All at onys this mater to conclude
And to an hyll callyd auentyne
They ben aſcended this mater for to fyne

And byrddes ſyxe to remus dyd appere
By augurye as they gan procede
Called vultures ful fers in their manere
But in noumbre the double dyd excede
That romulus ſawe whan he toke gode hede
Wherof there fyll a greate contrauerſye
Which of theym ſhulde preuaile on his ptye

Thus firſt of all remus had a ſight
Of ſyxe byrdes called vultures
And for to auaunce and preſerue his right
He full proudly put him ſelf in prees
But romulus was nat recheles
His brothers clayme playnly to entrouble
Afforced his title with the noumbre double

Yit of his purpos one of theym muſt faile
Though it ſo be that they euer ſtriue
But Romulus gan fynally preuayle
And to the cite he forth went blyue
And as auctours lyſt theron diſcryue
And in their bokes as they reherce all
After his name rome he dyd it call

And with forayns to exclude oute
And ageyne theym to make ſtronge diffence
Firſt he began to wall it rounde aboute
And made a lawe full dredefull in ſentence
Who clymbe the wall by any violence
Outwarde or inwarde there is nomore to ſeye
By ſtatute made he muſt nedys dye

This was enact by ſuch pleyne ordynaunce
In peyne of deth which no man breke ſhall
But ſo befell remus of ignoraunce
Which of the ſtatute knewe no thinge atall
Of auenture went ouer the wall
For which a knight ordeyn in certeyn
The ſeyde remus hath with a pykeys ſlayne

His brother liſt nat in no maner wiſe
Agayne the lawe to be fauourable
But aſſented parcell for couetyſe
Upon remus to be more vengeable
Of this entent to make his regne ſtable
That he alone might gouerne and none other
By no claymne founde nor brought in by his brother

And that the people ſhulde theym more delyte
There to abyde and haue poſſeſſion
As olde auctours of romulus do write
Within the boundes of the ſame toun
That he deuiſed by greate prouiſion
In cumpas rounde ſo cronykles compile
A territorye that called was aſile

This aſilum by romulus deuyſed
Was a place of refuge and ſocours
Like a theatre with liberties fraunchiſed
For to receyue all foreyn treſpaſſours
Theues murderers weyliggers and robbours
By greate reſort within the walles wyde
To foſtre all bryboures that durſt no where abyde

And with fled people fro dyuers regions
The cyte gan to encreace and multyplye
And banyſhed folke of ſtraunge nacions
To finde refuge thidre gan theym hye
And thus by proceſſe gan their chiualrie
Firſt through tyrauntes rechelees of werkynge
Tyll al the worlde obeyed their biddynge

Of wylfull force without title of right
They brought all people vndre ſubiection
A regne they made by violence and might
And toke no hede of trouth nor reſon
And the firſt auctour of their fundacion
Was romulus that gadryd all this route
Within the cite and wallyd it aboute

And many day as made is mencion
He had this cite in his gouernaunce
And was the firſt kinge crowned in that toun
And regned there by contynuaunce
Full many yeres tyll the variaunce
Of fortune through hir fals enuye
In campania made him for to dye

Upon a day whan it gan thundre loude
His name for euer to be more magnefied
Sūm bokes ſay he was rapt in a cloude
High vp in heuene to be ſtellified.
With other goddys ſtatly deified
There to be ſtalled by iupiters ſyde
Lyke for his knightes as mars liſt prouide

Lo here of paynymes a fals opinion
To criſtes lawe contrarye and odious
That tyrauntes ſhulde by fals oppreſſion
Be called goddys or named glorious
Which by their lyue were founde vicious
For this pleyne trouth I dare it well tell
They rather been fendes full depe in hell

For but in erth their dompnacion
Conueyed been by vertuous nobleſſe
And that their power and high renown
Be ſet on trouth and rightwiſneſſe
Lyke their eſtates in prince or princeſſe
I dare affeerme of theym both tweyne
For vicious lyuynge they muſt endure peyne

But whan they been feythfull of entent
Right and trouth iuſtly to mayntene
And in their royall power be nat blent
Wronges redreſſinge and pore folke ſuſtene
And ſo continue with conſcience mooſt clene
Such life more rathe than pompe of worldly werrys
Shall make them regne in heuene aboue the ſterrys

For which late princes vnderſtonde atonys
And worldly princeſſys with all their greate richeſſe
That their high hounys fret with rich ſtones
Towarde heuene their paſſage doth nat dreſſe
But vertuous lyfe charite and mekeneſſe
Whan they lyſt pride oute of ther herte arace
That cauſeth theym in heuene to wynne a place

There is nomore ſtraunge abuſion
Nor tofore god greate ydolatrye
Than whan princes liſt catche affecion
Creatures falſly to deifie
Be colluſion brought in by ſorcerye
Nowe god defende all princes well diſpoſed
With ſuch fals craft neuer to be enoyſed

And their iyen by none illuſions
Be nat englued nouther with hoke nor lyne
Nor by no boytes of fals inſpeccions
wrought by cyrcees by drinke or medecyne
which of their nature reſemble to a ſhryne
Through richeſſe outwarde and beutye ſouereyne
And who loke inwarde be lyke a foule cateyne

God of his grace amende all ſuch outrage
In noble princes and ſaue theym from ſuch werre
And theym enlumyne diſpoſinge their corage
In ſuch fals worſhip they nomore ne erre
Like to argus that they ſeen aferre
That no falſe ſayenge cauſe theym to be blinde
Goddys nor goddeſſys to worſhip ageyne kinde

And though that romayns dyd worſhip and honour
To romulus by a conſtreynt drede
Lette no man take exaumple of their errour
But to that lorde whoos ſydes were made rede
To ſaue mankinde and on a croſſe was dede
Let men to him in cheef their loue obſerue
which can theym quyte better than they can deſerue

## Howe mecyus kinge of albanoys beynge fals of his othe and aſſuraunce/ was drawen into peces

Next romulus with terys albe ſprent
Vnto John bochas apperyd mecius
Of chere and loke and of his port faynt
His fall declarynge frowarde and deſpitous
And he was called eke ſufficius
Lowe of birthe and ſimple in vpgrowynge
Of Albanoys tyll fortune made him kinge

Ageyne whoos pride the romayns gan warreye
Full mightely oppreſſinge his cuntre
And for kinge mecius liſte theym nat obeye
They caſt theym fully auenged for to be
Bycauſe his birth was but of lowe degre
And was riſen vp vnto eſtate royall
They theym purpos to yeue him a ſodeyn fall

Haſty clymbynge of pouert ſet on highte
whan wronge title maketh him to aſcende
with vnware peys of his owne might
A ſodeyn fall maketh him to deſcende
whan he liſt nat of ſirquedye entende
Fro whens he cam nor him ſilfe to knowe
Tyll god and fortune his pompe hath ouerthrowe

For this mecius of preſumpſion
Thought ageyne romayns his pride myght auayle
Gan werre ageyne theym by rebellion
was nat ferefull their nobleſſe to aſſayle
Tyll on a day was ſigned a bataile
Both their oſtys within a felde to mete
To take their part whether it be ſoure or ſwete

That tyme in rome regned hoſtilius
A manly man and a full worthy knight
Twene him concludyd and kinge mecius
They twayne to mete in ſteel armyd bright
For both batayls to trye oute the right
By iuſt accorde and therin nat varye
The party venqueſſhed to be tributary

And hooly put him in ſubiection
without entretynge or any more delay
And finally for ſhort concluſion
Kinge hoſtilius the triumphe wanne that day
That albanoys coude nat ſay nay
But that romayns as put is memorye
By ſinguler batayle had wonne the victorye

Thus had romayns firſt poſſeſſion
Of albanoys to obey them and to drede
Mecius yelded and ſworne to the toun
Neuer to rebell for fauour ne for mede
But he was double founde in dede
Of his aſſuraunce and fals to their eyle
He was chaſtiſed anone as ye ſhall ſee

Ageyne Fidenates a cuntre of Itayle
Kinge hoſtilius for their rebellion
Caſt he wolde mete theym in bataile
For comon profite and for diſſencion
Both of his cite and of his roiall toun
And for to afforce his party in werkinge
Of albanoys he ſent vnto the kinge

To come in haſt with his hoole chyualrye
And tarye nat in no maner wiſe
But make him ſtronge to ſuſteyne his partye
Lyke his beheſt as ye haue harde deuyſe
But kinge mecius full falſly gan practyſe
A ſleighty treaſon and a couert wyſe
Ageyn his promys the romayns to begyle

Yit he outwarde pretendynge to be true
Cam to the felde with a full greate meyne
Lyuynge in hope to ſee ſome chaungis newe
That he on rome might auengyd be
And ſpecially that he might ſe
Kinge hoſtilius of frowarde enuye
That day outraped with all his chiualrie

Firſt whan he ſawe the romayns enbatailed
And fidynates on that other ſyde
Their wardys redy for to haue aſſayled
He couertly dyd on an hyll abyde
And to nor fro lyſt nat goo nor ride
For his perſone put in Iupartye
But who was ſtrengeſt to holde on that plye

Wherof the romayns fyll in ſuſpeccion
Of kinge mecius whan they toke hede
Till hoſtilius of highe diſcreccion
Through his knighthode put theym oute of drede
And gan diſſimule of mecius the falſhede
And to conforte his knightes of entent
Seyde what he dyd was done by his aſſent

He was full loth that his chyualrie
Shulde knowe theffect of mecius treaſon
Which cauſe might in all or in partye
Full greate hindringe by ſome occaſion
To deme in him falſneſſe or treſon
yit of trouth the ſtory bereth witneſſe
All that he ment was vntrouth and falſneſſe

Thus of manhode and of high prudence
He to his knightes yaue herte and hardyneſſe
Made theym ſet on by ſo greate violence
That he the felde gate of high prowes
On fydynates brought in ſo greate diſtreſſe
And ſo outraped on force on euery ſyde
Tofore romayns that they ne durſt abyde

And whan mecius ſawe theym thus outraped
By a maner of feyned fals gladneſſe
Like as he had in herte be well payed
To hoſtilius anone he gan him dreſſe
Him ſilf reioiſinge by counterfet likeneſſe
And for his menynge playnly was conceyued
So as he cam right ſo he was receyued

Thus whan mecius ſtode in his preſence
With a pretenſe of faithfull ſtableneſſe
And all thapport of trouth in apparence
He ſhadowed hath his expert doubleneſſe
Vnder ſote hony couert bitterneſſe
Frendly viſage with wordes ſmoth and playne
Though mouth and herte departyd were in twayne

But hoſtilius hath all his fraude eſpied
And his compaſſed falſneſſe and treſon
And therupon hath iuſtly fantaſyed
A peyne accordinge I peyſed of reſon
Him to punyſſh by a double paſſion
This to mene lyke as he was deuyded
A double torment for him he hath prouided

This was his dome and his fatall peyne
By hoſtilius contryued of iuſtice
His fete his armys atwene charettys twayne
Naked and bare the ſtory doth deuiſe
To be bounde and knyt in trauers wyſe
Contrariouſly the horſe to drawe and hale
Tyll all his body were rent on pecis ſmale

And right as he was cauſe of greate trouble
Founde ay in dede mooſt full of variaunce
Therfore his peyne was made in maner double
Right as him ſilf was double in gouernaunce
Fals of his othe of heſt and aſſuraunce
And double in menynge as he hath perſeuered
So in his ende his membres were diſſeuered

His fete were drawe from the hede aſondre
There was no ioynt with other for to abyde
Here was a legge / and an arme lay yondre
Thus eche membre from other gan deuyde
And for he coude holde in outher ſide
By fals pretens to outher party true
Him to chaſtiſe was founde a peyne newe

## A Chaptre howe princes ſhulde of their othes and promiſſes be true auoydinge all doubleneſſe / and deception

LO here the ende of double fals menynge
Whan worde and herte be contrarious
Othe and beheſt fals founde in a kinge
Of albanoys as was this mecius
O noble princis prudent and vertuous
Lette neuer ſtory after more recorde
That worde and dede ſhuld in you diſcorde

For kinge metius variaunt of corage
Whoos inwarde menynge was euer on treaſon ſet
Trecyne s contryuynge with a fayre viſage
His thought his herte with double corde fret
By bochas called deceit and fals baret
Which vice deſcryuynge concludeth of reſon
Fraude of all fraudes is fals deception

For with a face flaterynge and peſible
Pretendinge trouth vndre fals pleſaunce
With his pauteris perilous and terrible
Trappeth innocentes with greyns of myſchaunce
I mene deceit that with hir countenaunce
Folkes engluteth ſymple and recheles
And theym werreith vnder a face of pes

Puiſſaunce of princes famous and honourable
Hath be deceyued by this traitoureſſe
And folke mooſt prudent in their eſtate notable
Hath be diſtroubled by ſuch fals doubleneſſe
And many a knight victorious of prowesse
Hath been entriked for all his high renown
By treynes founde of deceit and treſon

Deceyt deceyueth and ſhalbe deceyued
For by deceyt who is deceyuable
Though his deceyt be nat out parceyued
To a deceyuour deceyte is retournable
Fraude quyt with fraude is guerdon couenable
For who with fraude fraudolent is founde
To a defrauder fraude wyll ay rebounde

### Of kinge hoſtilius that firſt weryd purpyll hewe conſumpte with fyry leuene

What ſhulde I more of deceyte endite
Touchinge the fraude of kinge metius
For I me caſt nowe finally to write
The fatall ende of kinge hoſtilius
Which was the firſt as ſaith valerius
In rome cite that auctours knewe
Amonge kinges that weryd purpyll hewe

But after all his tryumphall nobleſſe
And many vncouth knightly high empriſe
Fortune lappalle the pris of his prowesse
Made him to be in full frowarde wiſe
Recheles and ſlowe to do ſacrifiſe
To Iubiter for which ſent from heuene
He was conſumpte with ſodeyn firy leuene

Here men may ſe the reuolucions
Of fortunes double puruеaunce
Howe the mooſt mighty of romayn champions
Haue ſodeinly be brought vnto myſchaunce
And their outrages to put in remembraunce
Greate conqueſt turned to woo fro ioye
For a rebuke I ſende theym this lenuoye

### Lenuoye.

ROme remembre of thy fundacion
And of what peple thou toke thy begynnige
Thy byldinge gan of fals diſſencion
Of ſlaughter murdre and outrayous robbinge
Pryuynge to be a maner knowlegynge
A fals begynnynge auctours determyne
Shall by proceſſe come vnto ruyne

Where be thy emperours mooſt ſouereyne of renown
Kinges exyled for outrayous lyuynge
Thy ſenatours with worthy Scipion
Poetes olde thy triumphes reherſynge
Thy laureat knightes mooſt ſtatly there rydynge
Is by longe proceſſe brought vnto ruyne

Where is nowe Ceſar that toke poſſeſſion
Firſt of the empire the tryumphe vſurpinge
Or where is lucan that maketh mencion
Of all his conqueſt by cerious writynge
Octauyan mooſt ſolempnly regnynge
Where is bycome their lordſhip or their lyne
Proceſſe of yerys hath brought it to ruyne

Where is tullius cheef lanterne of thy town
In rethoryke all other ſurmountynge
Morall Senec or prudent ſad Caton
Thy comon profit alwey preferringe
Or rightfull traian mooſt iuſtly in his demynge
Which on no party lyſt nat to declyne
But longe proceſſe hath brought all to ruyne

Where is the temple of thy protection
Made by Virgil mooſt curious of bildinge
Images erect of euery regyon
Whan any lande was founde rebellynge
Toward that parte a ſmall bell herde ryngynge
To that prouince the ymage dyd enclyne
Which by longe proces was brought to ruyne

Where is alſo the greate extorcion
Of conſulleris and prefectes oppreſſynge
Of dictatours the fals colluſion
Of decemvir the frowarde deceyuynge
Of all echon the odious rauyne
Hath by proceſſe the brought vnto ruyne

Where is bycome thy dominacion
Thy greate trybutys thy treſoure ſhynynge
The worlde all hole in thy ſubieccion
Thy ſwerde of vengeaunce all people manacynge
Euer gredy to encreſe in thy getynge
No thinge by grace which that is dyuyne
Which hath the brought by proceſſe to ruyne

In thy mooſt higheſt exaltacion
Thy proude tyrauntys prouynces conquerynge
To god contrarye by longe rebellyon
Goddys goddeſſis falſly obeynge
Aboue the ſterrys by ſurquedous clymbynge
Tyll vengeaunce thy nobleſſe dyd vntwyne
With newe compleyntis to ſhewe thy ruyne

Leye down thy pryde and thy preſūpcion
Thy pompous booſt thy lordſhipes cheryſynge
Confeſſe thyn outrage and lay thy booſt adoun
All falſe goddis playnly defyenge
Lyftup thyn herte vnto that heuenly kinge
Which with his blode thy ſorowes for to fyne
Hath made thy raunſon to ſaue the fro ruyne

From olde ſaturne drawe thyne affeccion
His golden worlde fully deſpyſinge
And from Jupiter make a digreſſion
His ſiluern tyme hertely deſpraiſinge
Reſorte agayne with will and hole meuynge
To him that is lorde of the orders nyne
Which mekely dyed to ſaue the fro ruyne

Though mars be myghty in his aſcencion
By influence victoryes diſpoſynge
And bright phebus yeueth conſolacion
To worldly princes their nobleſſe auaunſynge
Forſake their rightis and thy fals offrynge
And to that lorde bowe down thy chyne
Which ſhed his blode to ſaue the fro ruyne

Venged mercurye cheef lorde and patron
Of eloquence and of fayre ſpekinge
Forſake his ſeruice in thyn opinyon
And ſerue thy lorde that gouerneth all thinge
The ſterryd heuyn the ſperes eke meuynge
Which for thy ſake was crownyd with a ſpyne
His herte eke perced to ſaue the fro ruyne

Caſt vp of venus the fals deriſion
Her fiery bronde her flateries renewynge
Of diana the tranſmutacion
Nowe bright nowe pale nowe clere nowe drepinge
Of blinde cupide the fraudolent mockinge
Of Juno bachus proſerpina Lucyne
For none but criſt may ſaue the fro ruyne

Voyde of Circes the beſtyall poiſon
Of ſyrenes the furious chauntynge
Let nat Meduſa do the no treaſon
And fro gorgones tourne thy lokynge
And let Sinderesis haue the in kepinge
That criſt ieſu may be thy medecyne
Agayne ſuch raſkaill to ſaue the fro ruyne

Of fals ydolis make abiuracion
To ſimilacres do no worſhippinge
Make thy reſort to criſtis paſſion
Which may by mercy redreſſe thyn errynge
And by his grace repare thy fallynge
So thou obey his vertuous diſciplyne
Truſt that he ſhall reſtore thy ruyne

His mercy is ſurmountynge of foyſon
Euer encreceth without amenuſynge
Ay at full eche tyme and eche ceſon
And neuer waneth by none eclipſynge
Whan men liſt make deuoutly their rekenynge
To leue their ſynne and come to his doctryne
He redy is to kepe theym from ruyne

O Rome rome all olde abuſion
Of Cerimonies falſly diſuſinge
Ley theym aſide and in concluſion
Cry god mercy thy treſpacis repentynge
Truſt he wilnat refuſe thy cryynge
The to receyue to labour in his vyne
Eternally to ſaue the from ruyne

O noble princes of high diſcrecion
Sithe in this worlde is none abidinge
Peyſe conſcience agayne wyll and reaſon
While ye haue leyſer of herte ymageninge
ye bere nat hens but youre deſeruynge
Let this conceyte ay in youre thoughtes myne
By exaumple of rome howe all goth to ruyne

Explicit liber ſecundus.

The Contents of the Third Booke
be here after the end of this booke
before the prologue of the Fourth
Booke

## Sequitur prologus libri tercii

Ike a pilgryme which that goth on fote
And hath none horſe to releue his trauaile
Hote drye wery and may fynde no bote
Of wel cold whan thruſt doth him aſſaile
Wyne nor licour that may to him auayle
Right ſo fare I which in my beſyneſſe
No ſocoure fynde my rudeneſſe to redreſſe

I meane as thus I haue no freſſh licoure
Oute of the conductes of Calliope
Nor through clyo in rethorike no floure
In my laboure for to refreſſh me
Nor of the ſuſters in noumbre thries thre
Which with Cithera on pernaſo dwell
They neuer me gaue drinke ones of their well

Nor of their ſpringes clere and criſtalyn
That ſprange by touchynge of the pegaſe
Their fauour lackyth my makinge tenlumyne
I finde their bawme of ſo greate ſcarcete
To tame their tunnes with ſome droppe of plente
For poliphemus through his greate blyndneſſe
Hath in me dyrked of argus the brightneſſe

Oure life here ſhort of wit the greate dulneſſe
The heuy ſoule troubled with trauayle
And of memorye the glaſynge brotylneſſe
Drede and vnkunnynge haue made a ſtronge batayle
With weryneſſe my ſprite to aſſayle
And with theyr ſubtyll crepynge in mooſt queynt
Hathe made my ſprite in makynge for to faynt

And ouermore the ferfull frowardneſſe
Of my ſtepmoder callyd obliuyon
Hath a baſtyll of foryetfulneſſe
To ſtoppe the paſſage and ſhadowe my reſon
That I myght haue no clere direction
In tranſlatynge of newe to quyke me
Storyes to wryte of olde antiquite

Thus was I ſet and ſtode in double were
At the metynge of ferfull weys tweyne
The one was this who euer liſt to lere
Where as good wyll gan me conſtreyne
Bochas taccompliſſhe for to do my peyne
Cam ignoraunce with a manace of drede
My penne to reſt I durſt nat procede

Thus my ſelf remembringe on this boke
It to tranſlate howe I had vndertake
Full pale of chere aſtonyed in my loke
Myn hande gan tremble my penne I felt quake
That diſpeyred I had al mooſt forſake
So greate a laboure dredefull and importable
It to performe I fonde me ſo vnable

Twene the reſidue of this greate iourneye
And lityll therof that was begūne
I ſtode chekmate for fere whan I gan ſe
In my weye howe lytell I had rūne
Lyke to a man that fayled day and ſūne
And had no lyght to accompliſſh his viage
So ferre I ſtode abaſſh in my paſſage

The night cam on derkyd with ignoraunce
My wytte was dull by clerneſſe to diſcerne
In rethorike for lacke of ſuffiſaunce
The torchis oute and quenchid was the lanterne
And in this cas my ſtyle to gouerne
Me to forthre I fonde none other muſe
But harde as ſtone pyerides and meduſe

Support was none my dulneſſe for to gype
Pouert approchyd in ſtaall crokyd age
Mercurye abſent and philologie
My purs ay lyght and voide of all coynage
Bachus ferre of to glad my corage
An ebbe of plente ſcarcete atte full
Which of an olde man maketh the ſprite dull

And vnto purpos this auctour full notable
To his ſcolers there beynge in preſence
Full demurly gan reherce a fable
With many a colour of ſugred eloquence
Theron concludynge the ſūme of his ſentence
Touchinge a ſtrif which he dyd expreſſe
Atwene glad pouert and this blynde goddeſſe

## A diſputacion bytwene fortune and glad pouert.

Quod andalus whilom of fortune
In ſtraight place there ſat glad pouerte
Which reſembled of loke and figure
A rechelis woman mooſt ougly vnto ſee
At a narowe metynge of hye weyes thre
All to torne to raggyd and to rent
A thouſand patches vpon hir garnement

She was hidous both of chere and face
And in ſemynge voyde of ſorowe and drede
And by that wey as fortune dyd pace
And of glad pouert ſodeinly toke hede
She gan to ſmyle and laughe at hir in dede
By a maner ſcornynge in certeyne
Of hir array ſhe had ſo greate diſdeyne

Whoos frowarde laughter whan pouert dyd eſpye
Howe ſhe of her had indignacion
She roſe hir vp of high malencolye
Pleynly to ſhewe hir entencion
Without good day or ſalutacion
Doynge to fortune no maner reuerence
Vndre theſe wordes declarynge hir ſentence

O thou fortune mooſt fole of folys all
What cauſe haſt thou for to laugh at me
Or what diſdeyne is in thyn herte fall
Spare nat adell tell on late ſe
For I full litell haue adoo with the
Of olde nor newe I haue none aqueyntaunce
Nouther with the nor with thy gouernaunce

And whan fortune beholdeth the manere
Of glad pouert in hir totorne wede
And knewe alſo by countenaunce and chere
Howe ſhe of her toke but lytell hede
Like as ſhe had to her no maner nede
The which thinges conceyued and ſeyne
To pouert ſhe anſwered thus ageyne

My ſcornfull laughter playnly was for the
Whan I the ſawe ſo megre pale and lene
Nakyd and colde in greate aduerſite
Scabbyd ſcoruy ſcalled and vnclene
On backe and body as it is well ſene
Many a beeſt walke in ther paſture
Which day by day of newe thou doeſt recure

Hauynge no thinge to wrap in thy hede
Saue a brode hat rent oute of nattys olde
Full oft hungry for defaute of brede
Slepynge on ſtrawe in the froſtes colde
And where thou compſt as men may well beholde
For fere of the childre theym withdrawe
And many a dogge hath on thy ſtaf I gnawe

To all eſtatys thou art mooſt odious
Men with the wyll haue no daliaunce
Thy felawſhip is ſo contrarious
Where thou abydeſt may be no pleſaunce
Folke hate ſo dedly thy frowarde acqueyntaunce
That fynally I dare conclude of the
Where euer thou compſt thy felaweſhip men fle

Whan glad pouert gan playnly vnderſtonde
The rebukes reherced of fortune
The rude reſons that ſhe toke on honde
Which frowardly to hir ſhe dyd entune
As pouert were a refus in commune
By the repreues that fortune on hir ſaide
For which pouert replied ageyne and ſayde

Fortune quod ſhe touchinge this debate
Which of malice thou doeſt ageyne me take
Be well certeyne touchinge my pore eſtate
I of fre wyll thy fauour haue forſake
And though folke ſay thou mayeſt men rich make
Yit I had leuer be pore with gladneſſe
Than with trouble poſſede greate richeſſe

For though thou ſeme benynge and debonaire
By a maner counterfete apparence
Fatte and well fed with rounde chekys faire
With many colours of trouth as in pretence
As therof feith were very exiſtence
But vnder all thy floures of freſſhneſſe
The ſerpent glydeth of chaunge and doubleneſſe

And though thy clothynge be of purple hewe
With greate awaytynge of many chamberers
Of golde and perle eche day chaungyd newe
Clothes of golde and ſondry freſſhe attires
And in thyn houſholde ful many officers
Yet I dare well put in Iupartye
With the to plete and holde champartye

Thus glad pouert gan weye importune
Of chere contrarye of loke and of language
Ageyne this lady which callyd is fortune
That of dyſdeyne ſhe fyll into a rage
Beholde quod ſhe of pouert the corage
In wretchidneſſe ſtondynge diſconſolate
Howe ageyne me ſhe is nowe obſtynate

She cannat ſe howe ſhe ſtant outrayed
Ferre from the fauour of my felicite
Yet of pride ſhe is nat diſamayed
Nor liſt nat bowe for to obeye me
Though ſhe be caſte in mendicite
Fertheſt abacke I do you well aſſure
In miſcheef ſet of any creature

But truly pouert for all thy truaundyſe
Maugre thy pride and thyne outrage
I ſhall the punyſſhe in full cruell wyſe
To make the lowe vnder my ſeruage
Which reſembleſt a dedely ymage
That were newe reſyn oute of his graue
And yet of pride dareſt apen me raue

But whan fortune had theſe wordes ſayde
Glad pouert gan fall in greate gladneſſe
And ageyn fortune with a ſodeyne brayde
She gan hir conceit out ſhewed and expreſſe
Fortune quod ſhe though thou be a goddeſſe
Called of folys yet lerne this of me
From thy ſeruage I ſtonde at liberte

But if I ſhall algatis haue adoo
With the in armys mooſt cruell and vengeable
Touchinge the quarell that is atwene vs two
There is one thynge to me right conforatble
That thy corage is flekerynge and vnſtable
And where an herte is in hym ſilf deuyded
Victory in armys for hym is nat prouyded

We lyſt neyther flatre the nor fayne
Nor the tawnyt by adulacion
Though flaterye and feyned falſe langage
Appropryd be to thy condicion

And in deſpite of thy preſumpcion
I haue forſake of my fre volunte
All the treſours of worldly vanite

Whilom I was as thou haſt deuyſed
Seruaunt to the and vnto thy treſours
But from thy daunger nowe that I am fraunchiſed
Sekynge of the nouther of helpe nor ſocoures
Whanne kinges and myghty emperours
For glad pouert late nouther ſone
With thy riches hath no thinge to done

For though thou haue embraced in thy cheyne
Worldly princes and goodes tranſitores
And riche marchauntes vnder thy demeyne
Preuyſt to knyghthode conqueſt and victories
The fadinge palme of laude and veynglories
But whan echone thy fauour haue recured
Than is glad pouert fre fro thy ſtate aſſured

Al thy ſeruauntes ſtonde vnder drede
Quakinge for fere of thy doubleneſſe
For nouther wiſdome force nor manhede
Fredam bounte loue nor gentyleneſſe
May in thy fauour haue no ſekerneſſe
They be ſo poſſyd with wyndes in thy barge
Where as glad pouert goth frely at his large

Thy manaſynge doth me no dureſſe
Which worldly princes dreden euerychon
They may well quake for loſſe of greate richeſſe
But I glad pouert therof deſire none
As flowe and ebbe all worldly thinge muſt gone
For after flodys of fortunes tyde
The ebbe floweth and wyll no man abyde

Flowe and ebbe to me both alyche
I drede no thinge thy mutabilite
Make whom thou liſt outher pore or riche
For I no thinge wyll requere of the
Nouther lordſhip nor greate proſperite
For with thy giftys who that hath to done
Of chaungys varyeth ofter than the mone

Out of pouert cam firſt theſe emperours
That were in rome crowned with lawrere
Fredam and largeſſe made them firſt victours
Cauſinge their fame to ſhyne bright and clere
Tyll couetiſe brought them in daungere
Whan they of foly in their mooſt excellence
To thy doubleneſſe dyd reuerence

For whan fredam a prince doth forſake
And couetiſe put away largeſſe
And ſtreytneſſe into houſholde take
And nygardſhip exileth gentylneſſe
Than is withdrawe from their hye nobleſſe
The peples herte and playnly to deuyſe
Of their ſeruauntis far well all good ſeruiſe

All ſuch ſodeyne chaungis in comune
In this worlde vſyd nowe fro day to day
Echon they come by fraude of fals fortune
Experience hath put atte aſſay
Loue/ trouth/ and feyth be gone ferre away
And if that truſt with princes wyll nat tarye
Litell merueyle though the people varye

For through thy chaungis of fraudolent faireneſſe
There is nowe vſed in euery region
Glad chere out ſhewed with couert doubleneſſe
Under the courteyn of ſimulacion
So ſecre is nowe adulacion
That in this worlde may be no ſurete
But if it reſt in glad pouerte

Yit of thy pilous frowarde variaunce
I ſet no ſtore truly as for me
For all thy frendſhip concludeth with myſchaunce
With ſodeyn miſcheef of mutabilite
Which yeueth me herte to haue adoo with the
For ſuffiſaunce in my pore eſtate
Shall to thy chaungys ſey ſodenly chekmate

Fortune with angre almooſt diſpeyred
Of theſe wordes toke full greate greuaunce
Pouert quod ſhe which mayſt nat be apeyred
But I nowe ſhewe ageyne the my puiſſaunce
Men wolde lytell accoumte my ſubſtaunce
O mighty pouert o ſtronge hercules
Which ageyne me puttyſt thy ſilf in prees

Suppoſyſt thou it ſhulde the auayle
Outher by force or by hardyneſſe
To haue adoo with me in bataile
Which am of conqueſt and of high proweſſe
In armys called lady and princes
For there is none ſo mighty conquerour
That may preuaile without my fauour

Of theſe wordes pouert no thinge afferde
Anſwered ageyn thus playnly in ſentence
Though I here haue ſpere ſhilde nor ſwerde
Nor choſon armour to ſtonde at diffence
Polley nor dagger to make reſiſtence
But bare and naked anone it ſhall be ſeyne
Where thou with me dareſt wraſtle on this playne

Which ſhalbe done vnder condicion
That none of vs ſhall him ſilf withdrawe
But ſtyll abyde of entencion
Tyll he that venquiſſheth ordeyned hath a lawe
Such as him lyketh ageyne his felawe
The which lawe ſhall nat be delayed
To be accompliſſhed on him that is outraied

Of whoſe wordes fortune ageyne gan ſmyle
That pouert profred ſo proudly to aſſaile
And vpon this ſhe ſtint a lytell while
And to pouert ſhe put this oppoſayle
Who ſhall quod ſhe be iuge of this bataile
Or yeue dome iuſtly atwene vs tweyne
Of this quarell which we ſhall darreyne

I aſke alſo another queſtion
Touchinge thy profre of furious outrage
Where as thou puteſt a condicion
And a lawe with full proude langage
Where ſhalt thou finde pledgys or hoſtage
To kepe the promys which thou doſte ordeyne
Therof to abyde the guerdon or the peyne

I mene as thus if there be ſet a lawe
Atwene vs two or a condicion
By ſurete which may nat be withdrawe
As vnder bonde or obligacion
But there is nouther lawe no reaſon
May binde a begger if it be well ſought
Whan it is preuyd that he hath right nought

The ſect of pouert hath a protection
From all ſtatutes to go at liberte
And from all lawe a playne exepcion
Than folowith it if thou binde the
To any lawe that may contreued be
It were ſklaunde playnly to endyte
Which haſt right nought thy pley to acquyte

Thou art ſo feble if I cam therto
That thou were brought vnto vttraunce
For no power whan all that were doo
Thou ſhuldeſt fayle to make thy fynaunce
Both deſtitute of good and of ſubſtaunce
And ſith no lawe nowe thy perſone may coarte
It were foly with ſuche one to Iuparte

If I wolde compaſſe the to wrake
To aſke of the treſoure of kinge darye
On that party thou ſtondeſt ferre abak
My payment ſo longe ſhulde tarye
Indigence wolde the to varye
And if I wolde thy perſone eke compare
To aliſaundre thy ſydes ben full bare

And fynally thou ſtondeſt in ſuch caas
Of myſerye wretchidneſſe and nede
That thou myghteſt of reaſon ſinge alas
Both forſake of frendſhip and kinrede
And there is none dare pledge the for drede
yit like a fole ſupprised with vaynglorye
Hopyſt of me to wynne the victorye

Quod glad pouert I doubte neueradell
That the victorye ſhall pas on my ſyde
Pledge and hoſtages lett theym goo farwell
I aſke nomore of all thy greate pride
But to the ende that thou wilt abyde
Pledge thy feyth alſe that ſome men ſeyth
To truſt in fortune there is full lytyll feyth

And for my part in this high empriſe
Syth I haue pledges nouther one nor two
Nor ſure hoſtage can I nat deuiſe
But if ſo be the victory thou atteyne
Than yelde my body bounde in a cheyne
Perpetuelly lyke the condicion
With the to abyde fetred in priſon

Than fortune lough more than ſhe dyd afforne
Whan ſhe ſawe pouert ſo preſumptuous
In his array all to raggyd and to torne
And had nouther rent londe nor hous
It is quod ſhe a thinge contrarious
Unto nature who that can aduert
To a begger to haue a ſturdy herte

And if I the venquyſſhed in batayle
It were to me no worſhip nor auauntage
What ſhulde thy body vnto me auayle
The to empriſon ſtreytly in a cage
It ſhulde be a charge and a coſtage
Thyn empty wombe eche day to fulfyll
If thou myghteſt haue vitayle at thy wyll

And if I wolde my ſelf to magnefie
Tokyn of tryumphe after my chare to lede
Men wolde deme it a maner mokerye
And ſay in ſcorne take of that fole gode hede
Howe he a begger hath ouercome in dede
Faught with him for to encrece his name
Which conqueſt turneth to his diſclaundre and ſhame

¶ Yit whan I haue brought the to vttraunce
My power ſhadowed and my greate myght
And thyn outrage oppreſſed by vengeaunce
After all this as it is ſkyll and right
It ſhalbe couth in euery mannys ſight
Oute declaryd the greate difference
Atwene thy febleneſſe and my greate excellence

Than to repreſſe thy ſurquedye atones
Cruell Orchus the tydogge infernall
Shall rende thy ſkyn aſondre from the bonys
To ſhewe my power which is imperiall
And to declare in eſpeciall
Pouert reclaymed vnto pridis lure
With me to plete may no while endure

And ſodenly or glad pouert toke hede
Fortune proudly firſt began taſſayle
And vnwarly hent hir by the hede
Demynge of pride that ſhe may nat fayle
Throughe hir power to venqueſſh this batayle
But it may fall a drewry in his right
To outraye a geaunt for all his greate might

God taketh none hede to power nor to ſtrength
To highe eſtate nor to highe nobleſſe
To ſquare lymmes forged on brede or length
But to quarels groundyd on rightwiſneſſe
For out of wronge may growe no proweſſe
For where that trouth holdyth champartye
God wyll his cauſe by grace magnyfie

Wherfore pouert ſtronge in hir entent
Light and delyuer voyde of all fatneſſe
Right well brethed and nothinge corpulent
Smale of dietis ſurfetis to repreſſe
Ageyne fortune proudly gan hir dreſſe
And with an ougly ſterne cruell face
Gan in armys hir proudly to embrace

Pouert was ſlendre and myght well endure
Fortune was rounde ſhort of wynde and breth
And wombes greate oppreſſed with armure
For lacke of wynde the greate ſtuf them ſleeth
And many a man bringeth to his deth
Fat ouermoche of any maner thinge
Hath many one brought to his vndoynge

Mene is beſt with good gouernaunce
To moch is nought nor ouer greate plente
Gretter richeſſe is founde in ſuffiſaunce
Than in the flodys of ſuꝑfluyte
And who is contente in his pouerte
And grutcheth nat for bitter nor for ſote
What euer he be hath fortune vnder fote

Couetiſe put him in no diſpeire
Wherfore pouert in herte glad and light
Left fortune full high vp in the eyre
And hir conſtreyned of very force and might
For glad pouert of cuſtome and of right
Whan any trouble ageyne hir doth begynne
Ay of fortune the laurer ſhe doth wynne

Maugre fortune in the eire alofte
Conſtreyned ſhe was by wylfull pouerte
That to the erth hir fall was full vnſoft
For of pouert the bony ſharpe kne
Slendre and longe and lene vpon to ſe
Hit fortune with ſo greate a might
Ageyne the herte ſhe mightnat ſtonde vpright

To ſignefie that pouert with gladneſſe
Which is content with ſmall poſſeſſion
And gyueth no force of treſoure nor richeſſe
Hath ouer fortune the dominacion
And kepeth hir euer vnder ſubieccion
Where worldly folke with their rich apparaile
Lyue euer in drede fortune wolde faile

The pore man afore the theef doth ſynge
Vnder the wodes with freſſh notys ſhyll
The rich man full ferfull of robbinge
Quakinge for dred rideth forth ful ſtyll
The pore at large goth where him liſt at wyll
Strongly fraunchiſed from all debate and ſtrif
The rich aferde alwey to loſe his lif

Thus glad pouert hath the palme Iwonne
Fortune outrayed for all hir doubleneſſe
Vpon whom pouert in haſt is ronne
And ſtreyned hir with ſo greate dureſſe
Tyll ſhe confeſſed and playnly dyd expreſſe
With feith and hande in all hir greate peyne
To abyde what lawe pouert liſt ordeyne

And in haſt after this diſconfiture
Fortune began to compleyne ſore.
But glad pouert which all thinge might endure
Charged fortune ſcorne hir nomore

For it was ſaide ſith goo full yore
He that reioyſeth to ſcorne folke in veyne
Whan he is lotheſt ſhall ſcorned be ageyne

Yit quod pouert though thou were deſpitous
Wordes reherſynge which were nat faire
Straunge rebukes full contrarious
And repreues many thouſend paire
Thou ſhalt me finde ageynwarde debonayre
For though a tonge be ſlaundrous and vengeable
To ſlaundre ageyne is no thinge comendable

Thou muſt concidre touchinge oure batayle
The ordinaunce and impoſicion
That which of vs in conqueſt do preuayle
To bringe his felawe to ſubieccion
He ſhall obey the ſtatute of reſon
And accompliſſh of very due det
What lawe the victour liſt vpon him ſet

For which thou ſhalt the ſayde lawe obeye
With circumſtaunces of the condicion
By me ordeyned and no thinge ageyne ſeye
Make no grutchinge nor replicacion
Conſidred firſt the falſe opinyon
Of theym that ſeyn all worldly auenture
Of good and bad abyde vnder thy cure

Sūme poetes and philoſophers alſo
Wolde in this cas make the a goddes
Which be deceyued I dare ſay both two
And their errour and foly to redres
I ſhall withdrawe in very ſekyrnes
Vnhappy auenture awey fro thy power
That ſhe nomore ſtonde in thy daunger

This lawe of newe vpon the I make
That firſt thou ſhalt al open in ſome pleyn
Euyll auenture bynde to a ſtake
Or to ſum pelere where ſhe may be ſeyn
To ſhewe exaumple to folke in certeyn
That noman ſhall loſe hir ne diſcharge
But ſuch as liſte with hir to go at large

Herof to make a declaracion
Touchinge thy might of euyll auenture
Thou ſhalt forgo thy dominacion
To hindre and harme any creature
But only folys which in thy might aſſure
They of their foly may fele greate damage
Nat of thy power but of theyn owne outrage

For thilke foolys which that liſt vnbynde
This wretch called vnhappy auenture
Of wit and reſon they make theym ſilf blinde
Lyke as the worlde ſtode in fortunys cure
As though ſhe might aſſure theym and vnſure
And theym diſpoſe to welth or wretchidneſſe
In their erroure hir callinge a goddeſſe

Such wilfull wretchis that theym ſilf betake
To put their fredom in hir ſubiection
Of god aboue the power they forſake
And ſubmitte theym agen all reſon
Vnder fortunes tranſmutacion
Their liberte full falſly for to thrall
Namely whan they a goddeſſe liſt hir call

With a dirke myſt of variacion
Fortune hath clouded their clere naturall light
And ouerſhadowed their diſcrecion
That they be blent in their inwarde ſight
For to conſidre and beholde aright
Howe god aboue put vndre mannys cure
Fre chois of good his reaſon to aſſure

The lorde enſumpned of his bountuous largeſſe
With mynde and wit his memoriall
Towarde all vertue his ſteppis for to dreſſe
Endued his reſon for to be naturall
Of frowardneſſe till he waye beſtyall
To binde him ſilf contrariouſly in dede
To ſerue fortune atwene hope and drede

Thus beſtyall folke made hir a goddes
Falſly wenynge ſhe might theym mooſt auayle
With hir plenties of habundaunt richeſſe
And ſume deme in their ſuppoſayle
With vnware chaunge ſhe dare the greate aſſayle
Whoos truſt alway medlyd is with trouble
And hir pleſaunce includith menynge double

And ſume afferme that ſhe may auaunce
Conqueſtis greate and diſconfitures
And howe it lith alſo in hir puiſſaunce
To forthir and hindre al maner creatures
And cal hir princeſſe of al auentures
The rich to enhaunce by roial apparayle
And by diſdeyne to hindre the porayle

Whan ſhe maketh mooſt ſikkurn hir profres
Hir blaundiſſhinge is faryd with falſhede
Whan hir richeſſis been ſtuffed vp in coffres
They been ay ſhet vnder a locke of drede
Wherfore ye rich of one thinge take hede
As your gadrynge cam in with pleſaunce
Right ſo your loſſe departith with myſchaunce

Youre gredy thurſt treſoure to multiplye
Cauſith an etike of nonſuffiſaunce
In you engendrynge a fals Idropſye
With a ſharpe hungre of worldly habundaunce
Makynge of you a maner reſemblaunce
With tantalus whan ye do deppeſt ſynke
Than is your nature mooſt thruſtleugh to drynke

Who clymbeth higheſt on fortunes whele
And ſodenly to richeſſis doth aſcende
An vnware turne afore ſeen neueradell
Whan he leeſt weneth maketh him deſcende
Fro ſuch chaungys who may him ſilf defende
But they that be with pouert nat diſmayde
And can with litell holde theym ſilf apayde

## Howe kinge hoſtilius worſhippynge fals goddys was conſumpte with fiery leuene

ANd while bochas gan muſe in this matere
Conſidred firſt all worldly thinge muſt faile
With wepynge iyen there dyd appere
Princis that whilom were famous in Itayle
Which gan there fall full petouſly bewaile
For more contrarye was their fallinge lowe
That they to fore had no myſchef knowe

For more vncouth is thilke aduerſite
Namely to princes whan it is ſodeyn
Which euer haue lyued in proſpite
Hauynge on fortune no mater to compleyne
Than of a wretch that lyueth ay in payne
Of cuſtum cauſeth conceyued the ſentence
Of Ioy and ſorowe a full greate difference

Of Ioye paſſyd the newe remembraunce
Whan folke been fall from their felicite
In treble wiſe it doth theym greate greuaunce
The vnware turne from their tranquilite
The vnſure truſt and mutabilite
In worldly power which that they haue founde
Vnto their hertis perceth a greuous wounde

But a wretch which in wretchidneſſe
Hath euer lyued and neuer was partable
Of no welfare nor of wylfulneſſe
Nor neuer founde fortune fauourable
His ſorowe his myſcheef been ſo cuſtomable
That of his paynes longe contynuance
Doth to his greuys a maner allegaunce

But to princes which ſat ſo high aloft
A ſodeyne fall is mooſt contrarious
And their deſcendynge wele the more vnſoft
In their tryumphes that thy were glorious
Recorde I take of kinge hoſtilius
Which in rome from his royall ſtall
Whan he ſat crowned mooſt ſodenly is fall

It is remembred of olde and nat of newe
Of all rome that he was lorde and ſire
The firſt of kinges that weryd purpyl hewe
And of that cyte gouerned the empire
Had of fortune all that him liſt deſire
Tyll that he fyll in all his regalye
Into a frowarde dedly maladye

And of his paynes to finde allegaunce
To the temples he went on pylgrymage
His offringe made with deuout obeyſaunce
Wherby ſumdell his paynes dyd aſwage
And he was reſtoryd of corage
Felt him ſilf that he dyd amende
To comon profite agayn he gan entende

Upon Talbanys regnynge in his glorye
To greate auaile of rome the cyte
Through his knighthode he had a greate victorye
After the which by full greate cruelte
He berafte theym fraunchiſe and lyberte
And made theym after through his high renown
To be to rome vnder ſubiection

After his conqueſt the ſtory doth deuyſe
In his nobleſſe full ſtatly and royall
He gan make a riche ſacrifiſe
To queme and pleaſe for a memoriall
After the rightes Cerymonyall
To Jubiter by full greate reuerence
Afore his auters with fires and encence

But for that he in his inwarde entent
By circumſtaunces of his oblacion
Was recheles founde and alſo neglygent
By ſome frowarde fals affection
The goddys caught an indignacion
And ſodenly deſcendynge from the heuene
He was conſumpte with a firy leuene

His fals goddys might him nat auaile
Jupiter Saturnus nor Venus
Let all criſten deſpye ſuch raſcaile
For to oure feith they be contrarious
And amonge goddys a thinge mooſt outraious
Is whan that princes blent in their folye
Liſt erthly thinges falſly deifie

For vnto god is hatefull and odible
A withdrawynge of his reuerence
To magnifye thinges corruptible
With vndue honoure with fals concupiſcence
Wherfore ye princes be ware of high prudence
Leſt god vnwarly punyſſh your nobleſſe
Make you in erth no fals god nor goddeſſe

## How anchus kinge of rome was murdrid by Lucynyo by thaſſent of his wif

Thinke on achus kinge of rome town
Which was ſo noble ſhynynge in his glorye
Weryd a crowne full famous of renown
Next hoſtilius as yet is in memorye
Wan the palme of many greate victorye
But for all that with a full ſharpe knyfe
He murdred was by aſſentinge of his wife

He loued hir beſt aboue eche creature
Conſidred nat hir flaterr nor falſneſſe
Hir double menynge vnder couerture
Falſly blent this princis worthyneſſe
To robbe and reue him of his greate richeſſe
Was hir laboure with counterfete pleſaunce
In hir entent to bringe him to myſchaunce

This anchus had a greate affection
Unto his goddis to make ſacrifiſes
And to augment the religion
Of paganyſme made in ſundry wiſes
Through his manhode and circumſpect diuiſes
Upon Latynes rebell to his cyte
For comon profite he made a greate arme

One of their cites called polotorie
He knyghtly wan maugre al their might
And whan he had of theym full victorye
He abode no lengre but anone forth right
Made al the people in euery mannys ſight
As pryſoners this romayn champion
Brought afore him bounde into the toun

Eke as I finde this anchus nalde rece
For comon profite in his affection
Their teritories to augment and encrece
In all the cuntrees aboute enuyron
Towarde the ryuere where tybre renneth
At the which place he lete edifie
A full ſtronge cite which called is oſtye

But nat withſtandynge all his worthyneſſe
He was depryued the ſtory telleth ſoo
Of his kingdom and his greate richeſſe
By a foreyne called Lucynyo
His wife tarquild aſſented was therto
By whoos outrage and gredy couetiſe
Anchus was murdred in full cruell wiſe

### Howe Lucynyo that murdred anchus was after murdred

t hus fro the whele of fortune he is fall
Lucynyo in rome is crowned kinge
And the romaynes after dyd him call
Tarquyn the olde by recorde of wrytynge
Which hath atteyned by fraudolent werkynge
And by his ſubtyll forgyd eloquence
Vnto theſtate of royall excellence

He firſt ordeyned in his eſtate royall
Turneis iuſtes in caſtellys and cites
And other playes called marciall
With many famous greate ſolempnytees
Seſſions for ſtatys and degrees
This tarquyn eke was firſt that dyd his peyne
In opyn ſtretys tauernes to ordeyne

Eke to preſerue his cite oute of doubte
If their ennemyes lyſt theym to aſſayle
He was the firſt that walled rome aboute
With myghty toures vnlykly for to fayle
And had alſo many ſtronge batayle
With Sabynes in their rebellyon
And made theym ſubget vnto rome toun

But for he was aſſented to depryue
Worthy anchus from his eſtate royall
And after that toke tarquyld vnto wyue
Which ſlough hir lorde by treaſon full mortall
God wolde of right that he ſhuld haue a fall
The lorde wyll nat which euery thinge may ſee
Suffre murdre longe to be ſecre

For Lucynyo for his greate offence
Touchinge the murdre of kynge anchus
Iſlayne was by ſodeyn violence
Of two ſhipperdys the ſtory telleth thus
Which of entent were contrarious
Atwene them ſilf by a fayned ſtrif
To finde a weye to reue him of his life

For while the kinge ſate in iugement
Vpon their quarel for to do iuſtiſe
Full ſodeinly they beynge of aſſent
Fyll vpon him in full cruell wiſe
And with an axe the ſtory doth deuiſe
One of theym or eny man toke hede
On two pyces roof the kinges hede

This thinge was done by the procuryng
Of two childre ſonnes to anchus
Which were exiled by falſe compaſſinge
Of lucynyo ageyne theym mooſt yrous
To him their preſence was ſo odious
But they than ſhope though they were oute of ſight
Their faders deth to auenge if they myght

For of nature blode wyll auengyd be
To recompence the wronge of his kinrede
In this chapitre like as ye may ſe
Blode ſhed for blode thus bath dyd blede
By which example lete princes take hede
Howe murdre done for ſupplantacion
Requyreth vengeaunce for his fynall guyrdon

Lenuoye

This tragedie by clere inſpeccion
Openly declareth in ſubſtaunce
Howe ſlaughter of princes cauſeth ſubūcion
Of realmys cyties put oute of ordenaunce
Of mortall werre longe contynuaunce
Blode by ſupplantynge ſhed of kinges tweyne
By exaumple here ſhewed fals murdre to reſtreyne

The fyne declarynge of murdre and fals treſon
The dede horrible cryeth ay vengeaunce
To god aboue to caſt his iyen down
To punyſſh this ſynne through his mighty puiſſaūce
For it is modre of myſcheef and myſchaunce
Wherfore ye princys do ſum lawe ordeyne
Within youre boūdis thre vices to reſtreyne

The vice of ſclaundre murdre and poyſon
Where euer theſe thre haue aqueyntaunce
They bringe in ſorowe and deſolacion
Put at a preef by newe remembraunce
Of falſhede vſed vndre faire countenaunce
Wherfore ye princes do youre beſy peyne
Within youre boundys theſe vices to reſtreyne

God defende this noble region
With theſe thre vices to haue allyaunce
For ſlaundre firſte deuoureth high renoun
And ſleeth gode fame throug fals dalliaunce
Harme done to late foloweth repentaunce
Wherfore ye princes doo a lawe ordeyne
To punyſſh their malice fals tunges to reſtreyne

God hath of murdre abhominacion
And fals poyſon doth to him diſpleſaunce
There is no peyne in comparison
Condigne to murdre peyſyd in balaunce
Wherfore ye princes make an ordenaunce
Within youre boundes of ſome preuy peyne
By due punyſſhinge fals murdre to reſtreyne

O noble princes prouide of reaſon
Ageyne theſe vices to make pururaunce
Of rigoure ſhewe due execucion
With your laboure and hertely inſtaunce
Let deth be guerdon for their fynall penaunce
To warne all other by conſtreynt of their payne
From theſe thre vices their corages to reſtreyne

Howe for the offence done to Lucrece by Tarquyn
was neuer after crowned kinge in rome

t Ouching this tarquyn of whō I nowe tolde
As myn auctor maketh mencion
He called was Tarquinius the olde
Which longe in rome had dominacion
Tyll his kinrede and generacion
For the offence done vnto Lucrece
Caused the kinges the names to cece

For his ſonne which after dyd ſuccede
For his outrages and his extorcions
And for many an other cruell dede
For his hatefull vſurpacions
His frowarde lyfe and fals condicions
Amonge the people both ſtyll and lowde
He called was tarquinius the proude

Full obſtynat he was in his entent
Ambicious taccroche greate richeſſe
Tyll that fortune weyed impacient
Ageyns him in all his greate nobleſſe
Gan hir ſnaris and hir crokys dreſſe
Thought ſhe wolde but he kept him wele
All ſodeinly caſt him from hir whele

A ſonne he had full vicious as I finde
To all vertue mooſt contrarious
To be frowarde it cam to him by kinde
And of nature proude and deſpitous
Ageyne the people fell and malicious
Nat loued but drede for tyrannye of right
Is thinge mooſt hatyd in the peple ſight

This proude Tarquyn the ſtory is well couth
Agayn Lucrece dyd a greate outrage
Oppreſſed hir beutye in his vnbrideled youth
His trouth aſſaylinge in a furious rage
For which his fadre and his lynage
Exilyd were and for this hatefull thinge
There was neuer after in rome crowned kinge

Hir body corrupt ſhe clene of herte and thought
By force aſſayled was hir innocence
Oppreſſed hir beutye but hir ſpryte nought
Hir chaſt will dyd none offence
But entryd is into hir conſcience
A great remors for all hir wyfly truthe
To ſle hir ſilf which was to greate a ruthe

And for that Bochas remembreth pitouſly
Hir dedly ſorowe and lamentacion
Write hir compleynt in ordre ceriouſly
Which that ſhe made for hir oppreſſion
I folowe muſt and make mencion
After myn auctour pleell reherſynge
Touchinge hir wordes ſayde in hir dyinge

All be it ſo by biddynge of my lorde
Reherſed haue in my tráſlacion
After Pierius here and there a worde
Of a full doolfull declamacion
By him remembred of entencion
For hir ſake men might ſe and rede
What wifly trouth was in hir womanhede

And John Bochas liſt nat ſet aſyde
But that he wolde reherce in ſentence
Hir woful compleynt and therupon abide
Of wronges done to hir Innocence
And though I can nat folowe his eloquence
I ſhall ſue the trouth of reherſynge
As in ſubſtaunce theffect of his wrytinge

The morowe next after this foule dede
Lucrece aroos with a full dedly chere
Oute of hir face gone was all the rede
And dyrked were hir heuenly eyen clere
All clad in blacke after the manere
Of thilke folke which in eſpeciall
Be wont to goo to feſtys funerall

All hir frendes beynge in preſence
Huſbonde fader with other eke alſo
By and by reherſynge in ſentence
The circumſtaunces of hirtely woo
And or that I any forther goo
Under hope my lorde wyll me ſupporte
What that ſhe ſayde I wyll to you reporte

### The greuous compleynt of Lucrece upon hir oppreſſion

For as moch quod ſhe as I Lucrece
Am by the lawe Joyned in maryage
To the my lorde whoos loue ſhall ay encrece
Towardes the with all the ſurpluſage
Of wifely trouth to endure all myn age
As humble ſubget with faythfull obeyſaunce
Under thy lordſhip and thy gouernaunce

O Collatyn my lorde and true huſbonde
Beſt beloued of hole affeccion
I wyll no more no quarell take on honde
Nor in no wiſe take none accion
Without that thou liſt enclyne doun
Goodly thyn eryſ to yeue me audience
To that I ſhall reherce in thy preſence

Iniury done or any maner wronge
Agayne my worſhip or myn honeſte
By the lawe my ſentence is made ſtronge
It toucheth you alſo wele as me
I am ſo hooly yolden unto the
Thou art myn hede who clerely can diſcerne
Lorde and huſbonde my body to gouerne

Parciall cauſes in ſoth there may none be
Atwene us twayne nor none diſſeueraunce
For ſote and bytter ioye and aduerſite
We muſt theym wey both in one balaunce
Counterpeyſe oure ſorowes oure pleſaunce
Entermedle all thinge that ſtant in doute
Receyue oure fortune as it cometh aboute

There may atwene us be no menynge double
But one herte one wyll and one corage
And as woman that ſtondyth nowe in trouble
Withoute poliſſhinge of any faire langage
I muſt diſcloſe to you the greate outrage
Done unto me and playnly it diſcure
Which to redreſſe lith holy in youre cure

For the mater to ſpeke in wordes playne
A right oute ſerched and the trouth oute founde
As a iuſt cauſe undifferent to twayne
Towarde us both the quarell doth rebounde
And more ſtrongly oure mater for to grounde
Reherce I wil ſo that ye ſauf it vouch
A mortall wronge which the and me doth touch

In a caſtell which called is Collace
Of which my lorde here hath the gouernaunce
Tarquyn the yonge cam into that place
I full diſware to make purueaunce
Agayne his comynge or any ordenaunce
Toforn nat warned of his officers
Sat unpurueyed amonge my chamberers

Of entent to eſchewe Idylneſſe
We ſate and ſpan wollys ſoft
For ſhe of vices is a cheif maiſtres
Where ſhe is cheriſſhed and I ſet aloft
But of cuſtome as I haue done full oft
I and my wymen duly as we ought
To auoyde ſlouth full beſyly wrought

His entrynge was meke and debonayre
Benygne of porte of loke and of viſage
With a pretence of many wordys fayre
In whoos menynge was full greate outrage
His chere contraire vnto his corage
In this wiſe there he was receyuyd
Wherby alas I falſly was deceyued

Atte pryme face as me thought it due
I him receyued at his in comynge
Roos vp mekely and gan him to ſalue
As apperteyned in all maner thinge
Vnto the ſonne of a worthy kinge
And truly tarquyn for which I ſay alas
Me to be traiſſhe ſtode in the ſame caas

A kynges ſonne ſhulde of dutye
Be to wymē wall and protection
Preſerue and kepe theym in all ſuerte
That no man ſhulde of no preſumption
Doo them no wronge nor oppreſſion
Rather dye than ſe theym ſuffre vnright
Aduertiſinge the office of a knight

But in contrarye of knighthode he hath wrought
By fals outrage done ageyns me
Wronge weyes and crokyd menys ſought
Of lawes twayne to breke the liberte
And difface the auctorite
Of lawe Ciuile and naturall alſo
In my perſone offendynge both to

Firſt by his ſubtyll compaſſinge
He gan eſpye the ſitye of the place
And whan abed alone I lay ſlepinge
Lyke a lyon full fierne of loke and face
With his left hande my throte he dyd embrace
And in his other helde ageyne all lawe
Me to oppreſſe a nakyd ſwerde I drawe

Thus afforſynge my wifly chaſtite
Ageyne knighthode he dyd this greate offence
My lyfe my worſhip put in ꝑplexite
Hauynge no might to make reſiſtence

Me manaſſynge by dedly violence
The tone of twayne to dye in his entent
Or to auoutrye falſly to conſent

Thus I ſtode ſool atwene deth and dyffame
My body corrupt my ſpirite abode clene
My ſpouſaile broken and my gode name
For euer diſclaundryd that whilom ſhone full ſhene
Euyll fame of cuſtome wil alwey waye grene
Neuer dye the people ſo theym diſporte
The worſt of thinges gladly to reporte

Alas alas amonge my ſorowes all
This one/ the mooſt that doth my herte agriſe
I am nat worthy that men me ſhulde call
Or haue the name in no maner wyſe
For the offence which ye haue herde diuiſe
To be called in this wretchid life
Of Collatyn fromhens forth the wife

Myn iyen alſo be blindyd with dirkeneſſe
Only for ſhame to liftup their ſight
Nuther their ſtremys or bemys vp dreſſe
Of the clere heuene to loke vpon the light
Nor I may neuer be of the nowmbre of right
Of true matrones amonge theym ferre or nere
For to be rekened in their kalendere

Let myn Iniurye and this mortall cryme
Be ſo punyſſhed of right and equite
Withoute delay of any lenger tyme
That euer after it may exaumple be
Through all the worlde and eke in thys cyte
With ſuch a peyne therupon diuiſed
That all auoutours may be therby chaſtiſed

And if it ſeme in youre opinyon
In this caas I ſhuld be vnpure
I wyll receyue iuſt punycion
And the peyne paciently endure
If it ſo ſtonde that ꝑauenture
Ye deme of reſon that be ſo iuſt and ſtable
In this mater that I be culpable

Hir tale tolde whan they longe had muſed
On this complaynt in their inwarde ſight
Of trouth echon they helde hir full excuſed
Made a beheſt with all their full myght
To auenge hir wronge and ſuccour anone right
Toke a ſharpe knif or they might aduerte
And roue hir ſilf euene through the herte

## The compleynt of Bochas vpon the luxurye of princes as by exaumples of many diuers myſchaũcys

Ochas in herte brennynge hote as fyre
b Of very Ire and indignacion
Ageyne tho princes which in their deſire
Haue fully ſet their delectacion
Their felicite and their affeccion
To folowe their luſtys of fals lecherye
Frowarde ſpouſebrech and of auoutrye

He writeth ageyne that ſeketh occaſions
Places of luſtes to haue their liberteys
For to fulfyll their delectacions
And for to accompliſſh their greate diſhoneſtees
Deuiſe oute tauernes in borowes and citees
And ſittynge there amonge their companye
After the dede they booſt of their folye

If any man pynche at their outrage
Or theym rebuke for their tranſgreſſions
They wyll anſwere with frowarde fals langage
And for their party alledge greate reſons
Firſt howe it longith to their condicions
By right of nature as it is well couth
Frely to vſe lechery in youth

Afferme alſo howe lawe of kinde is fre
And ſo afforce theym to ſuſteine their partye
By exaumple of dauyd which that toke barſabe
And for hir ſake howe he ſlough vrye
Dede manſlaughter and fals auoutrye
For theym alledgynge ageyne right and reſon
For dalida the luxurie of ſampſon

The ſtorye alſo they frowardly applye
Howe for a woman prudent Salamon
The lorde offendynge dyd Idolatrie
And in difference of their opinion
Reherce theſe ſtoryes for their excuſacion
Of their errour therby a pryce to wynne
As tofore god lecherye were no ſynne

They nat conſidre in their entencion
Of theſe ſtoryes of euery circumſtaunce
Firſt of kinge dauyd the greate contricion
Nor vpon ſampſon howe god toke vengeaunce
Firſt howe he loſte his force and his puiſſaunce
For his offence they haue nat this in mynde
Nor howe both his iyen were made blynde

Nor their reſons they liſt nat to enclyne
For to conceyue in their diſcrecion
The ſpryte of wiſdome heuenly and dyuyne
was take awey fro prudent Salamon
In chaſtiſynge for his trangreſſion
And ſome doctours afferme ouermore
Howe ſalamon repentyd him full ſore

The play of youth folke called lecherye
Sey it is a game of nature
And to ſuſteyne and bere vp their partye
Howe it ſit well by recorde of ſcripture
Vnto euery lyuely creature
That ſtant in fleſſh and in coraious
Of very kinde to be lecherous

Vicious reporte they haue in remembraunce
But vertuous thinge is ferre out of mynde
Fleſſhly luſtes and lecherous pleſaunce
In their deſires be nat left behinde
Auauntynge lyenge they can of newe oute finde
And nowe a dayes they hold it curteſye
Othys horrible flaterynge and rebaudye

In their auyce they take lytell hede
Vnto the doctryne of noble Scipion
Which commaundyd in ſtory as I rede
To Maſinyſſa full famous of renoun
Nat to touch by no condicion
Sophoniſba faireſt of viſage
But it were by wey of mariage

Though ſhe were borne of the blode royall
Hir youth was ſet to all honeſte
Doughter and heire to noble haſtruball
Duke of cartage the ſtory ye may ſe
And for hir vertues of femynyte
She weddyd was of birth as ſhe was lyke
To kinge Siphay which regned in affrike

And for to preue the greate liberte
Which is in vertue conueyed by reſon
And the fals thraldom of diſhoneſte
Of both to make a playn comparyſon
After the doctryne of Cenſoryn Caton
Shewed by him to folkes in commune
That vertue neuer is ſubget to fortune

Vertue conſerueth meſure and reaſon
Conſidereth thinges afore or they befall
Taketh none empriſes but of diſcrecion
And on prudence foundeth hir werkes all
Ay to hir counſeyle attemperaunce ſhe doth call
Warly prouydinge in hir ſilf withinne
The ende of thinges tofore or ſhe begynne

This was the doctryne taught forth of caton
Lecherous luſtys to put theym vnder fote
Grauntynge to vertue the domynacyon
Pluk up vices braunch crop and rote
Frute of goodneſſe groweth vp ſo ſote
Whan it is plantyd of youthe in corage
It neuer appelleth in helth of his tarage

Caton of vertue was a cheef officer
Preferringe euer comon commoditees
Tofore prophetes that were ſingulier
To enhaunce the comon in kingdoms and citees
Their wyttes peyſed and their habilitees
Perſones promotynge in whome it was ſuppoſed
That they in vertue were naturally diſpoſed

Manly in herte he was ay to ſuſtene
Indifferent trouth and all iuſtiſe
Fleſſhly delytes of folke that were vnclene
He was ay redy by rigoure to chaſtiſe
And ſet lawes in full prudent wiſe
For to punyſſh flaterers and lechours
And ſuch as were open auoutors

He had of wymen none opinyon
With theym to dele for luſt nor for bewte
But if it were for procreacion
So ſtable he was founde in his degre
The boke redynge of Immortalite
Which plato made the trouth well oute ſought
Therin concludynge howe ſoules dye nought

But lyueth euer in ioy or peyne
Thus wrote plato in his orygynall
Men may the body by deth full well conſtreyne
But the ſoule ay abideth immortall

For which this Caton ſtedfaſt as a wall
For comon profite to dye was nat aferde
Whan he him ſilfe ſlewe with a nakyd ſwerde

But to fortune afore his deth he ſayde
O thou princeſſe of worldly godes veyne
To thy flaterers I neuer dyd abrayde
Thy fauoure is ſo fals and vncerteyne
That neuer I ſought no fraunchiſe to atteyne
As for my ſilf no parciall ſingulerte
But all for profite touchinge the comonte

Ageyne ceſar I made reſiſtence
To conquere fredom to me and to the town
Freely to eſchewe his mortall violence
This worlde deſpiſynge in myn opinyon
Oure fraunchyſe thrallyd vnder ſubiection
Iuſtly forſakynge the variaunce of this life
My ſoule conueyed to be contemplatife

This philoſophre this prudent olde Caton
Tendringe in herte comon comodites
Tofore his deth wrote of compaſſion
To theym that ſat in roiall dignitees
Which had of vertue loſt the lybertees
Princes beſechinge that were luxurious
To take exaumple and folowe kinge Druſius

The which druſius by ſucceſſion
Heire to auguſtus was next him emperoure
Set all in vertue his affeccion
And it to cheriſſh dyd hooly his laboure
To luſt vnlefull he neuer gaue fauoure
And touchinge loue duringe all his lif
He neuer had luſt but oonly to his wife

And in his paleys amyd of his royall ſee
Of noble princes dwellynge in rome town
He ayed was for all his dignite
What maner corage of temptacyon
Or what feruence or delectacion
Within him ſilf he had of loues play
Hool by his wife whan he a bedde lay

And like a prince fulfylled of high nobleſſe
Anſwered ageyne with ſobre countenaunce
Touchinge ſuch luſt as foloweth fleſſhlyneſſe
Lyke as nature me put in gouernaunce
In one alone is ſet all my pleſaunce
For with none other for no concupiſcence
Saue with my wyfe I neuer dyd offence

Princes echon folowe nat the traas
Of noble deuiſes as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
For ſūme haue ſtonde all in a nother caas
Such as can holde two or thre in honde
Nowe here nowe there as boyes come to londe
Nat conſideringe their crees nor diſauayle
Whan newe fangylneſſe bloweth in theyr ſayle

Eke Bochas writeth ſūme princes haue be bounde
Which vicioufly haue done their beſy peyne
Vertuous wymen by flatery to confounde
And tendre maydens to bringe in a trayne
Such manacis and tormentys to ordeyne
Theym to transfourme from their ꝑſeueraunce
And interrupte their virginall conſtaunce

But of ſuch folke that yeue no force of ſhame
Nor drede god ſuch treynes to deuiſe
Huſbondmen forſoth ar mooſt to blame
With foreyne wymen to treſpace in ſuch wyſe
I trowe their wyues theym may ynough ſuffiſe
For many be feble their dettys for to quyte
Though they in chaunge theym ſilf falſly delyte

Sūme afferme for theym ſilf alledgynge
To ſuch outrage that they haue licence
Frely of nature to vſe theyr owne thinge
And in ſuch cas to no wight doo offence
But frowarde is their errour in ſentence
Fro bonde of wedlok whan they be ſo vnſtable
And tofore god mooſt hateful and dampnable

For ſhe that is through hir highe nobleſſe
Named of clerkes which clerkly can concerne
Doughter of god lady and princeſſe
Reſon called to guyde folke and gouerne
Atwene good and euyll iuſtly to diſcerne
She hath departyd pleynly to concl⸗ude
The lyfe of man from lyfe of beſtis rude

This lady reſon ſith go full yore
Gaue vnto man wyt and diſcrecion
Taught him alſo by hir ſouereyne lore
Twene vice and vertue a greate diuiſion
And he ſhulde in his eleccion
Vnto all vertue naturally obeye
And in contrarye all vicious lif werrey

And to exprience in his memoriall
Howe of luxure the greate diſhoneſte
Diffourme a man and make him beſtyall
And diſfigure of what eſtate he be

For whan that reſon of high or lowe degre
Is fled awey folke may afferme than
He is like a beſt rather than a man

Wherfore lete princes that haue ben defectyfe
To folowe their luſtes of ſenſualite
Shape theym by reaſon for to amende their liſe
And to conſerue and kepe their chaſtite
Both of virgyns and wifly honeſte
And to punyſſh all tho that liſt laboure
The honeſt fame of wymen to deuoure

For whan a lechoure by force or by maiſtrye
Defouled hath of virgynes the clenneſſe
Widowes oppreſſed and by auoutrye
Aſſayled wyues that ſtode in ſtableneſſe
Who may than their ſclaundrous harme redreſſe
Whan their gode name is hurte by ſuch report
For fame loſt ones can neuer haue his reſort

A theef may robbe a man of his richeſſe
And by ſome mene make reſtitucion
And ſum man may diſherite and oppreſſe
A pore man from his poſſeſſion
And after make ſatyſfaccion
But no man may reſtore in no degre
A mayden robbyd of hir virginite

A man may alſo bete a caſtell down
And bylde it after more freſſhly to the ſight
Exile a man oute of a region
And him reuoke where it be wronge or right
But no man hath the power nor the myght
For to reſtore the paleys virgynall
Of chaſtite whan broken is the wall

Men may alſo put oute of ſeruiſe
And officers remeue from their place
And at a day whan fortune liſt deuiſe
They may ageyne reſtoryd be to grace
But there is nouther tyme ſet nor ſpace
Nor neuer in ſtory nouther redde nor ſeyne
That maydenhede loſt recured was ageyne

For which men ſhulde haue a conſcience
Rewe in their herte and repente ſore
And haue remors in their greate offence
To rauyſſh thinge which they may nat reſtore
For it is ſaide and hath ben ſayde ful yore
The Emeraude grene of ꝑfight chaſtite
Stolne onys away may nat recured be

And hard it is to rauyſſhe a treſoure
which of nature is nat recupable
Lordſhyp may nat of kinge nor emperoure
Refourme a thinge which is nat refourmable
Ruſt of diffame which is nat reparable
And maydenhede loſt of newe or yore
No man alyue may it ageyne reſtore

Romayns olde through their pacience
Suffred tirauntys in their tyrannyes
And in their cite to do greate violence
The peple to oppreſſe with their robberies
But to punyſſh they ſet ſtreyte eſpyes
On fals auoutours as it is well couth
wydowes to rauyſſhe and maydens in ther youth

Vpon this mater the ſtory bereth wytneſſe
Touchinge thevil of kinge tarquinius
Afore reherſyd by wrytinge full expreſſe
The hatefull deth of apius claudius
For his treſpas done to virginius
The iugementys reherſyd and the peyne
And fro the offyce depryued bothe tweyne

was nat the cite whilom deſolat
Of Synachites for their ribaudye
Of one ſichem which gan a greate debate
To haue accompliſſhed his foule lecherye
whan yonge dyna as bokes ſpecifie
went rechleſly walkynge vp and doun
To ſe the maydens of that royall toun

But whan Sychem this dyna dyd eſpye
Sool by hir ſilf walke in the cyte
He began anone aſſayle hir by mayſtrye
And for to aforce hir virgynyte
Bycauſe ſhe had no leyſer for to flee
whoos greate offence and tranſgreſſion
The cyte brought vnto diſtruccion

Hir fader Iacob and hooly hir kinrede
Ageyne this Sichem gan inwardly diſdeyne
whan the furye of mars was mooſt to drede
To be venged they dyd their beſy peyne
And ſpecially hir worthy brethern tweyne
Fyll on the cyte Symeon and leuy
To auenge their ſuſter and ſtroy it fynally

So mortally they gan with theym ſtryue
with their ſwerdys grounde ſharpe and kene
Of male children they left none alyue
They were ſo vengeable in their furious tene
The Sychanytes might nat ſuſteine
That day ageyne theym to ſtonde at diffence
So importable was their violence

For where that god liſt punyſſh a man of right
By mortall ſwerde farwele all riſiſtence
whan grace faileth force goth awey and myght
Febleth of princes the magnificence
Chaunge their power into impotence
Reuerſeth the kinges their ſtatly regalye
Exaumple in Sichem for his fals auoutrye

It was an harde dredfull punycion
That one princis treſpas in lecherye
Cauſed afore god that all a region
Deſtroyed was withoute remedye
This ſtory tolde for to exemplifye
whan noble princes to wymen theym ſubmitte
Grace and all fauoure anone doth from theym flyt

Of this mater what ſhulde I write more
In geneſis the reſidue ye may rede
The deth of Sichem and of kinge Emor
And howe their kingdome deſtroyed was in dede
Of Sychanytes lo here the finall mede
Of lecherye and of his fals pleſaunce
which many a realme hath brought vnto miſchaunce

what ſhulde I eft reherce ageyne or write
The fals auoutrye of Paris and heleyne
Their wofull fall Guido dyd endyte
Poetes echon eke dyd theyr beſy peyne
To declare howe only by theſe tweyne
The worthy blode for ſhort concluſion
Of troy and grece cam to diſtruccion

But oft it falleth that moch habundaunce
Of worldly good with greate eaſe and richeſſe
In folke that ſet all hooly their pleſaunce
To folowe their luſtys and frowarde wilfulneſſe
Hath cauſed in londes greate miſcheif and diſtreſſe
whan vicious life their corages dyd encombre
Deſtroyed kingdoms and peple oute of noumbre

For whan the people through fals obſtynacye
Is indurate to amende theym and correct
And wyll nat tourne theym from theyr lechery
But ay be redy their ſoulys to enfect
And vnto purpos my ſtyle I wyll directe
To exaumplifye howe Gabaa the town
was for his ſynnes brought to confuſion

whilom this people called Gabonytes
From Beniamyn deſcendyd in their lyne
were ay diſpoſyd to folowe theyr deſires
And of cuſtome their wittes dyd enclyne
In worldly plente to floure and to ſhyne
And dempt alwey to theym it was mooſt due
Of wylfulneſſe their luſtys for to ſue

In lecherye was ſet all their pleſaunce
And in that vice they lad mooſt their lyf
wherby they were brought vnto myſchaunce
And many ſlayne by full mortall ſtrife
whan the leuyte cam forby with his wife
Full excellent of fetures and beutye
And toke his lodgynge within that greate cyte

He was full olde and ſhe was inly fayre
He impotent and ſhe but tendre of age
Through Gabaa makinge there repaire
The citeſyns of importune rage
Shewynge the furie of their greate outrage
So longe that nyght hir bewtye dyd aſſayle
Tyll life and breth atonys dyd faile

Contagious the ſclaundre and the diffame
In iudicum the ſtory ye may rede
which to reherce is a maner ſhame
To here the abuſion of that foule dede
And howe the leuite amorowe gan take hede
with pitous chere and ſawe his yonge wife
Tofore the gate depryued of hir life

He hent hir vp and layde hir on his aſſe
To noyſe this cryme vpon euery ſyde
Though in ſuch cas he myght doo no laſſe
Toke a ſharpe ſwerde and lyſte no lengre abide
On twelue pties he gan hir to deuide
And to eche trybe of Iacob he hath ſent
A certeyne pyte to ſe their iugement

which thinge to theym was hatefyll and terrible
And in their ſight full abhomynable
And in all haſte likely and poſſible
All of one wyll and one corage ſtable
On Gabynates for to be vengeable
They gadryd haue ſhortly to conclude
Taſſaile that town a full greate multitude

whan they firſt mette atwene theym thus it ſtode
The twelue tribus were twyes put to flight
On outher pyte greate quantyte of blode
was ſhed amonge theym in that mortall fight
For ſixty thouſande who that coumpte aright
were ſlayne there the ſtory wyll nat lye
To auenge the ſclaundre of fals auoutrye

Loo here the guerdon of the frowarde firis
Of lecherous folke that wyll nat ſtaunchyd be
That brent ſo hote through beſtyall deſiris
In Gabaa the myghty ſtronge cyte
which was deſtroyed for his inequite
And almooſt brought of Beniamyn the lyne
Through his offence to eternall ruyne

Eke for his feruent dronkyn lecherye
Olophernes by Iudith loſt his hede
And all his hoſt and all his chyualrye
Left the felde and fled away for drede
And he lay bathyd in his blode all rede
Thus thrugh this vice if it be wele ſought
Full many a prince hath be brought to nought

These ſayde ſtories ought Inough ſuffiſe
If men wolde conſidre and take hede
The greate vengeaunces in many ſondry wiſe
which god hath take for this ſynne in dede
As in their bokes they may beholde and rede
warnynges afore full oft put at prees
Howe they theym ſilf ſhal ſaue fro myſcheef

## Lenuoye.

his tragedye yeueth vs a grete warnynge
t By clere exaumples of many folde reſon
Howe many a prince for their miſleuynge
And many rich roiall mighty town
Many a cyte and many a regyon
Haue been euer ſith full notable and famous
For ſynne of princes that were lecherous

The choſe of god dauid the worthy kinge
Prophete of prophetes mooſt ſouereyn of renoun
On Berſabe for a ſodeyn lokinge
To ſlee Vrye caught occaſion
For which he ſuffryd greate punycion
Chaſtiſed of god he and all his hous
For cauſe only that he was lecherous

Greate repentaunce he had and greate ſorowynge
And made pſalmys of greate contricion
With wofull terys and manyfolde wepinge
To make a ſeth for his tranſgreſſion
yeuynge to princis full clere direccion
For to eſchewe the flaterye odyous
And the fals fraude of woman lecherous

Where was there euer of ſcience or cūnynge
So renomed as was kinge Salamon
yit wymen made him through fals flateringe
To foreyne goddis done oblacion
which clipſed his honoure and brought his fame doū
That was in whilom mooſt vertuous
Tyll he through wymen fyll to be lecherous

Is it nat eke remembryd by wrytinge
Of iſrael howe the chief champion
Which goddis people had in his ledynge
I mene the famous mighty ſtronge Sampſon
That through his force torent the lyon
But dalida with terys plentuous
His grace bereft him and made him lecherous

Sichem was ſlayne eke for the rauyſſhinge
Of yonge dyna as made is mencion
His fader Emor brought to his endynge
Loſt his riches in that deſcencion
And his kingdom brought to deſtruccion
Loo here the ende of princes vicious
Which theym diſpoſe for to be lecherous

It is in erth one the mooſt pitous thinge
A prince to be of his condicion
Effimynat his wittys enclynynge
By fals deſires of fleſſhly mocion
To put him ſilf vnder ſubieccion
And thrall his reſon treſour mooſt precious
To the vnlefull luſtys hatefull and lechorous

This is the ſentence full pleynly in menynge
Where wymen haue the domynacion
To holde the reyne their lokys oute caſtynge
That ſenſualite hath Iuriſdiccion
To entre on reſon by fals intruſion
Werre ageyne vertue mooſt contagious
To be venquiſſhyd of luſtys lecherous

It taketh fro men their clereneſſe of ſeynge
Cauſeth greate ſekeneſſe and corrupcion
And to all vertue it is gretteſt hindrynge
Maketh men ſeme olde as by inſpeccion
Appallith their mynde and diſpoſicion
Shortith their daies thinge dredfull and pitous
Whan they diſpoſe theym to be lecherous

Noble princes in your ymagenynge
Conceyue of wymen the fals deception
Namely of theym that loue but for wynnynge
And labour ay for your poſſeſſion
Whoos ſugred flaterye is fals colluſion
Lyke to Syrenes with vois melodious
Enoynte youre eyes to make you lecherous

## Howe Cambyſes aſſentynge to the murdre of his brother mergus/ at the laſt ſlough him ſilf

After the deth of mighty kinge cirus
Next cam his ſonne called cambyſes
Heyre by ſucceſſion full victorious
Which tofore bochas put him ſilf in prees
And gan his compleynt this is doutles
That they of Egipt in many vncouth wiſe
To ſondry goddys dyd ſacrifiſe

Firſt vnto apys they dyd ſacrifiſe
Callyd Serapys their greteſt god of all
Regnynge in egipt mooſt of excellence
And god of goddys folys dyd them call
And of his nobleſſe thus it is befall
Slayne by his brother which is a greate wonder
Seuered on pecis and full ferre caſt aſondre

And they of egipte made theyr ordenaunce
Vpon peyne of deth in their ſtatute olde
A god to call him and do their obſeruaunce
Within his templis like as they were holde
Wherof Cambices tofore as I you tolde
All the temples of that region
Caſt him by force for to throwdown

The temple of Jupiter to robbe it by rapyne
Called amon without excepcion
His knyghtes ſente to bringe it to ruyne
But they echon for their preſumpcion
With ſodeyne leuene were ſmet and bete down
Wherof Cambiſes in aſye tho regnynge
Had this dreme as he lay ſlepynge

He drempt his brother that called was Mergus
Shulde in the kindom after hym ſuccede
Wherof in herte he wexe ſo enuyous
That he purpoſed of rancoure and hatrede
By ſome mene to make his ſides blede
And that his purpos ſhulde take auayle
A magicien he toke to his counſayle

And he was holde a full greate philoſophre
Callyd cometes full ſleighty and cunnynge
To whom cambiſes made a full large profre
Of golde and treſoure to make hym aſſenting
To execute this horrible thinge
And that he wolde in mooſt cruell wiſe
The murdre of Mergus compaſſe and diuiſe

And while cambiſes ordeyned this treſon
To ſle mergus his owne brother dere
God from aboue caſt his iyen down
Him to puniſſh in full cruell manere
For he wexed wode who ſo liſt to lere
Caught a ſharpe ſwerde and roue his thigh on twene
And ſodenly he dyed for the peyne

For two cauſes god toke on him vengeaunce
As myn auctour bochas doth expreſſe
For his preſumptuous and fals diſabeiſaunce
Spoilynge the godes of hir greate richeſſe
And for the frowarde greate vnkindneſſe
To yeue aſſent to the contagious cas
Whan that mergus his brother murdred was

The deth of whom was chef occaſion
Of full greate werre ſtryues and debate
The fynall cauſe why all the region
Of mighty Perce ſtode diſconſolate
For there was none of high nor lowe eſtate
By title of right through his vnhappy chaunce
To be there kinge and haue the gouernaunce

For the magycien called cometes
Which ſlough mergus as ye haue herde expreſſe
Toke his brother called oropaſtes
And made him kinge the ſtory bereth witneſſe
Bycauſe that he reſemblyd in likeneſſe
Vnto mergus of face and of ſtature
To crowne him kinge therfore he dyd his cure

The deth of mergus outwarde was nat knowe
Nor pleynly publiſſed in that region
His body buryed and caſt in erthe lowe
Of whom the murdre and fraudolent treſon
The pitous ſlaughter wrought by colluſion
And all the mater by proceſſe was eſpied
So openly it might nat be denyed

And in what wiſe the noyſe gan out ſprede
Touchinge this murdre odious for to here
Whan that oropaſtes occupied in dede
The crowne of perce the ſtory doth vs lere
There was a prince full notable and entere
Called hoſtanes than gan his wit applye
Of high prudence this murdre oute teſpye

While that oropaſtes vnder a fals pretence
Of perciens was receyued as for kinge
The ſeyde prince dyd his diligence
By inquiſicion to haue knowlegynge
By what ingyne or by what ſleighty thinge
The ſeide oropaſtes caught occaſion
In ſtede of mergus to occupye the crown

On this matere he had a coniecture
That his title was nouther hole ne clere
The trouth to trye he dyd his beſy cure
And to ſerch oute hooly the manere
He ſought ſo ferre that he cam right nere
And in this cas lettyd for no ſlouth
Tyll that he had founde oute the trouth

The cas was this pleynly to termyne
He had a doughter full faire of hir viſage
Which of the kinge was chereſt concubyne
By whom he thought to catch auauntage
And vnto hir he hath ſent his meſſage
Secrely to enquere howe it ſtode
Where that the kinge were come of cirus blode

And bad that ſhe ſhulde ſecrely take hede
While that he ſlept to do hir beſy peyne
With hir handes for to fele his hede
And to grope after both his erys tweyne
And if it fyll there is nomore to ſeyne
Vpon his hede that ſhe none erys found
To tell hir fader of trouth as ſhe was bounde

This mighty prince hoſtanes knewe wel
Right as it is recordyd by ſcripture
Touchinge this cas howe it ſtode euery dell
Howe kinge Cambiſes of ſodeyn auenture
By his lyue for aforfeture
Made of Oropaſtes the ſtory ſeith nat nay
Let his tweyne erys to be cut away

And herupon to be certyfied
He was deſirous to haue full knowlegynge
Which by his doughter whan it was eſpied
Vpon a night lyenge by the kinge
Gropynge his hede as he laye ſlepynge
Full ſubtyll felte and toke good hede
Howe he none erys had vpon his hede

And to her fader anone ſhe hath declared
The ſecretneſſe of this auenture
And for no fere nor drede ſhe hath nat ſpared
Howe that it ſtode pleynly to diſcure
And firſt of all he dyd his beſy cure
All the princes of perce londe Ifere
To counſeyle call to entrete of this matere

And whan they were aſſembled euerychon
Of Oropaſtes he tolde theym all the chaunce
And howe that mergus was murdred porragon
As here tofore is put in remembraunce
Whereupon to ſet an ordenaunce
And to redreſſe theſe wronges done toforne
Of pce londe were ſeuene princes ſworne

Of one aſſent in their entencion
By bonde of othe they made their aſſuraunce
And a full ſecrete communicacon
To put Oropaſtus from his totall puiſſaunce
Which had all pce vnder his gouernaunce
By a full fals pretence of heritage
For he was like to mergus of viſage

These ſeuene princes of which toforne I tolde
All of one herte and by their othe Ibounde
Prudent and manly and of yerys olde
Haue ſought a tyme Oropaſtes to confounde
And with their ſwerdes ſharpe whet and grounde
Vnder couert in their apparaile
Cam of entent Oropaſtes to aſſayle

And in the palais whom euer that they met
Or ageyne theym made reſiſtence
All of accorde they fercly on hym ſet
But the magicien that was there in their preſence
Cam ageyne theym by ſturdy violence
And at thencountre gan theym ſo conſtreyne
That of the princes they haue Iſlayne tweyne

But fynally the tother princes fyue
Whan that they ſawe their tweyne feris blede
In all the paleys they left none alyue
And kinge Oropaſtes quakinge in his drede
Full vnwarly or that he toke hede
Was ſlayne there guerdoned for al his might
Of pretence kinges that regne and haue no right

### Howe Oropaſtes occupped the crowne of Perce by Iniuſt title was murdred

For lyke thy moder if thou receyue me
And me accepte vnto thy preſence
I muſt therafter ſo gouerned be
To tell my tale playnly in ſentence
So that thou yeue me frendly audience
And if I be nat receyued in ſuch wiſe
More ſtrongly my tale I muſt diuiſe

This noble prince thys Corolian
Whan that he herde his moder thus compleyne
Full lyke a lorde and a knyghtly man
Gan hir embrace in his armys tweyne
In lowly wiſe there is no more to ſeyne
Sauf lyke a ſonne of dute and right
To hir he ſayde full lyke a gentyll knyght

Madame quod he be it to youre pleſaunce
To here my concepte as in this matere
With feythfull herte and humble attendaunce
I you receyue as for my moder dere
But and ye lyke benyngly to here
The ingratitude done in mooſt cruell wyſe
To me of romayns I purpos to chaſtiſe

A ſonne quod ſhe touchinge their offence
Done to thy nobleſſe and their greate outrage
They ſhall by menys their treſpaſſe recompence
And thinke thou art borne of their lynage
And ſuffre that mercy thy rigoure may aſwage
And thinke of nature thou mayſt nat wel withſeye
Thinge for the which thy modre doth nowe preye

Thou ſhalt nat cloſe thyn entrayles of pite
To the requeſtys of me and of thy wife
Nor gynne a werre ageyne thy cuntre
To ſtroye thy kyne by newe mortall ſtrife
Thy childern and me to make vs loſe oure life
Weye in balaunce to romayns thyn hatred
Ageyns the loue of me and of thy kynrede

Sende home ageyne thy ſtraunge ſoudiours
Which ben ſo redy the romayns blode to ſhede
Lette ſtonde in pees oure walles and oure toures
Suffre thy grace thy rancoure to excede
So that thy pyte may put awaye all drede
And condeſcende to receyue for hoſtage
Me to be pledge for their greate outrage

Beholde the wombe in whiche that thou were borne
And ſe alſo my nakyd ſydes tweyne
By which thou were foſtred here toforne
If there were lacke thou woldiſt crye and pleyne
Remembre theron and at me nat diſdeyne
But vnto mercy receyue this cyte
At the requeſt here of thy wyfe and me

Whilom my mylke thy cheriſſhinge was and fode
To ſtynte thy crye whan thou dydeſt wepe
There ſote droppys full holſom were and gode
Thy tendre youth for to preſerue and kepe
And lyke a modere to bringe the a ſlepe
I woke full oft to the I was ſo kinde
Wherfore dere ſonne on my requeſte haue mynde

If that thou liſt this cyte nowe torment
Their demerytys by rigoure recompence
Punyſſhe me for theym and I wyll aſſente
To bere the gilt of their greate offence
But dere ſonne let thy magnificence
Suffre of knighthode that mercy may in dede
Attempre thy right or thou to dome procede

Suffre romayns to lyue in quiete
Graunt theym pees ageyne their greate outrage
Some drop of pite let in thyn herte flete
And thinke thou art borne of their lynage
Loke vpon theym with mercifull viſage
Which offre theym ſilfe as they ſhall fulfyll
Their lif their deth all hooly at thy wyll

Remembre of nature howe that the lyon
Sette aſide his rage and his woodneſſe
To theym that mekely afore him fall down
His royall kinde will do theym no dureſſe
Texemplyfye to knightly nobleſſe
With rigorous ſwerde thou ſhalt nomore manace
Theym that be lowly yelde vnto thy grace

And whan this prince this Corolian
Had herde all that his moder liſt to ſeyne
He goth to hir in all the haſt he can
Beſpreynt with terys that on his chekys reyne
And hir embracyd with his armys tweyne
And ſayde moder there may be no lettynge
Me hole of herte to graunte youre axynge

The ſege he made for to auoide awaye
And to repayre home to their cuntre
And with his moder and wife he was that day
With greate gladneſſe and ſolempnite
Anone receyued into that cite
Lyke as fortune him neuer wolde haue fayled
But ſhe ſone after of newe hath him aſſayled

The very romayns ſtormy and vnſtable
which neuer in one ſtyll coude abyde
Agayne this prince mooſt knightly and notable
For to conſpire of newe they gan prouide
And banyſſhed him to Tuſkan there beſide
where he was ſlayne within a lityell ſpace
For he the romayns afore toke to grace

### Howe Melciades duke of Athenys with ſmal noumbre venqueſſhyd .vi. C. M. perciens / and after by his comonte that ay of cuſtum deſireth a chaunge of prynces newe he was cheyned in priſon and ſo dyed

Amonge other that put theym ſilf in prees
For to bewayle their greuous heuyneſſe
Cam of Athenys duke Melciades
which through his manhode & famous high proweſſe
And through his knightly renomed nobleſſe
Like as auctours his tryumphes lyſt cōmende
Faught many a batayle his cite to defende

And of victories as it is compiled
For comon profite of that notable toun
Faught with a tiraunt that was tofore exiled
Called hippias which by fals treſon
Had to kinge Darye made a ſuggeſtyon
Vpon athenys in all the haſt he myght
To reiſe all perce agayne that toun to fight

Six hundred thouſande acoūted was the noumbre
Of perciens armyd in plate and mayle
Theym of Athenes by force to encombre
Echone aſſembled theym proudly to aſſayle
But this duke for no thinge wolde fayle
Melciades but knightly toke his place
with ten thouſande he met him the in face

For both he was right manly and right wys
And of his handys prouyd a right good knight
Set vpon theym with ſo prudent auys
That they of perce for all their greate might
were foure tymes put vnto flyght
By thilke duke if I ſhall nat feyne
And by the nobleſſe other knightes of twayne

Themyſtodes I called was the tone
whice of his hande as auctours liſt diſcriue
was in a felde prouyd on his fone
The manly knight in his tyme alyue
which thylke day ſo proudly dyd ſtryue
Agayne theym of perce and ſuch a ſlaughter make
That fynally the felde they haue forſake

Cynegirus a knight eke of that toun
The ſame day thrugh his chiualrye
with blody ſwerde as he went vp and doun
without noumbre in his malencolye
Slough perciens bokys ſpecifie
That for the tyme that they no refute cūne
Saue to their ſhippes for drede of deth the rūne

And there he wrought a ſtraunge greate meruayle
As writeth bochas affermynge in certeyn
The gretest ſhip that bare largeſt ſayle
with his right hande he gan it ſo reſtreyne
Lyke as it had be faſtned with a cheyne
Maugre Perciens which dyd theym ſore greue
That by no craft they coude nat make it meue

But whan that they none other refute wyſt
Freely to eſcape out of his daungere
Tyll they his right hande hughe of by the wreſt
But with his left hande he gan approch nere
And helde it ſtyll an vncouth thinge to here
That he had force ſo great a ſhip to let
But than alas his left hande of they ſmet

Yit maugre theym whan he their malice ſeeth
All were it ſo that he had loſt eche hande
The ſhip he helde ſtyll with his teeth
That they ne myght departe from the lande
Lyke as their veſſell had fall vpon ſande
Cauſer that day myn auctour doth reherce
Two hundred thouſande were ſlayne of them of perce

And whan this ſinguler mighty champion
Cynegirus mooſt vncouth of corage
Had done this meruayle as made is mencion
Of very anguyſſh he fyll into a rage
Lyke a beeſt furious and ſauage
Ran aboute alas for lak of mynde
In bochas boke nomore of him I fynde

But in this proceſſe after I behelde
Ay howe that fortune can hir frendys faile
For Melciades leder of that felde
And gouernoure of all that greate batayle
Cauſynge victorye as made is reherſayle
Yit his people of malice and of yre
Agayne his nobleſſe falſly gan conſpire

They of Athenys ſet him in pryſon
And in cheynes mightily him bounde
Unkindly they paue him this guerdon
For all the knighthode they in him founde
Yit had he ſuffred many mortall woūde
In their diffence and for their liberttees
To ſaue their lyues their toun and their cuntrees

This was the ende of duke Melciades
Through the conſtreynt of his ſtronge bondes
Eke they exiled the knight Themyſtodes
Oute of their toun to lyue in the ſtraunge londes
That was ſo worthy prouyd of his hondis
To ſhewe the chaunge and mutabilite
Founde in fortune and euery comonte

## Lenuoye

The ſtormy truſt of euery comonte
Their gery corages and troubled cõſtaunce
In this tragedye men may beholde and ſe
Nowe vp nowe doun as fortune caſt hir chaunce
For they of cuſtum haue ioye and mooſt pleſaunce
In their deſires vnſtedfaſt and vntrewe
To ſee eche day a chaunge of princes newe

Corialian of rome a cheef cite
Was their protectoure through his mighty puiſſaunce
Venqueſſhed their ennemyes ſet theym in ſuerte
Brought in rebellis to their obeyſaunce
But they agaynwarde of wilful variaunce
Banyſſhed him twyes and no cauſe knewe
Saue for to ſe a chaunge of princes newe

The knightly nobles the magnanymyte
The police the prudent gouernaunce
Of Melciades duke of the cuntre
Where that athenys is cheef toun in ſubſtaunce
Whan he their comon gaune mooſt to auaunce
The more vnkindly in honoure that they grewe
Mooſt they were beſy to chaunge him for a newe

Themyſtodes hauynge the ſouereynte
Of knightes all that bare ſpere or launce
Durynge his tyme I take nomore on me
For comparisons doo oft tymes greate greuaunce
Fyue hundred thouſande he put to vttraunce
Unto Athenys neuer founde vntrewe
Yit they conſpired his exile for a newe

What thynge may here floure in felicite
Or ſtonde ſtable by longe contynuaunce
In highe eſtates outher in lowe degre
Nowe flowe nowe ebbe nowe ioye nowe miſchaunce
After fortune holdeth the balaunce
And ſpecially fals feynynge and vntrue
Comons deſire a chaunge of princes newe

Noble princes in youre proſperite
On ſodeyne chaunges ſet youre remembraunce
Freſſhneſſe of floures of braunchis the beute
Haue ay on chaunge a tremblynge attendaunce
In truſt of comons is no ꝑſeueraunce
As wynter and Somer been dyuers of their hewe
So be they dyuers in chaunge of princes newe

Howe Xerſes kinge of Perce for his rauyne / and couetiſe was diſmembryd in ſmale pecys

And ſo ſore bochas full pitouſly weppynge
For to deſcriue his dedely heuyneſſe
Cam xerſes next of Perce kinge
And gan compleyne his dool and his diſtreſſe
Which in thre thinges the ſtory bereth witneſſe
And as the cronycle clerely can vs tell
All other princes in erth he dyd excelle

In high eſtate was none ſo greate as he
Nouther in richeſſe nor wordly habundaunce
Nor none that tyme of ſo greate dygnite
For as it is put in remembraunce
He had all Perce vnder his obeyſaunce
Nor neuer prince as auctours do concluđe
Hoſteyed attonys with ſuch a multitude

Space of fyue yere he had his ordynaunce
Seuene hundryd thouſande people he dyd reyſe
Dempte of fals pride ageyne his greate puiſſaunce
None erthely power might counterpeyſe
But ſome auctours alowe him nat nor preyſe
Bycauſe thay he people to encombre
Set all his truſt to conquere with greate noumbre

But manly princes haue this opinyon
In multitude ſtondeth nat victorye
For knightly prowesse of euery champion
Which manly caſt theym in armys to haue victorye
Enprentyd haue fix in his memorye
Marciall triumphes god ne doth nat ſhewe
In noumbre greate no rather than in fewe

This ſeyde xerſes by recorde of auctours
Had alſo in cronycles as I rede
Thre hundred thouſand ſtraunge ſoudeours
Without other that were of perce and mede
Which gan the erth for to cure and ſprede
Dried ryuers they dyd atteyne.
Karf doun hilles and made valeis pleyne

This was cheef conceyte of his fantaſies
To haue all erth vnder ſubieccion
Thought his power raught aboue the ſkyes
Of ſurquedye and fals preſumpcion
For as he dempte in his opinion
Howe in his power playnly that it lay
Fro god of heuene the heuene to take awaye

But thilke lorde that can the meke enhaunce
And from their ſeys the proude put doun
And namely theym that haue no remembraunce
To aduertiſe of wiſdome and of reſon
To knowe the lorde mooſt mighty of renoun
The lorde of lordes which playnly to compile
Wyll ſuffre tyrauntys to regne but a while

And one the marueyle that euer I dyd rede
Grettest and vncouth playnly vnto me
Is howe xerſes kinge of perce and mede
For to ſhewe a ſpeciall ſingulerte
Oute of Aſie ouer the greate ſe
As ſaith myn auctour whom I dare alegge
Into Europe made a mighty bridge

Sume men parauenture wyll therat diſdeyne
And [illegible] is a marueyle nat credible
yit craft in caas to ſuch thinge may atteyne
Which by nature ſemeth an impoſſible
And as to me it is a thinge odible
Thinges to impugne auctentike and olde
Which notable clerkes in their dayes tolde

These newe men that haue but lytyll ſeyn
Nouther expert in craft nor in nature
For lacke of reſon holde all ſuch thinge veyn
Though that it be remembred in ſcripture
For euery marueyle and euery auenture
Is to ſtraunge to him as I reherce can
That lacketh the cauſe wherof the grounde began

This ſeyde xerſes had the poſſeſſion
By the title of his fader darye
Of all egipt as made is mencion
But they of grece were to him contrarye
Wherfore he caſt no lenger for to tarye
This proude prince but mightely werreye
Lacedomynoys which wolde him nat obeye

But one that was called Demeratus
Which of that cuntre had afore be kinge
And was exiled the ſtory telleth vs
That tyme with xerſes in houſhold abidynge
Which loued that londe for all his exilinge
Gaue theym warnynge to ſaue them fro myſchaũce
Of xerſes power and all his ordenaunce

He wrote theym letters grauen in a table
All thempriſes of xerſes oute of doute
Of all his ſtuffe and people incomperable
And of his noumbre and his greate route
The which table cured was withoute
Full ſubtilly with wexe I planed playne
That of his londe there was no lettre ſeyne

Thus was thentent of xerſes firſt diſcured
Unto the Grekis and all his fals werkinge
But in one thinge they greatly were aſſured
Of truſt they had by experte knowlegynge
In Leonidas their noble famous kinge
Which amonge Grekys of prowesse & for fight
Was in tho dayes hold for the beſt knight

Of chiualrye called the lode ſterre
The ſumme of knighthode þͭ ſhone ſo bright & ſhene
The berre vp both in pees and werre
And ſtrengeſt pylere his partye to mayntene
The Grekys right hande their nobleſſe to ſuſtene
Charboncle of armys myrrour of policie
And ſureſt capteyne a felde to rule and guye

And as myn auctour remembreth in his boke
Howe in this caas he was nat recheles
But in all haſt foure thouſand men he toke
To let the weyes and comynge of xerſes
And by an hyll called Thermophiles
Where perciens began firſt their viage
He knightly caſt to ſtop their paſſage

The murdre of xerſes outwarde was vnknowe
Nor howe artabanus had the treſon wrought
Tyll afterwarde within a litell throwe
He had of newe forged oute and ſought
Fals odious traynes that were neuer thought
Tolde artaxerſes as he gan with him rowne
Howe darye caſt to occupie the crowne

And howe the deth of xerſes was ordeyned
Only by darye and by none other wight
Wherupon which ought be compleyned
Artaxerſes prouyded anone right
The ſlaughtre of darie and ſo ageyne all right
This yonge brother in his Innocence
Was falſly ſlayne and dyd none offence

Cye wite by whom this treſon was compaſſed
Twene brethren theyme to make diuiſion
The yonger ſlayne and no thinge treſpaſſed
Mooſt redy wey to the deſtruccion
Of artaxerſes for in concluſion
Whan the brethren murdred were in dede
Artabanus thought to ſuccede

But artaxerſes by pleyne inſtruccion
Of one that was called Barcarus
By tokenes knewe the couert fals treaſon
Of this forſaide double artabanus
And howe that he by treynes outragious
Had xerſes ſlayne as ye haue herde to forne
And darye appechyd wherby that he was lorne

But this vncouth ſtraunge treſon wrought
Whan artaxerſes had knowlegynge
By greate aduys weyes he hath ſought
Artabanus to brynge vnto rekenynge
But ſpecially he dred him of one thinge
He feble was to bringe this thinge aboute
Of his ſeuene ſonnes he had ſo greate doute

But for to accompliſſh fully his entent
Full ſecrely this was his ordenaunce
To all the worthy he hath his letters ſent
Dwellynge in perce vnder his obeyſaunce
Withoute excuſe or lenger attendaunce
Armyd echon and eſpeciall
To come in haſt vnto his court royall

Cauſe of their comynge was to him nat knowe
The kinges purpos was holden ſecre
And kept ſo cloos both from high and lowe
That to his menynge no man was pryue

Except the kinge ſayde he wolde ſee
What noumbre of men if it come to nede
In his diffence he might gadre and lede

And amonge other cam artabanus
Vnto the court and liſt nat for to fayle
A man that was cruell and coragious
Full of ſleightes in all his gouernayle
Which thilke tyme armed was in mayle
For he with him none other armoure ladde
Saue on his backe an habucion he hadde

Than artaxerſes beynge in his ſtrength
To him abrayde of fals affeccion
For that my mayle wanteth of his length
I wolde with the chaunge myn habucion
The tother hauynge none euyll ſuſpeccion
Vngyrt him ſilf wolde no lenger byde
Both ſwerde and dagger caſt theym ferre aſide

And while that he threwe of his habucion
And with the mayle ſtopped was his ſight
He beynge nakyd for ſhort concluſion
The kinge oute pulleth a ſwerde kene and bright
And through the herte he roue him anone right
And after that of indignacion
Toke his ſeuene ſonnes and caſt theym in priſon

Of their ende what ſhulde I more endite
Nor of their deth make degreſſion
God may his vengeaunce a while reſpite
But murdre wyll oute and all ſuch treſon
And for artaban had a condicion
Falſly to murdre as ye tofore haue ſeyne
With vnware murdre he guerdoned was ageyne

Thus euer murdre requireth for his wages
Sclaundre importable odious for to here
A worde diffamous mooſt foule in all langages
The ſounde horrible by report to appere
A clyps durynge whoos derkeneſſe may nat clere
For this worde murdre mooſt ougly and vnfaire
By a rehersinge infecteth all the aire

## Of Duke palauntes and Spartenois warred theym of Myſſene for rauyſſhinge their maydens

fter the deth and fatall caas
a And pitous murdre of artabanus
Next in ordre apperyd to Bochas
A mighty duke callyd palantus
Sonne of a knight named arathus
Which was exiled though he no treſon ment
Oute of his cite that called was Tarente

Upon his exile he ſore gan compleyne
Beſechinge Bochas to geue him a ſpace
Within his boke to write his greuous peyne
Albe though he whilom ſtode in grace
By glad aſpectis of fortunes face
For ſhe him reyſed by fauoure of hir might
To Dukes eſtate from a pore knight

But certouſly this mater to conueye
Howe he was made duke and gouernoure
Whan Sperteyns gan mortally werreye
Agayne Myſſenys as ſayth myn auctoure
With greate coſtage and diligent laboure
And cauſe was this for they with mighty honde
Rauyſſhed by force all maydens of that londe

For this people nowe named Spartenoys
As the ſtory clerly can deuyſe
Were called afore Lacedomynois
In armys prouyd manly and right wyſe
And while they dyd a ſolempne ſacrefiſe
Unto their goddes the people of Meſſenye
Rauyſſhed their maydens or they it coude eſpye

On which wronge for to do vengeaunce
The Spartenoyſe caught indignacion
And of aſſent with all their hole puiſſaunce
They layde a ſyege rounde aboute the town
And of one wyll and one affeccion
They made a vowe the ſyege whan they begonne
Neuer to departe tyll the town were wonne

Afore the town fully ten yere they laye
And fro the ſyege as they had made their oth
They nat departyed nouther night nor daye
But ſtyll abode and nat a ſondre goth
Therof their wyues beynge at home were wroth
To theyr huſbondes a meſſangere they ſent
Under theſe wordes declarynge their entent

Sayd it was nat accordynge with reſon
They lyke wydous to lyue diſconſolate
Withoute confort or conſolacion
Ferre from their huſbondys to ſtonde deſolate
Miſcheuys conſidred that fall in eche eſtate
By longe abſence which eche man ſhuld drede
Through diuers ſekeneſſe that fall in womanhede

The tyde abide nat for no maner man
Nor ſtynt hir cours for no creature
And herde it is as we reherce can
Thinge to withſtonde that cometh of nature
Harme done by kinde is frowarde to recure
And there is founde full lytell ſekirneſſe
Where as nature afforceth brotylneſſe

This lytell londe ought Inough ſuffiſe
To declare damage that may fall
By longe abſence folkes that been wiſe
Sumtyme departyd agayne men may nat call
That ſeldom is ſeen in loue doth appalle
And no thinge maketh more wyues erre
Than diſſeueraunce of folke that be in werre

This was the effect pleynly in ſubſtaunce
Sent to their huſbondys which at the ſyege laye
Compleynynge they had had no pleſaunce
Space of ten yere as in loues playe
But deſolate in ſorowe and greate affray
Their lyfe they ladde affermynge in ſentence
Cauſe of their conſtreynt was their longe abſence

And whan the letters were at the ſyege radde
Tofore the cite in all their mortall ſtriues
They were aſtonyed and gan to wax ſadde
And very wery almooſt of their lyues
For to conſidre the compleynte of their wyues
Tyll their capteyne a remedye oute ſought
By whoos counſeyle euyn thus they wrought

First olde knightes that the ſyege ſworne
It for to accompliſſh and caſt theym to be true
His counſeyle was as they had hight beforne
To holde their promys and therfore no thinge rue
But yonge knightes that were come of newe
Myght as they lyſt frely at their wyll
Chose whether they wolde goo or byde ſtyll

And herupon for their mooſt auayle
In haſt their capteyne as made is remembraunce
Of high prudence yaue theym their counſayle
That knightes olde kepe their aſſuraunce
Shulde of the ſiege haue the gouernaunce
And yonge knightes mooſt freſſh and welbeſeyne
Shulde from the ſyege home be ſent agayne

They made amonge them a ful ſtraunge ordinaūce
At their home comynge withoute difference
To entirchaunge their wyues for pleſaunce
And take hir firſt that cam to hir preſence
This was the accorde amonge theym in ſentence
Mooſt redy way to their opynyon
To engendrure and procreacion

There was amonge theym quarell nouther ſtryfe
In this matere nor no variaunce
For euery man myſuſed others wyfe
To their deſires as was to theym pleſaunce
And thus children through this ordenaunce
That were engendryd the cas is thus befall
Parthenops men dyd theym after call

Which in oure tunge to ſpeke in wordes pleyne
After the greek who liſt conſidre and ſe
Is nomore pleynly for to ſeyne
Than thilke children which engendred be
In auoutrye wherfore in that cuntre
Parthenois of cuſtum they were named
Borne of wombes which that were diffamed

The fals occaſion of this auoutrye
Caused after greate myſcheef and damage
That noman coude as for his partye
By ſucceſſion whan he cam to age
By tytle of right cleyme his heritage
For where a lyne falſly doth procede
Harde is to knowe by right who ſhall ſuccede

The diſturbaunce of fals ſucceſſion
And titles cleymed afforced with greate might
Where that auoutrie hath dominacion
And is ſupported of wyll and nat of right
And cleyme of trouth hath loſt his clere ſight
Though their partyes myghty been and stronge
God wilnat ſuffre they ſhal endure longe

And Parthenopſe peiſynge all theſe thinges
Howe fals aſſuraunce was in their lynage
The gyntill blode troubled firſt of kinges
For no man knewe of high nor lowe parage
His owne fader by likelyneſſe of viſage
Nor fader none by his greate errour
Coude preue no title to his ſucceſſoure

Whereupon folowed a greate myſchaunce
Hatefull to here through the cuntre
Eche man troubled in his countenaunce
Who ſhulde cleyme by any lyberte

To entre his londe or to ſtonde fre
Such doubte they had eche man for his partie
So importable was their auoutrye

This greate myſcheef who ſo taketh hede
By longe proceſſe made theym to knowe and ſe
Howe they were able as by lyklyhede
For their outrages for fall in pouerte
And of aſſent they caſt theym for to fle
Vnder a capiteyne by ſtronge and mighty honde
For that cuntre to wynne ſum other londe

And as I rede they chaſe duke Palantus
Of whome I ſpake to gouerne the paſſage
Takinge no leue the ſtory telleth thus
At their departinge begynnynge their viage
They were ſo confus of cheer and of viſage
For there was none of that greate route
To choſe his fader but that ſtode in doute

They helde theym ſilf very aſhamed
And for ſhame oute of that londe they went
Lyke people diſclaundred and diffamed
Through the auoutrye to which they dyd aſſent
And to a cite that called was Tarent
Which ſtant in Poile a mighty ſtronge cuntre
This duke palantus cam with his meyne

And there he put through his greate myght
The citezeines oute of that cyte
And gate Tarente full like a manly knight
And there abode in longe proſperite
As gouernoure and duke of that cuntre
Tyll that his pople by fals colluſion
Him to depryue ſought oute occaſion

They him exiled whan he was fall in age
Lo what it is in comons to aſſure
Stourny of herte vnſure of their corage
That ſelde or neuer their frendſhip doth endure
Men may to day their fauoure well recure
And to morowe let ſet it at a preef
They rathest hindre whan men ſtonde at miſcheef

### Of Ceſon Quincius exiled and Graccus take pryſonere

I Can nomore reherce of Paſantes
Duke and leder of Parthenops
But I wyll tell howe Ceſon quincius
Cam tofore Bochas with a full pitous voys
His tale gan howe graccus prince of Equois
Both atonys gan their ſonge entune
Mooſt doolfully to pleyne on fortune

This mighty prince Ceſon quincius
Compleyned firſt as made is mencion
Howe they of rome were contrarious
And felly wrought to his diſtruccion
And full vniuſtly banyſſhed him the toun
And nat withſtandynge he was a dictatoure
Him to confounde they dyd their beſy laboure

Cauſe of his exile compaſſed as I rede
That he was ſlough they ſeyde and neglygent
Him to defende touchinge appele in dede
Which agayne him was brought of fals entent
yit Cincinatus his fader by aſſent
Payde for amendes as ſey Cronycleris
Met oute of londe draught of thre arblaſteris

Yit his enmyes wolde nat be content
But procede that he was exiled
Dyd extorcion of his iugement
As in his ſtory full playnly is compiſed
He after neuer might be reconſiled
Which I haue pyte to put in remembraunce
So lytell offence ſhulde haue ſoo greate vengeaunce

Graccus of rome called Cloellius
Prince of Equois myn auctour ſeyth the ſame
Was in his tyme notable and glorious
And a greate duke full renomed of fame
But howe the peple of Equois toke firſt their name
Vnder ſupport that no man haue dyſdeyne
I wyll the proceſſe declare here in certeyne

Iohn Bochas ſayth there is a nacion
Which that firſt were called hunoys
And ſecondly alſo by ſucceſſion
Of full longe tyme named anathois
And alderlaſt men called him Equois
Lyke as I trowe myn auctour ſeyth the ſame
Of hors mooſt ſwyft they toke firſt the name

And as it is remembred in ſentence
By their manhode and famous hardyneſſe
Agayne aliſaundre they made a ſtronge diffence
On horſbacke through their greate ſwyftneſſe
Beſide the hyll pleynly to expreſſe
Which in Cronycles is called Caucaſus
This peple of Equois were victorious

So their nobleſſe pleynly as I fynde
No thinge in erth was more expedient
In their conqueſt of Ethiope and ynde
As hors mooſt ſwyft ſeruynge their entent
Therby conquerynge all the oryent
So greate proweſſe was in their paſſage
That Equois brought all Egipt to ſeruage

Thus where euer Equois dyd abyde
They gate greate good to their poſſeſſion
And Graccus was their gouernoure and guyde
Which by his ſterynge and fals ſuggeſtion
Agayne the romayns fyll in greate rebellion
But to withſtonde him they ſent oute anone right
Cincinatus proued a full good knight

He was well truſted and knowe in the toun
And for his prudence choſen a dictatour
His liflode ſmall and his poſſeſſion
Albe he was a worthy werrour
Which hath venqueſſhed by his knightly laboure
The ſeyde Greccus for all his worthy power
And hom to rome brought him priſoner

Cyncinatus in his chaar was ſet
Callyd quincius for this greate victorye
And mooſt ſolempnely with ſenatours met
Which paue to him for to encrece his glorye
Laude of triumphe to put him in memory
And Graccus after for his rebellion
With cheynes bounde caſt in a derke priſon

And there he dyed in full greate myſcheef
After his conqueſtis firſt famous and notable
An euidence to vs and a greate preef
Howe fortune is ay fals and vnſtable
Euer double frowarde and deceyuable
The fall of Graccus declare can full wele
That whilom ſat ſo highe vpon hir whele

### Here Bochas reherceth the tyrannye of Apius and falſneſſe of Iuges

Natwithſtondynge Bochas tofore hathe tolde
Of apius the falſneſſe importable
And his outrages and ſurfetys many folde
To be remembred hatefull and repreuable
it as hym thought it was here couenable
No more rebuke and ſpottynge of his name
Newe to reherce his ſclaundre and diffame

The greate offencys of thys apius
And oppreſſions that he vpon hym toke
Made hym growe ſo mys couetous
Through his rauyne that all the people quoke
As ye may ſe in the ſeconde boke
Where myn auctour doth clerely ſpecifie
His fraude in domys and his lecherye

Eke this tyraunt remembred ye may rede
Cheef iuge he was with other officers
Called Decemvir and through his pride in dede
Ageyne the cuſtum of theym that were his feris
He made to be borne ſtandardes and baneris
In other wiſe of high preſumpcion
Than vſis were beforne in rome toun

These Iuges had a cuſtum and manere
Lyke their eſtates in their gouernaunce
Eche after to haue borne a banere
Where they went ſuch was their ordenaunce
By twelue ſargeauntes noumbred in ſubſtaunce
But apius of pride and greate outerage
I chaunged hath that cuſtum and vſage

He firſt ordeyned ech ſhulde in his place
Of Decemvir haue a banere borne
In their walkinge the people to manace
An hundred men of armys theym beforne
And twenty ouer by a ſtatute ſworne
Wherby the cyte bare greate coſte in dede
And all the people were put in fere and drede

To ſee the ſargeauntes walke in plate and mayle
They thought it was a merueylous werkinge
Iuges to go with ſuch apparaile
In their procedynge as ech had ben a kinge
And hole thentent of apius menynge
Was that he ſhulde of power and might
Do what hym liſt were it wronge or right

The rightful punyſſhe and the gylty ſpare
Fauoure wronge for brybes and for mede
The peple oppreſſed ſtode in ſorowe and care
Fonde no ſocoure to helpe them in their nede
Lawe was there none for reſon ſaue by dede
Wyll was Iuge and pleſaunt equite
And thus by maiſtry was gouerned the cyte

And as it is remembred by bochas
Apius was lecherous of nature
And caught a quarell as ye haue herde the cas
Ageyne virgynya a mayde clene and pure
And for he ſhulde no thinge in hir recure
Touchinge his luſt hir fader in that ſtrife
With a ſharpe ſwerde made hir loſe hir life

And for this tyraunt by falſe rebaudrye
Cauſed hir deth by haſty violence
And for he ſhulde her beutye nat maſtrye
Dyinge a mayde in hir chaſt Innocence
Therfore he was demyd in ſentence
As is tofore made clere mencion
For to be cheyned and dye in pryſon

Eke decemvir loſte their power
And neuer in rome after bare no name
Nor of that ſect was made none officer
And amonge all apius bare the blame
Whoos cryme reboundeth to his eternall ſhame
As ye haue herde who that can diſcerne
And than trybunys were choſe for to gouerne

And in bochas lyke as it is founde
The ſayde Iuges in myſcheef dyd fyne
While apius laye in priſon bounde
Exyled were all that other nyne
The gode the treſoure of theym and of their lyne
Acheyd was for ſhort concluſion
To comon profite and encreace of the toun

## Lenuoye

This lytell tragedye doth ſhortly deuiſe
What myſchef foloweth for the grete vnright
Vſyd by Iuges in many ſundry wyſe
For whan fauour blynded hath their ſight
And Innocence is borne doun with might
And in his quarell pouert may nat procede
Bycauſe that trouth oppreſſed is with mede

A iuge ſhulde of equite deſpiſe
To take gyftes of any maner wight
And redy be all wrōges to chaſtiſe
From all giftes turne away his ſight
His handys cloſe his eyes ſtop aright
And be ay ware for frendſhip hate or drede
That trouth be nat oppreſſed with mede

The noble doctryne and vertuous empriſe
Of philoſophers that had ſo greate inſight
Was this to iuges that prudent were and wiſe
For frende or foo their domys be ſo dight
Of rightwiſneſſe that the ſonne bright
Eclipſed neuer liſt men for their falſhede
Report that right was put abacke for mede

Noble princes ſupportours of Iuſtiſe
Called lode ſterres to yeue the people light
On apius lette Iuges nat practiſe
That trouthes lawmpe be clere both day and night
Youre office paſſed that longeth to a knight
Holdup the balaunce of dome in your manhede
That lawe in iuges be nat corrupte with mede

### Bochas ageyne the vntruth of Iuges

SEynge vpon the deth of apius
And his rebukes for his greate outrage
Bochas by wrytinge weye ſū what prous
Ageyne iuges fals and thought in his corage
They ſhulde be ſad and demure of age
And their life by vertue ſhulde drawe
To kepe the preceptes and ſtatutys of the lawe

They ought of reſon theym ſilfe to habyle
To haue ſcience of philoſophie
And knowe their textys of canon and ciuile
And therupon their wittis hole to applie
For cunnynge Iuges by prudent policie
Cauſe of ordenaunces in lawe comprehended
Through rightfull dome greatly to be cōmended

Iuſtiſe of lawe doth rumys enſumpne
Suſteyneth trouth ſupporteth Innocence
Of rauynours boweth doune the ryne
Punyſſheth robbours for their greate offence
Sluggy trauilles for theyr ne[illegible]
And feyned beggers that greatly diſ[illegible]
Conſtreyneth theym to laboure and trauayle

Fowndours of lawe by antiquyte
Cauſed in londes was ſuffred none errour
And made of princes the royall mageſte
To ſhyne in worſhip by diligent laboure
Wreſted corages of many conquerour
That their tryumphes no further ſhulde atteyne
Than lawe of god and nature dyd ordeyne

Wyll was that tyme vndre ſubieccion
Of rightwyſneſſe by trouth full well conueyed
Senſualite was ſeruaunt to reſon
And froward luſt was vnder lok well keped
Sentence of ſtatutes was nat diſobeyed
The rich dyd right through euery londe
Pore folk lyued by laboure of their honde

Lordſhip that tyme auoyded maynteuaunce
Holy church lyued in perfitneſſe
Knighthode tho dayes for trouth whet his launce
And fals extorcion had none intereſſe
Marchaunties wynnynge cam all of rightwyſneſſe
Artificers the werkday were nat Idell
And beſyneſſe of laboure helde the brydell

Wymen that age lacked were nor horned
Nor their tayles were nat ſerpentyne
Wiſe men of foly nor clerkes were nat ſcornyd
Which in ſcience mooſt freſſhly dyd ſhyne
Lawe diſherited none heires from their lyne
Leſyngmongers founde that tyme no ſocours
And flaterers were made than no confeſſours

This golden worlde flourynge in vertue
Concup by loue grounded on ſtableneſſe
Of auoutry ſprange oute none Iſſue
Princes with doctryne eſtablyſſhed their nobleſſe
Preeſthode in prayere knighthode in worthyneſſe
Eche thynge by lawe ſtode vnder gouernaunce
Marchaundyſe by meſure and iuſt peis of balaunce

First phoroneus by diligent laboure
Founde oute lawes that kinge was of argyues
The Grekis ſtudye he gilt with greate honoure
This politike prince auoyde theym from ſtryues
His ſtatutys kept durynge all their lyues
Founde firſt the maner bochas doth deuiſe
Howe to Iupiter was made ſacrifiſe

The mighty mynos whilom kinge of Crete
Ordeyned lawes ageyne tranſgreſſions
To ſette by rigour folys that were vnmete
And ſtaunch of ſurfetes all occaſions
Made for robbers mighty ſtronge priſons
And dedalus his chefe artificere
Made laborintus by diligent cure

And mercurie borne by the flode of Nyle
As writeth lactance was of egipt kinge
Unto marchaundes dyd lawe firſt compile
Of weight and meſure to be in chaffaringe
And for his wiſdome and excellent cunnynge
Of olde paynyms that whilom were ſo wiſe
He called was god of marchaundiſe

Solon alſo the beſt lawes made
As Valare writeth him ſilf to mahuefie
Athenienſes therof were full glade
His greate wiſdom whan they dyd eſpie
They founde therin ſo moch policie
And euer he was redy for to debate
Ageyne tyrauntes ſo ſore he dyd theym hate

Kynge Ligurgus yit whilom dyd his cure
To make lawes to comon auauntage
And that they ſhulde ꝑpetually endure
He made his people be ſworne of euery age
While that he went oute on pylgrymage
Fro poynt to poynt to kepe theym in certeyn
Unto tyme that he cam home ageyne

And for his lawes were of greate ſubſtaunce
And profitable to euery comonte
He chaſe to lyue in exyll and penaunce
Neuer to reſorte ageyne to his cite
That his ſtatutes by eternyte
Shulde nat be broke as ye haue herde toforne
By the conuencyon to which they were ſworne

To comon profite had he ſuch tenderneſſe
That he forſoke his kingdome and kinrede
To lyue in exyle his ſtory bereth wytneſſe
But or he dyed as he lay bedrede
He bad his bonys ſhulde be caſt in dede
Amyd the ſe fer oute from the ſtronde
That his ſtatutes myght in their ſtrength ſtonde

He eſchewed euerych occaſion
As a thinge hatefull which was nat fayre
That his forſeyde royall myghty toun
Shulde breke their othe bycauſe of his repayre
But touchinge that he put theym in deſpaire
Laſt him neuer reſorte in their dawes
Liſt they wolde breke the ſentence of his lawes

Here Bochas maketh an exclamacion of the extorcion of the officers of Rome

Now bochas here maketh a digreſſion
And by rebukinge caſt him ſo taſſayle
Thilke officers that were in Rome toun
Which by extorcion oppreſſed the poraile
And ageyne Iuges alſo of Itayle
And namely theym that lucre or mede
Set trouth aſide and toke of it none hede

He maketh ageyne theym an exclamacion
Such as to vertue were contrarious
And vnder colour and occaſion
Of their office liſt to be lecherous
Lyke condicion vnto Apius
And fynally as it was after ſene
Fals in their domys and of their lif vnclene

O quod bochas o trouth o thou Iuſtiſe
Which in youre nobleſſe whilom dyd excelle
Where in effect is nowe your exerciſe
Where is youre wonynge alas where do you dwell
Of your practike full fewe men can tell
So ferre put backe is nowe your diſciplyne
Youre kyn exiled and youre noble lyne

Aduocatys that nowe done occupye
Youre olde ſees and places full royall
All to falſhede their wittes they applye
Such couetiſe nowe regneth ouer all
Cauſes of ciuile and cauſes crymynall
Their domys take where they be fals or trewe
All after wyll by ſtatutes chaunged newe

There ben eke other called acceſſours
Syttinge by Iuges to yeue theym counſayle
Which may full well be called rauenours
For they nat laboure but for their owne auayle
A noumbre of robbers folowe at their tayle
To pylle the people as ye haue harde toforne
Bare as a ſhepe that is but newe ſhorne

There is nomore in this mater to ſeyne
Saue only this trouthſtant deſolate
And rightwiſneſſe dare to no wight compleyne
with wronge oppreſſed wepinge and deſolate
wherfore ye princes that ſit in high eſtate
Such thinge to amende but ye better hede liſt take
God ſhall with you a full harde rekenynge make

Your office is in your magnificence
Twene man and man all wronges to redreſſe
And where a mater is ageyne conſcience
Is to refourme only of rightwiſneſſe
To ſtonde by trouth mayntene no falſneſſe
And ſet wiſe counſeyle ſuch maters examyne
Or ye of haſt theron determyne

Haue ſuch thinges in youre mynde amonge
Thinke god wyll quite like as ye deſerue
Ye ſpot youre nobleſſe if that ye do wronge
His ſwerde of punyſſhinge drede or it kerue
Let youre reſon and conſcience conſerue
Your noble eſtates and thinke like your werkinge
The lorde of you wyll aye a rekenynge

## Of Alcibiades exiled and after brent in his bedde

After other that put theym ſilf in prees
Tofore bochas their compleyntis to diſcure
Cam of Athenys alcibiades
That tyme alyue the fayreſt creature
And as it is remembred by ſcripture
He was diſcrete and was at all aſſayes
One the ſtrengeſt and manly in his dayes

He was firſt borne of full high lynage
Aboue all other of mooſt ſemelyneſſe
well proporcioned and hardy of corage
Loued and well fauoured for his greate faireneſſe
Famous in knighthode for his worthyneſſe
Subtyll witted and conde by eloquence
Woch comprehendyd vnder ſhort ſentence

His wyt enclyned to many folde ſciences
Had of cūnynge a paſſinge relentyf
Loued clerkes and founde theym their diſpences
Such as in practiſ he ſawe mooſt inuentif
To rede in bokes reioyſed all his lif
Kept what he redde in his memoriall
And of wiſe counſeyle was none to him egall

An vncle he had I called pericles
Which ſtode in daungere of exceſſif ſpendynge
yit in his youth this Alcibiades
Seynge his vncle penſif in lokinge
Caſt of wiſdome to remedye that thynge
And for to aſwage his hertis heuyneſſe
Gaue him this counſeyle by greate auiſeneſſe

First to reherce howe the mater ſtode
And of vncles woful highe diſtreſſe
There was to him delyuered a ſūme of gode
To repaire the temple of a goddeſſe
Called minerua but for the greate exceſſe
Of his diſpencis he ſtode ſū what in drede
Touchinge thacoumpte which he muſte yelde in dede

Alcibiades herupon muſynge
To his vncle gaue counſeyle in ſentence
Vncle quod he leue youre thinkinge
And for youre ſilf ſhape this diffence
Nat for tacoumpte by mene of youre prudence
Afore prouided with face and chere vnfeyned
To ſuch dureſſe that ye be nat conſtreyned

And whan pericles his counſeyle aduertiſeth
Fonde to his worſhip it was reſonable
And by good leiſer him ſilf full well auyſeth
And by prouiſion prudent and notable
Saued his eſtate from eche thinge repreuable
So that he ſtode touchinge this matere
As for accoumptis oute of all daungere

Alcibiades of athene cheef capteyne
From day to day waxe vp to greate encres
Such another was there nowhere ſeyne
Theym to gouerne both in werre and pes
And all the Cyte by aſſent him chea
Of their nauye in eſpeciall
Vpon the ſe to be their admirall

For his knighthode they ſent him oute aferre
To Lathenois to be their gouernoure
Seyne Liracuſences for to gynne a werre
Firſt there receyued with glorye and greate honoure
But in the ende of his greate laboure
Fortune that is aye varyaunt and vnſtable
was to this duke nat founde fauourable

He was accuſed to theym of the town
Which in athenys had gouernaunce
That he was gilty in party of treſon
By theym reuokyd for all his greate puiſſaunce
Of capteynſhip and by their ordenaunce
And fortunes fals mutabilite
Unwarly pryued from all dignite

But for him ſilf thus he gan prouide
Went into euyll nat ferre fram that cuntre
Into a cite that called was Elyde
There for to haue fredom and liberte
And of his lyfe to ſtonde in ſuerte
For in athene they wolde haue him dede
Unto their goddes to offre vp his hede

But whan he was of their entent certeyn
To Lacedomoyn he toke the right way
And by relacion there he herde ſeyne
Howe Lathemenſes were put to a ſtray
In a batayle vpon a certeyne day
Which that they helde to their aduerſite
Seyne Lathenoys as they faught on the ſee

But the cauſe of this diſconfiture
As was tolde to alcibyades
Was by thre capteyns thrugh their myſauenture
Which in their ledynge were founde recheles
The cheef of theym named domeſtenes
The tother called the ſtory telleth vs
The tone Niceas the tother Eurilocus

Alcibiades hauynge herof tydinge
To auenge his wronge put him ſilf in pres
Of Lacedomoyn he goth firſt to the kinge
Which of trouth was called Agydes
Beſechinge him to graunte to his encres
Certeyne ſoudiours oute of his cuntre
For to werreye athenoys the cite

Thus he was ſtronge of noble prouidence
Had greate people vnder his gouernaunce
And lyke a duke made ſtronge in his defence
The people gadred to his obeyſaunce
That other princes which were of high puiſſaunce
Gan haue enuye of wylfull frowardneſſe
And to malygne ageyne his high nobleſſe

For ſeld or neuer in any region
Prowesse of armys nobles of cheualrye
Encres of riches report of high renoun
Fame of cunnynge in craft or in clergie
May nowhere dwell without ſume enuye
From whoos malice as folke expert may ſee
Saue only wretchis no man hath liberte

For which this prince as put is in memorye
Eſcaped nat for all his high parage
But that ſome enuyed at his glorye
For in this lyf no man hath auauntage
Ageyne tunges nor odious fals langage
To ſtop ſuch venym this the beſt obſtacle
That men with ſuffraunce tempre their triacle

The clere prowesse of Alcibiades
Steyned the nobles of other princes
His cure him reyſed vp to ſo greate encres
To the heghest trone of fortunes hall
Such fatall grace is vnto him fall
That in tho dayes pleynly this is no fable
There was in knighthode none to him reſemblable

In his euyll ſo cleere his renoun ſhone
And thrugh Grece gaue as greate brightneſſe
As doth a rube aboue eche other ſtone
Yit for to clipe and ſhadowe his worthyneſſe
Lacedomonois dyd their beſyneſſe
Such as nat might to his nobleſſe atteyne
By fals reporte his renoun to reſtreyne

A wayte was layde to take him at myſcheef
And many treynes were ſerched out and ſought
Of entent to put him at repreef
But all that euer ageyne him they haue wrought
At the ende the purpos cam to nought
For god prouideth of his magnificence
Ageyne ſuch malyce to ſaue innocence

He was likly to fall in greate daungere
Lacedomonois gan ſo at him diſdeyne
Bycauſe his honoure and nobles ſhone ſo clere
That to his fone it was a dedly peyne
And thus his lif ſtode in no certeyne
For all be it he manly was and wiſe
He knewe no thinge their purpos nor malice

He had almooſt I warned be to late
And like to haue ſtonde in greate pplexite
And more his grace and fortune tabate
By thoccaſion of his greate beute
He with the quene was waxen full pryue
For in hir grace ſo well ſtode there none
Which gaue him warnynge of theym ꝥ were his fone

And by the counſeyle onely of the quene
Fro Lacedomoyne he wiſly toke his flyght
Towarde athenys and thought he wolde ſeen
His owne cuntre full lyke a manly knyght
And though they hadde nat gouerned theym aright
Towardys him beynge in diſtreſſe
To auenge his wronge he dyd theym no dureſſe

For he thought it was ageyne nature
To be vengeable or ſhewe his cruelte
By thoccaſion of any auenture
Or gynne a werre vpon his cuntre
His natyf blode meuyd him to pite
And of very naturall gentyleneſſe
Was debonayre ageyne their vnkyndneſſe

The cas was this for ſhort concluſion
Howe kinge Dary with greate apparayle
Thought to werreye of indignacion
Theym of athenys and their town taſſayle
And in purpos proudly to preuayle
Theſifferenes a prince of greate puiſſaunce
Of Daryes power had all the gouernaunce

Fynall cauſe and grounde of all this werre
That darius gan on theym ſo haſtely
And that he ſent his puiſſaunce from ſo ferre
For to deſtroye athenys vtterly
Was to holde vp and ſuſteyne the party
Of lacedomoyne which of olde hatrede
Were euer enuyous theym to oppreſſe in dede

But by mene of Alcibiades
And his witte founded on prudence
Theſifferenes enclyned to the pes
Therby in party tappeſe his violence
And all was done of noble prouidence
And fro the place to which he was exyled
He to athenys ſhulde be reconcyled

Unto the cite he dyd ſignefye
Howe darius had made his ordenaunce
And by his letters he gan theym ſpecifye
If they wolde ſtonde at his gouernaunce
To condeſcende pleynly in ſubſtaunce
He wolde laboure and no lenger tarye
To make accorde atwene theym and kinge darie

This was the mene that he ment
Within athenys that the ſanatours
Shulde of the cite after their entent
Haue full lordſhip and be their gouernours
But as clere weddyr troubled is with ſhoures
Right ſo vnwarly wit hin that royall town
Through this trete fyll a diſcencion

The comoners gan ſodenly dyſdeyne
To be ſo thralled vnder ſubieccion
And ſo by aſſent the comons dyd ordeyne
Onely tappeſe all fals diſcencion
For to reuoke ageyne into their town
Alcibiades as they thought it mete
Through his prudence to ſet theym in quyete

First in his comynge myn auctour doth reporte
He was made duke ageyne of that cite
And gan the party of comons to ſupporte
And theym reſtore to their olde liberte
Where through the ſenat dredynge the comonte
Fled into exyll full ferre oute of all prees
Onely for drede of alcibyades

They ſtode that tyme in ſo greate diſioynt
Their town deuided and oute of gouernaunce
That they were brought euene to the poynt
To yelde the cyte vnto the obeyſaunce
Of lacedomoyn through their vnhappy chaunce
Within theym ſilf whan they gan debate
Under their duke the Senat bare ſuch hate

But the comons ches in their dyffence
Alcibyades to gouerne that vyage
And to the ſee with coſt and greate diſpence
Withoute abode he holdeth his paſſage
In mighty ſhippes made for auauntage
Well enarmed and caſt if he myght
With lacedomonoys proudly for to fight

Thre mighty capteynes were on that other ſyde
The firſt zeſiro bochas telleth thus
And the ſeconde that was their lorde and gyde
Called Mydare the thyrd pharbanaſus
On the ſe and londe in armys full pompous
But of knighthode and magnanimite
Alcibiades toke theym all thre

Stronge was the fight or that they were take
Of all their meyne away there ſcaped none
The duke that day gan ſuch a ſlaughter make
Of high prowesſe vpon his mortall fone
Caſt ouer boord almooſt euerychon
And after that whan he cam to londe
A newe batayle wan hym on the ſtronde

Such wayte was laide aboute him enuyron
Of his enmemyes by ſodeyne auenture
But of athenes thys mighty champion
which might in armys mooſt ſouereynly endure
Made of his ſone a newe diſconfiture
Thus in ſhort tyme this prince in his eſtate
On londe and water was twyes laureate

And after that he lyſt nat for to reſte
Nor tabyde the ſpace of half a day
The comon profite of his toun tencreſe
Towarde Aſye he toke the right way
And touns caſtellys that were take a way
which apperteyned to athenys of right
He gate ageyne full lyke a manly knight

Maugre all that to him were contrarye
Or wrought ageyne him by rebellyon
Throughoute aſye in the londe of darye
He knightly brought theym to ſubieccion
Ageyne whoos ſwerde halpe no proteccion
And fynall laboure was of his entent
The comon profite of his toun to augment

And with this glory and with this nobleſſe
He to athenys repeyred is ageyne
And all the cite with ioye and greate gladneſſe
Cam oute to mete him vpon welfayre playne
And that his triumphes ſhulde openly be ſeyne
Both olde and yonge with full glad viſages
Of their goddys brought oute the ymages

This was their cry and noyſe of all the prees
Victorious prince whoos triumphes marciall
Shall euer be ſonge with laude and newe encrees
Tofore the goddys which ben immortall
welcom welcom oure protectour and oure wall
Sheeld of oure welfare ageyne all violence
Phebus of knighthode and ſwerde of oure diffence

Thus with their goddys they made him egal
By vncouth preyſinge of paganiſmes rightes
Lyke as he had be very immortal
And ſange refreytes to comende his merites
And to enhaunce his glorye they ſet all their delytes
And with the light of eternall fame
Set vp torches to enlumyne with his name

Thus certeyne dayes they halowed of entent
Through all the cite for his high prowesſe
Tyll fortune hath his eyen blent
With newe fauoure of worldly fals ſwetneſſe
For all hir ſuger is meynt with bitterneſſe
A baite of hony ſhad oute at pryme face
With mortall venym hyd vnder to manace

For in his higheſt clymbynge vp aloft
And in thaſcence of fortunes whele
After hir cuſtome as ſhe hath full ofte
Whan he beſt wende for to ſtonde wele
She drewe hir fauour from him euerydele
Made the people vnder his obeyſaunce
To fall in myſcheef for lacke of gouernaunce

Thus fro this duke fortune gan to varye
And his nobleſſe goo bak and eke faile
Whan kinge Cirus ſucceſſoure to darye
Full vnwarly fyll on him in batayle
And gan his knightes proudly to aſſayle
Whan he diſpurueyed voyde of prouidence
Was ouerlayde to make reſiſtence

For finally this alcibiades
At myſcheef take which he might nat recure
Whan through veyne glorye he was made recheles
His noble eſtate teſtabliſſhe and aſſure
Lacke of forſight cauſed his diſconfiture
And to encrees of more aduerſite
Banyſſhed ageyne oute of his cite

Thus diffacyd and clypſyd was his glorye
His cyte put in ſtraunge gouernaunce
By lacedomonois after their victorye
So that he knewe no maner cheuiſaunce
To reſourme his vnhappy chaunce
Saue to refute myn auctoure doth reherce
Howe that he fled vnto the kinge of perce

From athenys of newe he was exiled
And thritty perſones furious and vengeable
Chaſe in their cite as bochas hath compyled
The toun gouerned albe they were nat able
Vſinge a maner hatefull and repreuable
Through their rauyne temporiſſhe their cite
A thinge mooſt odyous to all comonte

A worme of drede was bred vp in their herte
Which ſuffred nat theym to lyue in pees
Amonge theym ſilf whan they dyd aduerte
The greate prudence of alcibyades
Howe in manhode he was peerles
Lyſt he wolde after for all their multitude
knightly acquite their ingratitude

And of aſſent to abrydge his lyue dayes
They agayne hym of malyce haue conſpired
After his euyll to make no delayes
For to accomplyſſh that they longe haue deſired
With brennynge hate their hertys falſly fyred
To murdre by enuye cauſes agayne right
Alcibiades the noble worthy knyght

Thus the tyme approched and the date
Terme afore ſet by conſtellacion
Of his parodye and his lyues fate
Which was concluded as made is mencion
By cruell murdre to his diſtruccion
Alas what prince with golde or ſoudiours
May hym prouyde agayne fals conſpiratours

Fortune of newe gan at hym enchace
From her trapnes that he ne ſcape might
Dayly purſued from place ay vnto place
Through pece & werre though he were oute of sight
Till that his enemyes fyll on hym by night
Slepinge alas to ſone they were ſped
Whan they hym founde they brent hym in his bed

Thus by murdre their purpos was acheuyd
Alas it was to horrible a dede
So good a knight ſo wele in armys preuyd
So renomed ſo famous in manhede
For to be brent amonge the coles rede
Firſt vnwarly in his bed Itake
And ſo conſumed amonge the coles blake

This was the ende of alcibiades
Which in knighthode was mooſt ſouereyne
In werre a lyon and a lambe in pees
As mars victorious his fate ſo dyd ordeyne
To famys paleys he fleeth with wynges tweyne
Sone to Mynarua to ſpeke of high prudence
And lyke mercurye by notable eloquence

Here Bochas maketh an exclamacion vpon the deth of Alcibiades

O Fatall ſuſtren which ſpan the lyues threde
So ſhorte a terme why dyd ye determyne
To ſuffre hym brenne amonge the coles rede
ye were to haſty to breke and vntwyne
His web of knighthode þ through the world dyd ſhyne
And caſt of nobleſſe his bemys oute ſo clere
Alas that euer he fyll in your daungere

Oute on Stix and on attrapos
That haue of malyce ſlayne ſo good a knight
Oute on you thre that kepe youre ſilf ſo clos
Doughter I called of the derke night
And thou letū that queyntest eke the light
Of alcibiades myrroure and lanterne
To ſpeke in knighthode howe men ſhulde thē gouerne

ye ſle the worthy and wretchis ye do ſpare
Torcites lyueth hector is ſlayne in dede
youre funeral ſmokis maketh realmes nowe ſo bare
To race vp Cedrys their braunches may nat ſprede
ye paſſe the laurer ye make the firſes ſede
Full lytell thanke in kingdoms ye deſerue
Captifs to foſtre and do the worthy ſterue

Alcibiades is paſſed in to fate
Light of knighthode light eclipſyd in the ſhade
The parcas ſuſtrenne to ſone ſet his date
Of his high nobleſſe to make the laurer fade
Lacedomonois of his deth were glade
Funerall fire his body hath diffied
For high proweſſe his ſoule ſtellefied

### Lenuoye

Alas this tragedye doth myn herte blede
My penne quaketh of ruth and of pyte
In my wrytynge whan that I take hede
To ſee the ſtraunge ferfull diuerſite
Of all worldly vnſure felicite
Howe from their ſees ſhortly to comprehende
Frowarde fortune doth princes doun deſcende

Alcibiades of corage and of manhede
As is referred in bokes ye may ſe
Of gentylneſſe and of goodlihede
Of ſemelyneſſe of fredom of bountye
Of high prudence and magnanymyte
Was mooſt famous as auctours hym cōmende
yit from his ſete fortune made hym deſcende

All the people bothe of petee and mede
whyle he gouerned Athenys the cite
Stode in his daungere and gan his ſwerde to drede
And all that were rebell to his cuntre
He chaſtyſed them in their mooſt cruelte
But whan his fame gan higheſt vp to aſcende
Doun from her whele fortune made him deſcende

Murdre and treſon with prudens frendlihede
Outwarde faire chere couert Iniquite
Pleſaunce in ſpech and vnder that falſhede
Hony ſhedoute ſharpe tayled lyke a bee
Songe of Sirenes to drowne men in the ſee
In one combyned their malice can extende
To cauſe princes doun from their ſees deſcende

Noble princes that ſe ſo moch and rede
Remembringe ſtoryes of antiquite
Afore prouidinge that treſon nat procede
Be aye mooſt dredefull in high proſꝑite
Let others fallynge a myrrour to you be
The turne of fortune all auctours reprehende
Where who ſyt hygheſt is redieſt to deſcende

Here bochas writeth ageyne the deſires of people.

Fter this proceſſe if ye liſt to lere
a Lyke as John Bochas maketh mencion
That wordly folke moſt ſouereynly deſere
To haue in lordſhip greate exaltacion
And vp to clymbe in their intencion
Of worldly worſhip to the higheſt place
All erthely treſoure atonys to embrace

The feruent flame of their gredy deſires
In moch gaderynge findeth no ſuffiſaunce
Their hungry etike kyndeleth ſo the fires
Of auarice by longe contynuaunce
That their thruſt with worldly habundaunce
On tantalus ryuere abraideth euer in one
Drownyd in drinkinge and deme their partis none

There may no treſoure their dropſye well ſtaunche
The more they drinke the more they thurſt in dede
In tagus flodys the depper that they launche
The gretter drineſſe doth in their breſtys brede
The higher water an ebbe mooſt they drede
Fals indigence their herte hath ſo confounded
At the fulleſt ſees they ſeme their barge is grounded

Thus euery man wolde to greate richeſſe atteyne
With ſuffiſaunce but fewe holde theym content
Who mooſt haboundeth nowe ratheſt wyll cōpleyne
For lacke of gode alas howe they be blent
Where ſhal ther gadring where ſhal ther gode be ſpēt
Sum one parcas ſhall theym therof diſcharge
whom they mooſt hate and ſpende it oute at large

Within a body full litell of ſtature
Corages growe vp to their magnificence
Which vp taſcende do their beſy cure
And in their clymbinge and tranſitorye aſcence
Hauinge an hope of worldly apparence
Lyke as no thinge their puiſſaunce might trouble
No thinge aduertinge howe fortune is double

Sume ſette their ioye in conqueſt and in werrys
To embrace all erth vnder their puiſſaunce
Lyke as they might reche aboue the ſterrys
To bringe doun heuene vnto their obeyſaunce
But if their power were weyed in balaunce
And counterweyed aright in their memorye
They ſhulde well finde that all is but veynglorye

What may auayle theym their fethirbeddys ſoft
Shetys of reynes longe large and wyde
Dyuers deuyſes or clothes chaungyd oft
Or vicious meyne walkinge by their ſide
Voide of vertue ambicious in their pride
Which cauſeth princes by report of ſuch fame
For their myſlyuynge to haue an heuy name

And thus for lacke of vertuous diligence
Through fals lyuyure and Idelneſſe
And vpon flaterers the outragious expence
Support of wronge oppreſſinge rightwiſneſſe
Where leſingmongers haue an intreſſe
Whom to ſuſteyne whan princys do their cure
God wyll nat ſuffre that they ſhall longe endure

Office of princys is to ſupport right
His ſwerde of knighthode fro wronge to redreſſe
The pore releuynge to oppreſſe theym nat with might
His olde ſeruauntes wele preuyd nat diſdeyne
His haſty rigoure and his vengeaunce ſodeyne
Let mercy tempre to dome or he procede
And god ſhall quyte him whan he hath mooſt nede

Here John Bochas ſpeketh ageyne Idelneſſe rehercinge howe ſūme men haue ioye in one ſcience and ſūme in another

My auctour Bochas maketh a reherſayle
In eſchuynge of froward Idelneſſe
That vnto vertue may more auayle
Good diligent laboure and honeſt beſyneſſe
And ſo concludynge full pleynly doth expreſſe
Euery man reioyſeth this ſentence is nat gloſyd
To do ſuch thinge to which he is diſpoſyd

Sūme haue ioye by heuenly influence
To knowe the cours aboue celeſtiall
And ſūme of knighthode do their diligence
To preue theym ſilf in actys marciall
And ſūme reioiſe in their entent fynall
In eloquence ſūme in philoſophie
Sūme aboue all to ſtudye in poetrye

The hardy knight is ſeruaūte to ſaint george
Meuynge of planetys ſercheth thaſtronomere
Martys ſmyteth laboureth in his forge
Harneys of ſteele maketh tharmoure
But the diuiſoure by diligent autere laboure
By freſſh contriuynge out of the olde entayle
Fyndeth newe diuiſes of plate and eke of mayle

The laborere ſet holy his pleſaunce
To tylth of londe in tyme to ſowe hys greyne
Tencreace his ſede by plenty habundaunce
And that his plough laboure nat in veyne
Caſtynge his reſons of drought and eke of reyne
And poetes to ſyt in their librarye
Deſire of nature and to be ſolitarye

Such as men loue ſuch thinge they vndertake
Fiſſh or foule to hunte with their houndes
Sūme of wulle ſundry clothes make
By philoſophers was founde oute firſt the groundes
And of all ſtudy they ſet oute firſt the boundes
Cauſed poetys pleynly to conclude
Oute of all prees to lyue in ſolitude

Logiciens deſyre in argumentys
Philoſophers in vertuous lyuynge
And legiſtres folowynge the ententys
Greatly reioyſe in lucre and wynnynge
Pheſiciens trauayle for getinge
And of poetys this the ſubtyll fourme
By newe Inuencion thinges to tranſfourme

Poetys ſhulde eſchewe all Idelneſſe
Walke by ryuers and wellys criſtalyne
To hye mounteyns amorowe their cours dreſſe
The myſt diſſied whan phebus firſt doth ſhyne
Studye in bokys of morall diſciplyne
No thinge couete but ſet their entent
With moderate fode for to be content

Their chef laboure is vices for to ſage
With a maner couert ſimylitude
And none eſtate with their language
By no rebukynge of termys dull and rude
What euer they wryte on vertue ay conclude
Appeyre no man in no maner wyſe
This thoffices of poetys that ben wiſe

Howe maſſeus duke of cartage for oppreſſion and tyrannye was hewen into pecys.

Whan Bochas had reherſed of poetys
Their ſtraūge ſtudye & ſoleyne writinges
And their deſires of ſolitary ſeetys
In pleſaūt places to make ther dwellīges
Beſyde ryuers and holſum well ſpringes
Which accompliſſhed he gan his penne auaunce
Princes of auffrike to put in remembraunce

And while he dyd this beſy diligence
Their pitous fallys to put in memorye
Firſt there cam tweyne vnto his preſence
Their olde nobleſſe appalled & their glorye
Which as him ſempte within a terytorye
Of auffrike boundes longynge to cartage
Dyd firſt appere mooſt dedly of viſage

The tone of theym was named maſſeus
Duke of cartage of auffrike lorde and ſire
His ſonne alſo called cartalus
Whiſom chef prince and buſſhop eke of Tire
But Maſſeus which helde the greate empire
Of all auffrike for his pompous outrage
Exiled was for euer oute of cartage

Which cauſed him in herte he was nat merye
But ay remembred vpon his fell banyſſhinge
Gadred his people within the londe of ſurrye
And in the felde while he lay hoſtynge
Caſt him fully to make no tarynge
But in all haſt of knightly fell corage
Maugre his enemyes reſort vnto cartage

Tauenge his euyll his herte was ſet afire
And his entent more to fortefie
He ſent in haſt his letters down to Tyre
To Tartalus that he ſhulde him hye
And bringe with him al the cheualrye
Of his cite in ſtele armyd clene
His faders party to holde vp and ſuſtene

But whan this byſſhop knewe hooly the matere
Of this purpos which ye haue herde deuiſe
He conſidred howe that tyme of the yere
Ordeyned was to doo ſacrifiſe
After the rites of their paynym wiſe
To hercules which in that cite
Aboue all goddys had the ſoueraynte

Whoos feeſt was holde ſpace of certeyne dayes
Which for to halowe he nedes muſt entende
And by the cuſtum make no delayes
But that he muſt therto condeſcende
And leuer he had his fader toffende
As in ſuch caas than thrugh negligence
Vnto his goddys for to do offence

Wherof his fader had indignacion
The caas arettinge to vnkindneſſe
And therof caught a greate occaſion
Ageyne his ſonne of frowarde wylfulnes
For princys oft of furious haſtynes
Wyl pike a quarell cauſeles in ſentence
Ageyne folke abſent though there be none offence

And ſume tunges venemous of nature
Whan they perceyue that a prince is meuyd
Tagregge his Ire doo their beſy cure
With fals langage to make him more greuyd
But there is no poyſon ſo wel expert nor preuyd
As is of tunges the hatefull violence
Namely whan princis liſt yeue theym audience

The feeſt accompliſſhed of mighty hercules
Al Innocent of double or fals menynge
This ſeide biſſhop of wyll nat recheles
Cam to his fader withoute more tarynge
Chaungyd nouther habyte nor clothinge
With all thenſignes and in the ſame wiſe
As he tofore had done ſacrifiſe

Anone his fader made no delay
Without excuſe it wolde be no bet
Of haſty rancoure the ſilf ſame daye
Made him be hanged vpon an hye gybet
Lawe and iuſtiſe were both aſide ſet
And tyrannye mooſt furious and wode
To do vengeaunce in trouthes place ſtode

Who can or may tyrauntys well deſcryue
Whoos marciall ſwerdis been whet ay for vengeaũce
Their blody thurſt doth through their hertis ryue
Ther eyes ay open to here of hun myſchaunce
Their furious merth their mortal wode pleſaunce
Their pale ſmylinge their laughter of fals hatrede
Concludeth euer vpon ſume cruell dede

They be mynyſtres to parcas ſuſtren thre
To vntwyne the thredys of folkes here mortall
And very coſyns through haſty crueltie
Vnto the wode furies infernal
Children to pluto of vengeaunce marciall
Which for their vices but they here theym wele
Shall turne in helle on Iyions whele

Thus malleus fader mooſt vnkinde
Lyke ſuch a tyraunt ſhed oute his crueltie
As ye haue herde and after as I fynde
Of furious herte and of olde enmyte
By force is entred cartage the cite
And ſlough all tho in his hatefull yre
That him afore had exyled into Tyre

Wrought after wyll and no thinge after right
Gan robbe and ſpoile that noble famous town
Which made him hatyd in the people ſight
For his outrage and greate extorcion
Hauynge no ioye nor conſolacion
Within his herte pleynly nor gladneſſe
Saue lyke a tyraunte the people to oppreſſe

The people of cartage ſore gan to compleyne
Vpon their miſcheef and deſolacion
As bochas writeth reherſinge in certeyne
Wyl is a ſtepmoder of wyt and of reſon
And where that princis haue dompnacion
And by fals pillage to riches clymbe vp faſt
Truſt right well their lordſhip may nat laſt

Their greate power of worldly excellence
To their accrochinge of temporall richeſſe
Whan they be tirauntes may ſtonde in no diffence
And frowarde wyll ruleth their highneſſe
For what is lordſhip playnly to expreſſe
In this worlde here if it be dicerned
Loue of the people whan they be wyll gouerned

For tirannye and fals oppreſſyon
Cauſeth princes to ſtonde in greate haterede
And what is worth their domynacion
Withoute loue let preue it at a nede
Men for a tyme may ſuffre theym and drede
But whan that drede conſtreyned is and gone
Than is a prince a man but alone

See an exaumple howe malleus of cartage
For all his caſtellys and toures made of ſtonys
For his oppreſſion vengeaunce and outrage
The people of affrike roſe on him all atonys
And hughe aſondre his fleſſh and alſo his bon
Caſt theym playnly on him they were ſo wode
Unto their goddys to offre vp his blode

The people dempt of mortall cruelte
There was none offringe ſo pleſaunt nor couenable
Unto their goddys to pleſe their deite
As blode of tyrauntes which that be vengeable
Thus cruell princes make the people vnſtable
Of neceſſite which ought be compleyned
To wreke their wronges that they be conſtreyned

Lo here the ende of malleus the tyraunt
Which doth to princes full well exemplefie
To god aboue howe it is nat pleſaunce
Theym to delite in no ſuch robbirye
Nor pylle the people by no fals tyrannye
Nor for no takes be haſty of vengeaunce
For all ſuch thinge to god is diſpleſaunce

### Lenuoye.

Red and conſidred this ſayde tragedye
Shewith to princes a myrrour full notable
Howe they ther rigour ſhal tempre & modefie
Or they procede for to be vengeable
For in a prince it is right comendable
Rancoure of herte of chere and of corage
For to differre tyll that their yre aſſwage

Their haſty yre their ſodeyne malencolye
Their colerike fumys the furye vnreſtreynable
Their vnquenyt fires with flame of tyrannye
Their fretynge etyke of hate incompable
Lyke beſtyall tygres like lyons vntretable
Ne will nat ſuffre that infernall rage
Differre their domys tyll their yre aſſwage

The royall lyon of mortall gentrye
Amonge beſtes of force incoporable
Preueth nat his power nor his regalye
Seyne beſtys proſtrat which be nat defenſable
And mighty princes ſhulde in caas ſemblable
For Innocentes take mercy in morgage
Reſpitynge rygour tyll that yre aſſwage

The ſparcle of vengeaunce is quickyd in yre
By windes foure fell and abhomynable
Blaſt of detraccion and blaſt of flaterye
Blaſt of fals rowners that forge many fable
And blaſt of bribours mooſt vicious and culpable
With ſmoky ſlaunders and felons fals viſage
Cauſeth yre of princes that it may neuer aſſwage

For which let princes of noble polecye
Beware of tunges double and deceyuable
Which with their venym infect eche cuntrye
Their poynaunt poyſon is ſo penetrable
To folke abſent it is myſcheuable
So depe freteth their ſerpentyne langage
Cauſynge in princes their yre may neuer aſſwage

Noble princes let vertue magnefie
Your high eſtatys to make you merciable
For morall ſenſe doth clerely ſpecefie
The trone of princes by clemence is made ſtable
Vengeaunce delayed to god is agreable
And haſty rygoure doth outrageous damage
Whan humble requeſtys youre yre may nat aſſwage

### Howe the ſubſtaunce of the hoſt of himilcho duke of cartage goynge to conquere Cicile dyed of peſtylence and after him ſilf ſlayne

After theſe noble mighty princes tweyne
Next in ordre with pale and dede viſage
Tofore John Bochas hymilcho gan cōpleyne
The vnhappy fall of his fatall paſſage
Whan he was ſent by auctorite of cartage
To conquere thrugh his mighty puiſſaunce
The londe of cicile vnto their obeyſaunce

They of cartage had an opynyon
That it was lefull after their entent
Without title of right or of reſon
Their territories and boundes taugment
And for that cauſe hymilcho they ſent
The mighty duke their nobleſſe tauaunce
Which of cartage had hole the gouernaunce

And for he muſt paſſe by the ſe
Towarde cecile this noble worthy knight
With him he had a full greate enarme
Choſe oute of cartage in ſtele armyd bryght
Their fone to conquere of very force and might
But fortune gan at him ſo diſdeyne
That to his purpos he neuir might atteyne

Grounde and gynnynge of his diſtruccion
To be remembred ſhortly in ſentence
There fyll of the ayre a greate corrupcion
Which cauſed a full greate peſtilence
Amonge his meyne by vnware violence
And ſodeyne myſcheef that is vpon him fall
He loſt almoſt his worthy knightes all

Nye all his people was ſlayne in that moreyne
That but a fewe be left of his meyne
Infortunate he turned is ageyne
Home to cartage and they of the cite
All cauſeles of haſty cruelte
Hath ſlayne this duke as bochas doth compile
Lo who may truſt fortune any while

### Howe Heynon duke of cartage was diſmembred

fter whoos deth a man there gan ſuccede
a A mighty duke that called was haynoun
Which purpoſed for to chaunge in dede
His name of duke by fals ambycion
And to be called thrughoute that mighty town
Kinge of cartage and therupon of pride
To finde oute weyes he felly gan prouide

He was nat content a duke men ſhulde him call
But of cartage for to be named kinge
And lyke as his purpos that it ſhulde fall
Fro day to day the menys compaſſinge
Howe he might fulfyll this vncouth thinge
For to be crowned and regne in that londe
And at the laſt this mene wey he fonde

He had a doughter yonge and tendre of age
Which of the people ſtode in greate fauoure
And he him caſt to geue hir mariage
To a yonge knight ſonne to a Senatoure
Which in the cite was a gouernour
And that his purpoſe might be atteyned
Day of the mariage and tyme was ordeyned

And in his palyce cheef and principall
This ſayde duke lete make his ordynaunce
To holde a feeſt full ſolempne and royall
And with great coſtys made his purueaunce
Of ſondry dayntees which that in ſubſtaunce
Were neceſſarye in all manere thynge
Vnto the feeſt of a worthy kynge

He gaue in charge vnto his purueyours
That al were redy agayne a certeyne day
And to his feeſt cam all the ſenatours
Dwellynge in cartage there durſte no man ſay nay
And of his purpoſe to make no delay
Though his fraude was nat apperceyued
He caſte that day that ſūme ſhulde be deceyued

He conceyued in his inwarde entent
He to be kynge and regne in cartage
The ſenatours wolde neuer aſſent
To their cuſtome nor their olde vſage
He durſte therof vtter no langage
Kepte him ſecrete without noyſe or ſoun
And fully caſte him to procede by treſoun

The next wey he knewe no better rede
To his deſire than pleynly to ordeyne
That of cartage the ſenatours were dede
Than were he lykly his purpos to atteyne
For to be crowned lorde and ſouereyne
So taccomplyſſh his luſt in all thinge
And in cartage to regne as lorde and kinge

For if the Senate were vtterly deſtroyed
He ſhulde finde no maner reſiſtence
Wherby his purpos ſhulde be encloſed
Nor dare ſay nay to his magnificence
For in the potaile there was no diffence
And at this feeſt he caſt him to procede
All his entent to conclude in dede

His officers he made to be ſworne
To helpe deſtroye falſly by poyſon
The ſenatours of whom I ſpake to forne
And that their vitayle and deyntees in foyſon
And eke their wynes for ſhort concluſion
Shulde with venym be intoxicate
Through all the paleys and ſpare none eſtate

These officers had a conſcience
For to accompliſſh ſo horrible a thinge
And ſecretly vnder greate prouidence
To the Senate therof they gaue warnynge
And whan they knewe this mortall compaſſinge
Of duke haynoun to ſhewe all affray
They put in prudence the weddynge in delay

Wherof this duke gan haue ſuſpection
And this mater fill in a maner drede
Thought he wolde by ſum colluſion
Ageyne cartage more mortally procede
And gan call to helpe him at his nede
Of mauritayne a kinge of greate renoun
With him by force to fall vp on the toun

Made him promys to his auauntage
For to make fre diſtribucion
Of the richeſſes treſours and pyllages
Which that he might finde in the toun
For vtter fyne of his entencion
Was to deſtroy of wylfull cruelte
The famous cartage the mighty ſtronge cyte

Of all the thrallys in the toun dwellinge
And ſuche as were borne of lowe lynage
To ſtrength his party this was his werkinge
He made theym all by mortall fell outrage
Within the mighty caſtell of cartage
To kepe theym cloos of malyce and enuye
Ageyne the cite him ſilf to fortefie

But all for nought the mighty ſenatours
Therof ware and of high prudence
Geyne his malice and all his fals robbours
They made theym ſtronge and thrugh their prudence
In eſpeciall to ordeyne a diffence
Firſt on their party to ſet the comynge
Of Mauritayne the ſtronge cruell kinge

And of aſſent they liſt nat delay
But roſe attonys by greate ordenaunce
Their fals duke to venqueſſh and outraye
Him and his cherles they broute to vttraunce
Fyll vpon him with a greate puiſſaunce
And fynally procedinge of reſoun
This was his dome by auys of all the toun

Firſt of this duke as it is remembred
He was deſpoiled his doublet eke vnlaced
Joynt fro ioynt hewyn and diſmembred
And from his hede oute his iyen araced
And right as he had afore compaced
To haue deſtroied his owne mighty toun
As ye haue herde he receyued the guerdoun

## Lenuoye.

This tragedye doth pitouſly copleyne
And maketh a maner lamentacion
Of theſe mighty rich princes tweyne
Slayne in cartage as made is mencion
Cauſſes the toun ſaue by thoccaſion
That peſtilence in his frowarde viage
Slough all his people that were borne in cartage

Fortune alſo gan frowardly diſdeyne
Ageyne this rich mighty duke haynoun
Whan of malice gan mortally ordeyne
The Senatours to murdre of his toun
At his feſt by craft of fals poyſon
As ye haue herde reherced his outrage
He was ageywarde diſmembred in cartage

who doth vengeaunce vengeaunce ſhall atteyne
In high eſtate withoute exepcion
And who of pite vengeaunce doth reſtreyne
he ſhall of mercy receyue the guerdon
For right requireth of trouth and reſon
Cruell princes ſhall haue for theyr wage
Deth lyke this duke diſmembred in Cartage

Noble princes do youre beſt peyne
For to preſerue fro rebellion
The comon people which ſtonde in no certeyne
with euery wynde turnynge vpſodoun
After fortune they chaunge affeccion
Turnynge their hertys with triſt or glad viſage
Lyke as the people dyd whilom in Cartage

The auctour ageynſt couetous people

Nature that is content with a litell thinge
The wyſe ware the circumſpect goddeſſe
which vnder god in heuyn aboue reygnynge
The worlde to gouerne is called thempreſſe
Moder of richeſſis the firſt foundereſſe
which ſerched oute by hir arti cris
The ſtraunge treſours hid in the myneris

This noble lady this princeſſe mooſt famous
knowynge of man the vncouth condicions
Sawe by experience richeſſis were noious
In him terclypſe the diſpoſicions
And conuey his inclynacions
By a wronge way vertue to ſet aſyde
hore couetous was a full perilous gyde

For auaryce is to all vertues contrarye
The gredy worme the ſerpent vnſtaunchable
Man to be traiſſhe with promyſes debonayre
At pryme face ſote and a greable
Taught him of nature by craft mooſt deceyuable
Through ſubtyll ſerchinge as it were for the nonys
First oute of erthe to delue precious ſtonys

Of rich myners they ſerch oute the entrayles
To fynde oute metals for worldly auauntages
Contryued ſhippes with their brode ſayles
By diuers ſees to make their paſſages
And couetiſe ordeyned firſt viages
Caused princes to ride in londes ferre
Eche agayne other for to gynne a werre

Of auarice gan firſt theſe robberies
Awaite of brigauntys and all extort pillages
Murdre ſlaughter and couert vſuryes
Of olde contryued furious fell damages
wrought and encheued in all maner ages
Nowe in theſe dayes let ſet it at a preef
Fals couetyſe cauſed all ſuch myſcheef

She was firſt rote of fals extorcion
To ſpoyle the temple moder of rauyne
And ſiſter vp of oppreſſion
To take by force this was hir doctrine
And as myn auctour doth pleynly determine
And concludeth in full pitous wiſe
Rote of all euyll is fals couetiſe

She is elle norice of contek and of ſtrife
Maiſtreſſe of murdre and wilfull violence
Made men to iuparte body gode and lif
Caused diſcencyon and diſobedience
Grutchinge of comons withdraught of reuerence
By rigorous conſtreynt ſodeyne rebellions
Rumour in realmes vnware ſubuerſions

This frowarde dragon full of Idropſie
whoos fretynge etik there may no plente fede
To ſtaunche his thurſte there is no remedye
The more he drynketh the more he hath ay nede
And the more treſoure the more he ſtant in drede
with Tantalus though he ſwymme in the flodys
In mygdas well pleyneth for lak of godes

This worme elle cauſeth that men in their riches
haue drede of theuys a night in their walkynge
And they here on cofre bed or preſſe
Cat rat or mous or any worme meuynge
he weneth anone within him ſilf demynge
That there were come with greate apparayle
Sum vncouth peloure his treſoure to aſſayle

The wofull ſoule ſtondeth euer in drede
And ay abydeth in laboure and trauayle
And of the godes which he doth poſſede
Falleth in deſpayre leſt they wolde him fayle
Twene hope and drede there is ſuch batayle
Through entermynynge eche other to confounde
To be mooſt gredy whan they mooſt habounde

The next wey he knewe no better rede
To his deſire than pleynly to ordeyne
That of cartage the ſenatours were dede
Than were he lykly his purpos to atteyne
For to be crowned lorde and ſouereyne
So taccompliſſh his luſt in all thinge
And in cartage to regne as lorde and kinge

For if the Senate were vtterly deſtroyed
He ſhulde finde no maner reſiſtence
Wherby his purpos ſhulde be encloſed
Nor dare ſay nay to his magnificence
For in the poraile there was no diffence
And at this feeſt he caſt him to procede
All his entent to conclude in dede

His officers he made to be ſworne
To helpe deſtroye falſly by poyſon
The ſenatours of whom I ſpake to forne
And that their vitayle and deynties in foyſon
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Shulde with venym be intoxicate
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And whan they knewe this mortall compaſſinge
Of duke haynown to ſhewe all affray
They put in prudence the weddynge in delay

Wherof this duke gan haue ſuſpeccion
And this mater fill in a maner drede
Thought he wolde by ſum colluſion
Ageyne cartage more mortally procede
And gan call to helpe him at his nede
Of mauritayne a kinge of greate renown
With him by force to fall vp on the town

Made him promys to his auauntage
For to make fre diſtribucion
Of the richeſſes treſours and pyllages
Which that he might finde in the town
For vtter fyne of his entencion
Was to deſtroy of wylfull cruelte
The famous cartage the mighty ſtronge cyte

Of all the thrallys in the town dwellinge
And ſuche as were borne of lowe lynage
To ſtrength his party this was his werkinge
He made theym all by mortall fell outrage
Within the mighty caſtell of cartage
To kepe theym cloos of malyce and enuye
Ageyne the cite him ſilf to fortefie

But all for nought the mighty ſenatours
Therof ware and of high prudence
Seyne his malice and all his fals robbours
They made theym ſtronge and through their prudence
In eſpeciall to ordeyne a diffence
Firſt on their party to let the comynge
Of Mauritayne the ſtronge cruell kinge

And of aſſent they liſt nat delay
But roſe atonys by greate ordenaunce
Their fals duke to venquiſſh and outraye
Him and his cherles they broute to vttraunce
Fyll vpon him with a greate puiſſaunce
And fynally procedinge of reſown
This was his dome by auys of all the town

First of this duke as it is remembred
He was deſpoiled his doublet eke vnlaced
Joynt fro ioynt hewyn and diſmembred
And from his hede oute his iyen araced
And right as he had afore compaced
To haue deſtroied his owne mighty town
As ye haue herde he receyued the guerdown

### Lenuoye.

This tragedye doth pitouſly cōpleyne
And maketh a maner lamentacion
Of theſe mighty rich princes tweyne
Slayne in cartage as made is mencion
Cauſles the town ſaue by thoccaſion
That peſtilence in his frowarde viage
Slough all his people that were borne in cartage

Fortune alſo gan frowardly diſdeyne
Ageyne this rich mighty duke haynown
Whan of malice gan mortally ordeyne
The Senatours to murdre of his town
At his feſt by craft of fals poyſon
As ye haue herde reherced his outrage
He was aftyrwarde diſmembred in cartage

who doth vengeaunce vengeaunce ſhall atteyne
In high eſtate withoute excepcion
And who of pite vengeaunce doth reſtreyne
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For to preſerue fro rebellion
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with euery wynde turnynge vpſodoun
After fortune they chaunge affection
Turnynge their hertys with triſt or glad viſage
Lyke as the people dyd whilom in Cartage

The auctour ageyne couetous people

Nature that is content with a litell thinge
The wyſe ware the circumſpect goddeſſe
which vnder god in heuyn aboue regnynge
The worlde to gouerne is called themp͛reſſe
Moder of richeſſis the firſt founderеſſe
which ſerched oute by her arti ries
The ſtraunge treſoures hid in the myneris

This noble lady this princeſſe mooſt famous
knowynge of man the vncouth condicions
Sawe by experience richeſſis were noious
In him teclipſe the diſpoſicions
And conuey his inclynacions
By a wronge way vertue to ſet aſyde
howe couetous was a full perilous gyde

For auaryce is to all vertues contrarye
The gredy worme the ſerpent vnſtauncheable
Man to be traiſſhe with promyſes debonayre
At pryme face ſote and a greable
Taught him of nature by craft mooſt deceyuable
Through ſubtyll ſerchinge as it were for the nonys
Firſt oute of erthe to delue precious ſtonys

Of rich myneres they ſerch oute the entrayles
To fynde oute metals for worldly auauntages
Contryued ſhippes with their brode ſayles
By diuers ſees to make their paſſages

And couetiſe ordeyned firſt wagers
Caused princes to ride in londes ferre
Eche ageyne other for to gynne a werre

Of auarice gan firſt theſe robberies
A waite of brigauntys and al extort pillages
Murder ſlaughter and couert briberyes
Of olde contryued furious fell damages
wrought and encheued in all maner ages
Nowe in theſe dayes let ſet it at a preef
Fals couetyſe cauſed all ſuch myſcheef

She was firſt rote of fals extorcion
To ſpoyle the temple moder of raupyne
And ſterer vp of oppreſſion
To take by force this was hir doctrine
And as myn auctour doth pleynly determine
And concludeth in full pitous wiſe
Rote of all euyll is fals couetiſe

She is eke norice of contek and of ſtrife
Maiſtreſſe of murdre and wilfull violence
Made men to impaire body gode and lif
Caused diſcencyon and diſobedience
Grutchinge of comons withdraught of reuerence
By rigorous conſtreynt ſodeyne rebellions
Rumour in realmes vnware ſubuerſions

This frowarde dragon full of Idropſie
whoos fretynge euill there may no plente fede
To ſtaunche his thurſte there is no remedye
The more he drynketh the more he hath ay nede
And the more treſoure the more he ſtant in drede
with Cantalus though he ſwymme in the flodys
In mygdas well pleyneth for lak of godes

This worme eke cauſeth that men in their riches
haue drede of theuys a night in their walkynge
And they here on coffre bed or preſſe
Cat rat or mous or any worme mevynge
he weneth anone within him ſilf demynge
That there were come with greate apparayle
Sum vncouth pelour his treſoure to aſſayle

The woful ſoule ſtondeth euer in drede
And ay abydeth in laboure and trauayle
And of the godes which he doth poſſede
Falleth in deſpayre leſt they wolde him fayle
Twene hope and drede there is ſuch batayle
Through entermyntynge eche other to confounde
To be mooſt gredy whan they mooſt habounde

Hope vnaſured with drede diſeſpeired
Metynge in hertys make a mortall werre
Whan hope preſumeth with drede he is apeyred
And lyke a cowarde maketh him ſtande aferre
Dull of his chere as is a cloudy ſterre
Which darnat ſhewe the light of his treſoure
But euer to encres ſet holy his laboure

He dare nat touch thinge he loueth mooſt
His cofres cloos be ſhet vnder key
Though he hath moch he make therof no boſt
Leſt for his treſoure men wold him werreye
Pleyneth for nede like as he wolde deye
Feyneth fals pouert to ſpare his diſpence
Oppreſſynge plente with frowarde indigence

And though his cheſtys happed be with golde
With yron barrys faſt ſhet and cloſed
Fals ſcarſite gouerneth his houſholde
That by none exceſſe he is nat vndiſpoſed
His indigent herte ſo ſtreytly is encloſed
To Herebus heire and yit well worſe in dede
In greteſt richeſſe to compleyne vpon nede

This Herebus hath of yron nat of ſtone
For auarice bilt a foule cyte
Where as the whele turneth of Ixion
Vnder the boundes of Thephone
Where Zezephus may neuer a day goo fre
But with his ſtone contynually trauayleth
And the more beſy his laboure leeſt auayleth

Thus auarice to vertue mooſt contrarye
Founde amonge vices full contagious
Euer beſy their reſtles ſtone to carye
Nowe vp nowe doun with wery Zezephus
Whoos endles laboure braydeth on Theſeus
Which helde the bridell of fructles beſyneſſe
Condempned in hell to lyue in Idelneſſe

Of couetiſe the cruell marinere
Is called Charon which with flegonte
By many a ſtreſe and many fell daungere
Sayleth in the flodes of furious Acheronte
Vnder that derked and cloudy Orizonte
Where auarice ches whilom negardſhipe
For treſour his cofres for to kepe

Firſt to declare the labour in gaderinge
Of couetous men as it is in dede
And counterpeiſe howe their ſtreight kepynge
Is euer meynt with importable drede
Sorowe at deptynge for their mortall nede
Which may be called of trouth and equyte
Of Cerberus the waſtyr hedys thre

The firſt hede is vnſtaunchable deſire
Of worldly godes greate riches to atteyne
The more encres the hoter is the fyre
The ſeconde hede is the dredfull peyne
Which in kepynge his herte doth conſtreyne
Vnware departynge that ſodenly doth fall
Is the thrid hede that greueth mooſt of all

This waſtyr worme that bereth theſe hedys thre
Is called the worme of gredy couetiſe
Whoos beſy conſtreynt reſtles pplexite
Troubleth the ſoule in full furious wiſe
Which frowarde monſtre pleynly to deuiſe
Braideth on ydra of whome poetis ſeyne
One hede kut of / there growe thre ageyne

Euer at the tayle of plente and richeſſe
Of cuſtum foloweth grutchinge and enuye
For he that hath of treſoure greate richeſſe
Is ſeld glad as for his partye
Thus doth tweyne ſtonde in Iupdye
The rich with plente holde him nat apayed
And the nedy with pouert is affrayed

And yit in pouert is full greate ſekirneſſe
Which is a treſoure that no man wyll aſſayle
As myn auctour Bochas bereth wytneſſe
Amiclates amonge the poraylle
Lyued in pees ſure from all batayle
Helde him content with ſuch as god him ſent
Whan rich were armyd and to the werre went

Vertuous pouert ſtandeth euer in ſekir caas
To watch his hous he hath full lytell nede
But proude pompye aſſegyd in duras
For fere of Iulius ſtode in greate drede
But people rude herof take none hede
Such as reioyſe theym for to ſhede blode
In ſtraunge werres wrongly to gete gode

Storyes olde full well reherce cāne
Dyuers ſtudyes of folke here mortall
Firſt howe diogenes was content in his tūne
In which he made his lodgynge principall
And ſawe the cours aboue celeſtiall
Lyued gladder amonge philoſophers
Than kinge Creſus with all his ſtuffed cofres

And if men wolde vnto mynde call
The greate myſcheuys folowynge in habundaunce
And thinke alſo howe ſardanaball
For all his treſoure cam vnto miſchaunce
And howe ſophodius poreſt in ſubſtaunce
Had but a gardeyn full of lekis grene
And right nought elles hym ſilf to ſuſtene

This philoſopher was euer glad and lighte
There was no watch made his tours
Full ſurely ſlept he all the longe night
Hauynge no drede of theues ne robbours
In ſomer walkinge amonge the grene flours
And in colde wynter full merily and oft
On drye ſtrawe he lay and ſlepte full ſoft

Cyncynatus a pore laborere
Feyed dyches to gete his ſuſtenaunce
Withoute grutchinge euer glad of chere
Both in porte and in his countenaunce
Dempt he had as moch ſuffiſaunce
To his pleſaunce as creſus kinge of lyde
Content with lytell nature was his guyde

Thus pore man in his pouert aſſured
With litell fode and clothys but a fewe
Had hertys eſe and gladſum pes recured
It liked him nat ouer his hede to hewe
Which thinge conceyued clerely doth vs ſhewe
That Joyous pouert conueyed with gladneſſe
Grutchinge auoyded ſurmounteth all richeſſe

And if that folke coude conſidre a right
Their pitous ſighes their thoughtfull beſyneſſe
Their wofull labours their lytell ſlepe anight
Which they endure for worldly rycheſſe
And of thabidynge the dredfull ſekirneſſe
Which thinge peyſed and called to memorye
All erthely power is double and tranſitory

And by ſtoryes which been credible
To preue their power is nat abidynge
But at a poynt ſlidynge and fallible
Whilom Maſiniſſa of Numydye kinge
That was ſo myghty by recorde of writynge
For fere of Siphay oonly his lif to ſaue
Fled into mounteyns and hyd him in a caue

And there he fonde full ſmale vitayle
Conſtreyned narowe of indigence and nede
Whan other deyntees in myſchef gan him fayle
He gadred rotes and ete theym in his drede
Eke proude perſes kinge of pers and mede
Dranke blode and water to ſtaunche his gredy thurſt
Drede and trauayle gaue him ſo greate a luſt

Yit ſume men wolde ſeye of auenture
They were compelled ageyns their volunte
These kinges tweyne ſuch myſcheef to endure
Maugre their wyll of neceſſite
For caſuell chaunce raſt theym their liberte
So that the rigoure of this ſodeyne rage
Cam in by conſtreynt and of no corage

But for all that folke in their pouerte
On greate metys that theym ſilf fede
Been alſo ſtronge hole and faire to ſee
And alſo luſty preuyd at a nede
Upright of lymmes their iourneys for to ſpede
As longe lyued the cauſe to expreſſe
Is oonly this they do none exceſſe

To pore men the beſt medecine
Is due laboure with moderate abſtynence
Good aire in feldes whan phebus liſt to ſhyne
Voidinge derke myſtes that cauſe peſtilence
Of heuy ſtomake they fele no violence
They nat enryche lechys nor potecaries
Theym ſilf to ſaue with vncouth letwaries

But folkis rich werkyn the contrarye
Which in theym cauſeth maladyes ſtronge
For their dyete euery daye they varye
With dyuers metys and their ſyttynge longe
And with all this their appetites wronge
Take oute of tyme which they may nat endure
Which by cuſtum oppreſſeth their nature

And thus myn auctour ſhortly to deuiſe
Seeth howe glad pouert ſtandeth mooſt in ſekirneſſe
And of all euyll he ſeeth howe couetiſe
Is rote and grounde with fals extort richeſſe
Ryot conueyed engendringe longe ſikeneſſe
Theron concludynge howe moderate dyete
Set body and ſoule in moderate quiete

Howe Euagora kinge of cipre was by Artaxerſes diſtroyed and put from his kingdom.

FOlowynge in ordre the proces of Bochas
As he remembreth next in his writynge
To him appered rehersinge thus the caas
Euagora that was of Cypre kinge
His eyen derked by many folde wepinge
Bycauſe he had loſt that riche londe
Which he tofore had conquered with his honde

THis londe of Cypre ar made to mencion
Of diuers metalles is paſſingly habounde
Hath of richeſſe greate plente and foyſon
And of his ſite like as it is founde
It ſtandith ferre ſouth with many hilles rounde
And hath alſo many commodites
Within his boundes of townes and cytees

TOuchinge this cipre I can nomore ſeye
Of which londe Euagora was kinge
Tyll he gan proudly for to werreye
With Laccdomonois their pty ſuſteynynge
Geyne Artaxerſes and at their metynge
The ſeide Euagora was brought to vttraunce
Put from his kingdome and from all gouernaunce

Howe Theo kinge of egipt by artaxerſes was dryuen from his kingdome and fled into Arabye

NExte Euagora cam the kinge Theo
Of all Egipt longe tyme poſſeſſoure
And to John Bochas he gan declare his woo
Howe fortune dyd hir frowarde laboure
And from him drough hir frendſhip and fauour
And ſodenly through hir iniquite
She keſt this kynge doun from his roiall ſee

SHe liſt hir malice from him nat differre
Ne wold nat ſuffre him for to lyue in pees
But cauſed him for to gynne a frowarde werre
Agayne the ſayde mighty Artaxerſes
Weenynge therby to haue had greate encres
Gadred ſhippes and made a greate arme
In his entent to haue met him on the ſe

TO laccedomonois he was fauourable
Sent theym veſſels ſtuffed with vitayle
Dempte of pride that him ſilf was able
With artaxerſes to holde a batayle
But haſty truſt doth folys often fayle
For this theo was after anone right
Dryuen oute of egipt and Iput to flight

ARtaxerſes purſued him ſo ſore
Tofore his face he durſt nat appere
Fled into Arabye myn auctour ſeyth nomore
Banyſſhed from egipt dedly of face and chere
And of his fate who ſo liſt to lere
He was depryued from kingly dignite
And by fortune caſt from his royall ſee

Howe Amynta of Maccedoyne kinge had by Erudice his wife Aliſaundre/ ꝑdica/ & philip þ were ſlayne

ANd amonge other their fates compleynynge
Through fortunes dredfull violence
There cam amynta of macedoyne kynge
And to John Bochas ſhewed his ſentence
And to declare his magnificence
To aliſaundre graunt fader in his life
Hauynge foure children by Erudice his wife

THe firſt of theym was aliſaundre called
And perdica named the ſeconde
The thrid philip in Macedoyne ſtalled
Kinge of grece like as it is founde
Which in richeſſe greatly dyd habounde
And was eke fader this noble werroure
To aliſaundre the mighty conquerour

ANd or myn auctour further doth procede
He maketh a maner of digreſſion
From his mater like as ye may rede
And gynneth in ordre a deſcription
Of macedoyne the famous region
Amonge grekys writeth in eſpeciall
Of ſeuyn prouynces it is the principall

And ſo procedinge he ſeith howe that cuntre
Stratcheth his boundes aboute him enuyron
Towarde the ſe which called is Egee
Forth by athena towarde Septentrion
And to Meſſie weſtwarde it goth down
And who that can by craft the coſtys caſt
To dalmacia the name therof doth laſt

In macedoyne he doth alſo be here
Of olimpus ſtandeth the greate mountayn
And in that kingdome is many greate mynere
Of golde and ſyluer like as bokes ſeyne
And on that hill is nouther wynde ne reyne
For thilke mounteyne ſo hye doth atteyne
That it may nouther blowe there nor reyne

The kinge amynta of whom I ſpake tofore
Had in grece many greate batayle
Olimpiens in macedoyne bore
And Illiriens to gedre he dyd aſſayle
Through his wiſdome he dyd alwey preuayle
But with his enmyes whiles he ſtode mooſt in ſtrife
His deth was ſhappyn by Erudice. his wife

Myn auctour bochas of hir doth diffyne
She Imagyned his diſtruction
Bycauſe ſhe had another concubyne
On whom ſhe ſet all hir affection
Day ſet and tyme to his confuſion
Fully ordeyned at a mariage
He to be ſlayne of one of his lynage

He had a ſuſter callyd Eryone
Which prudently eſpyed the manere
Of Erudice and ſecretly allone
Goth to the kinge and tolde him all Ifere
And as the ſtory in ordre telleth here
Though ſhe failed that daye of hir empriſe
She thought fulfylle it in another wyſe

This to mene of hir iniquite
Of hir fraude and fals Imagyninge
She was in cauſe through hir contrariouſe
Of the diſtruction of their mighty kynge
For the concluſion of hir fals werkinge
Was to haue ſlayne the kinge and all his lyne
She to haue regned with hir concubyne

But whan ſhe ſawe ſhe might nat acheue
Hir furious purpos by none auenture
Hir venymous malice vpon hir lorde to preue
On other partyes ſhe dyd hir beſy cure
[illegible] and myſchefes to procure
Ageyne the kinge by mortall fel aſſayes
With ſorowe and trouble for to ſhort his dayes

Night and day his life ſtode euer in drede
Him to betrayſſhe ſhe caſt oute hoke and lyne
And who is he that or may take hede
Frely teſcape teſchewe as declyne
Malice of wymmen whan they be ſerpentyne
Be an exaumple in this quene Erudice
Voide of al vertue and ful of euery vice

Alas no prince can be ware by other
To bridle their noblees with reyne of reſon
Such as cõmitte alas both ſhip and rother
Unto Sirrenes to rowe theym vp and down
Throughout caribdys to their deſtruction
By craft of Circes alas they were made nyce
Blinde to remembre vpon this Erudice

Which made Amynta to lyue in ſorowe and drede
To reſt in pees ſuffred him to haue no ſpace
In thought and trouble his lif he gan to lede
Tyl by longe proceſſe deth him gan manace
Yet or he dyed fortune gaue him grace
His eldeſt ſonne by wiſdome to ordeyne
Called aliſaundre his crowne to atteyne

Thus aliſaundre was his ſucceſſoure
For Lathmenſes gan their rancoure ſete
Ageyns him for he with greate laboure
By their ſuffraunce cam to his royal ſete
And for to ſet this realme in quiete
Firſt with athenys the mighty ſtronge town
Prouidyd a pes of hye diſcretioun

And for to auoyde al ambiguite
Of olde debatys and of olde outrage
Firſt he ſent into that ſtronge cite
His ſonne philip yonge and tender of age
On pees aſſured to lye there for hoſtage
And in that cite the ſtory bereth witneſſe
He gan to growe vnto full hye nobleſſe

He was cõmittyd vnto the diſciplyne
Of a greate duke called Epamynedon
Which to all vertue his youth made encline
For of this duke Juſtyn maketh mention
By a maner recommendacion
Tofore nor after as by his auyſe
Was neuer no prince more excellent nor wyſe

Firſt he cõmendeth his vertuous corage
His hye nobleſſe his vertuous excellence
And by diſcent he borne of high lynage
And into thinges concludeth his ſentence
Seth that he was of mooſt magnificence
Egall to mars by famous chyualrye
And ſõne to phebus through hye philoſophye

And bochas here doth his ſtile auaunce
Full notably with excellent langage
And ſeyth no treſoure atteyneth in ſubſtaunce
To thilke richeſſe auoydynge all outrage
As whan there is by bonde of mariage
Knyt by a knot atwene excellence
Of famous knighthode and of dame prudence

This knot auayleth more than golde in cofre
And is more glorious ꝑpetually to abyde
A mighty prince to be a philoſophre
Which can by prudence all vertues ſet aſide
For whan to manhode prouidence is gyde
And vertuous force is capteyne in the werre
Let men well truſt that party may nat erre

This Epamynoda of knighthode ſuſteynoure
Carbuncle of vertue as bokys tell cũne
Of gentyll maners called the famous floure
And of high nobleſſe a very worldly ſũne
Whoos knightly triumphes be ſo hye vp rũne
To martis paleys with the bleſſed ſoũe
Of famous trumpettys and golden clariouns

For he was called the bright clere myrrour
Of rightfull quarels the party to ſuſtene
Of extort wronges mooſt iuſt refourmatoure
An egall iuge of entent mooſt clene
Which neuer coude no thinge but trouth mene
Wolde of cuſtum for hate nor alliaunce
On nouther party declyne the balaunce

And to cõmende his vertuous proweſſe
His proued triumphes his magnanimyte
His marcial actys his knightly beſyneſſe
In the getinge of many ſtrõge cite
As all his laboure was for the comunite
Which to augment he wolde neuer ceſſe
Such ioye he had the comons good to encreace

This was alſo his vſaunce euermore
What euer he gate to parte it in largeſſe
Of golde nor coyne he ſet but lytell ſtore
For all his herte was ſette on gentylneſſe
By manly fredom and playnly to expreſſe
He ſparyd no gode it ſhewed well in dede
His true ſeruauntes to helpe theym in their nede

He kept nat in cofres his treſoure
Of his nature he was ſo liberall
For to reſcue eche manly ſoudeoure
Such as were preuyd in actys marciall
And for to holde his feſt funerall
After his deth his ſtory maketh mynde
Through fre departynge there left no golde behinde

All his offices and famous dignitees
And greate emprYſes in his tyme wrought
Encreſed fraunchiſes through Grece in his cities
With libertees by his prudence oute ſought
For comon profite and for him ſylf rightnought
With greate augmentinge of ſtraunge teritoryes
All this cam in by mene of his victories

And amonge all his knightly excellences
By diuers auctours vnto mynde is brought
Howe all his lyfe he ſtudyed in ſciences
And vpon cũnynge ſet holly his thought
By manly proweſſe of deth he rought nought
That was ſhewyd as it is well founde
The day whan he receyued his dethys wounde

He was home borne vnto his pauilyon
All his armure with blode ſteyned red
And on a couche by his men laide down
And gan abrayde as he lay half ded
Sirs quod he of one thinge take hede
Hath any enemy this day in the felde
Whan I was wounded takyn vp my ſhelde

And whan his knightes had tolde him nay
By a maner of knightly reioyſinge
He theym cõmaunded withoute more delay
To his preſence that they ſhulde it bringe
And therupon full pitouſly ſobinge
Full like a knight and with mortall chere
He kiſſed it and ſeide as ye ſhall here

Thou were my felowe in armys and my brother
That neuer woldeſt my felawſhip forſake
Sure and abydinge there was nat ſuch another
In euery iourney that I dyd vndertake
To me welcome an ende I muſt nowe make
After my deth my ſoule ſhall haue pleſaunce
The to be kept yet for a remembraunce

Before his deth it is put in mynde
The ſame houre it cam to his memorye
To enquere he left nat behinde
Haue we quod he this day had victorye
Or in the felde who hath the palme of glorye
His knyghtes he prayed that day he ſhulde deye
The playne trouth that they wolde him ſeye

And they him tolde playnly all the caas
Howe his party had wonne the felde of might
And with that worde he ſo reioyſed was
That he his ſprite yelde anone vpright
And ſo he dyed like a worthy knight
In whom is ſhewed what auayleth in ſentence
Nobleſſe of knighthode ioyned with prudence

And by the mene of his wiſe doctryne
Philip that laye with him in hoſtage
Gan encreace in knightly diſciplyne
Wex in vertue right as he wex in age
Whoos fader was by furious outrage
Callyd aliſaundre as made is mencion
Slayne by his moder by couert fals treſon

After whoos deth perdyca in dede
The yonger brother the ſtory doth deuiſe
To the crowne gan lyneally ſuccede
Anone ſlayne after in full cruel wiſe
Such fals murdre euery man ſhulde agryſe
As ye haue herde firſt of amynta
Of aliſaundre and of kinge ꝑdica

## Howe the proude tyraunt Aman was hangyd and the Innocent preſeruyd

The horrible fall furious for to rede
That foloweth after of the greate aman
A full fals tyraunt founde in thought ⁊ dede
And was of byrth a macedonyan
Which as the byble full wel reherce can
Was cheef mayſter who can well concerne
With aſſuerus his people to gouerne

He was exalted hie in pryde
To goddys people mooſt contrarious
His hatefull venym he liſt nat for to hyde
But lyke a tyraunt mooſt malicious
Of wilfull rancoure fell and deſpitous
Fully diſpoſed and coude him nat withdrawe
To deſtroye the iewes and their lawe

To his entent he gate auctoryte
By his ſubtyl fals compaſſinge
Sent oute lettres into eche cuntre
Throughoute all perce by biddinge of the kinge
That hye and lowe within the londe dwellynge
No wight except that people all aboute
Shulde vnto aman obeye knele and loute

This was the biddinge of kinge aſſuere
Whan quene vaſty was voyded for hir pryde
And heſter choſen a mayde mooſt entere
Was brought to courte with the kinge to abide
Which had in youth for to be hir gyyde
A worthy Jewe called mardoche
Within Suſus a large faire cite

By whoos counſeyle euery thinge ſhe wrought
Paſſinge fayre and of greate mekeneſſe
And whan the Eunukes to the kinge hir brought
She was acceptyd for hir greate fairneſſe
Vnto his grace hir ſtory bereth wytneſſe
And there cheriſſhed in eſpeciall
Aboue al the maydens in the court royall

And of al perce was ſhe crowned quene
A pes cōmaundyd through all tho regions
Duringe the feeſt that men might ſene
The kinges nobley in cites and in towns
And of this feeſt the rich royall ſowns
Cam to the eyes of ſimple mardoche
Which cam with other the maner for to ſe

Before the paleys as he dyd abyde
With other Jewes in his cūpanye
Of hap as he keſt his ere aſide
He of two porters the counſeyle dyd eſpye
Howe they theym caſt by fals cōſpiracye
To ſle the kinge ſome day of that yere
Lyke their entent whan they fonde beſt leyſere

Whan mardocheus prudently gan fele
The ſecret malice of theyr compaſſinge
Of compaſſion he wolde it nat concele
But made heſter diſcure it to the kinge
Whereof conuict they were led to the hanginge
As me ſemeth a competent guerdon
For all that falſly Imagyne ſuch treſon

By which mene the ſeyde mardoche
Was well accepted to kinge aſſuere
Lykly alſo to ſtonde at lybertye
Oute of the malice and fell daungere
Of curſyd aman which made hym no chere
But compaſſed in full fell manere
Hym to deſtroye and Jewes all I fere

This mardocheus the byble tell can
Withdrough hym ſilf to do reuerence
Vnto this tyraunt the frowarde prince aman
Lyke as the ſtatute commaundyd in ſentence
Which thinge takynge by frowarde violence
This aman made of hatrede to be ſet
Afore the paleys a myghty ſtronge gybet

But who that caſt hym to do vengeaunce
And innocentys for to oppreſſe with might
And wilfull malyce tagregge their greuaunce
As god were blynde and had of theym noo sighte
But at the laſt he wyll of very right
Punyſſhe the proude for furious violence
The pore ſupportinge for their longe patience

As mardocheus by innocent lyuynge
By mene of heſter and hir greate mekeneſſe
Acceptyd was to aſſuere the kinge
The lawe of Jewes ſet in more ſureneſſe
Frowarde aman for his curſedneſſe
Vengeable of pride the bible ye may ſe
Was hye enhangyd vpon a galowe tre

Mardocheus of prudence and reſon
The furious daungere of aman ſet aſyde
Preſeruyd his people fro diſtruction
The tyraunt hangyd for his frowarde pride
Thus can the lorde his iugementys diuide
Whan he ſeeth tyme mooſt mighty and puiſſaunt
Support the ſimple and punyſſhe the tyraunt

### Of the two brethern artaxerſes and Cirus and Artaxerſes ſlough his children and concubynes and howe they ended

After the fall of aman doutles
Whan he beſt wende haue regned i̅ his flours
Tofore John bochas cam artaxerſes
Mooſt renomed his tyme of conquerours
Which gan declare his ſodeyne ſharpe ſhours
With all the perellys of his mortall peyne
Which that fortune ageyne hym gan ordeyne

This artaxerſes as put is in memorye
All other princes excelled in richeſſe
Which in his chare famous of worldly glorye
And with his throne of worldly hye nobleſſe
Sate in his tyme the ſtory bereth witneſſe
Hyeſt exalted that was of any kinge
That he ſhulde fall was it nat an vncouth thinge

Kynges he had vnder his obeyſaunce
An hundryd prouynces twenty and eke ſeuene
Sonne vnto darye prince of mooſt puiſſaunce
His fame dred more than fyry leuene
None ſo mighty vnder the ſterryd heuene
Accou̅ted was that tyme in werre and pes
As was this kinge called Artaxerſes

He had a brother that named was Cyrus
Oute of one ſtok cam their both lynes
But artaxerſes the ſtory telleth thus
Was lorde of greynes of oyle and of wynes
And had alſo by diuers concubynes
An hundred children lyke as it is tolde
And fiftene ouer tofore or he wex olde

Of both bretherne the power laſt ferre
Duringe their tyme ſtode in full hye eſtate
Yit atwene theym was full mortall werre
Ageyne nature an vnkindly debate
For thilke werrys be mooſt infortunate
Whan blode with blode let no man deme other
Liſt werrey as brother ageyns brother

And fynally cauſe why this werre gan
Atwene theſe bretherne as made is mencion
Through which debate there dyed many a man
The grounde of al and firſt occaſion
Was only this for ſucceſſion
After kinge darye reygnynge in pes and mede
Which of theym twayne ſhulde next ſuccede

But artaxerſes by a maner prouidence
Put his brother pryuely in priſon
That he ne ſhulde make no diffence
Nor gadre people to his diſtruction
This yonge Cirus as made is mencion
Was faſt ſtocked and eke as it is tolde
That his ſtockys and feters were of golde

And thoughe it be nat remembryd in bochas
Howe that Cyrus eſcapyd fro priſon
yet alſo ſone as he delyuered was
Through pce and mede ridinge vp and down
Gadred people of entention
Through olde hatrede his brother to aſſayle
The felde aſſigned they met in batayle

Where cyrus proudly put him ſilf in prees
To ſhewe his manhode in eſpeciall
Sought his brother called artayerſes
And gaue to him a wownde full mortall
Without frenſhip or fauour fraternal
That artayerſes his wounde gan ſo ake
Conſtreyned was the feeld to forſake

And Cyrus was than furious as a leon
His aduerſaries gan mortaly to wake
But fals fortune full of colluſion
Under feynt ſimylinge a mowe gan him make
Which cauſed alas that day that he was take
Afore Iwoundyd it wolde be none other
And than preſentyd to his vnkinde brother

And though this cirus had afore be founde
yonge freſſh and luſty and manly of his honde
By the conſtreynt of his mortall wounde
He dyed anone for he no ſocour fonde
Than the two kingdoms within perce londe
Fyll to the hondes of artayerſes
In which after he lyued longe in pees

Thus a greate ſpace like a mighty kynge
All perce he helde vnder his obeyſaunce
By famous nobleſſe full glorouſly ſhynynge
Hauynge of richeſſys mooſt fulſum habundaunce
And as it is put in remembraunce
To more encreace of his proſpite
In true wedlok he had ſonnes thre

The firſt of theym called darius
Arabratus named the ſeconde
And the thyrd named was Othus
Manly princys lyke as it is founde
And of nature like as the kinge was bounde
Unto darye as it is made mencion
Aboue echon he had affeccion

And for he dempt him able to the werre
By lyklihede of yerys yonge and grene
He caſt fully his nobleſſe to preferre
Of hye prudence thus he dyd mene
His impotence to ſupporte and ſuſtene
For he was feble in pce to regne alone
He ſet vp darye with him in his throne

Which was a thinge ſtraunge and contrarious
Ageyne the cuſtum of perciens vſaunce
But he ſuppoſyd his ſonne darius
Shulde in ſuch cas encres and auaunce
His faders ply of naturall attendaunce
And ſhewe vnto him trouth and kindneſſe
His impotence to cheriſſhe of gentylneſſe

But in eſtatys oft it doth thus fall
Whan that princes be ronne ferre in age
Their childrens loue ageyne theym doth appall
Shewynge no frendſhip ſaue for auauntage
Howe that they may reioyſe their heritage
And in ſuch caas whan they wex ſtronge
Thinke their faders lyue all to longe

And artayerſes ſtode in the ſame cas
As in his ſtory playnly ye ſhal finde
By reherſaile and writynge of bochas
Howe this darye was fals and eke vnkinde
Foryetfull and had no thinge in mynde
Howe his fader the trouth to reherce
Hath made him egall with him to regne in pce

And to declare the firſt occaſion
To his fader howe the ſeyde darye
By a fals maner of rebellyon
Gan in his werkinge for to be contrarye
Which to diſcure I wyll no lenger tarye
But with my penne in all haſt procede
Here to diſcryue howe it fyll in dede

Artayerſes amonge his concubynes
It is remembred howe that he had one
Which for to rekne wyues and virgynes
Was faireſt holde of theym eueryechon
Called artaſia of full yore agone
And was that tyme hir bewtye to deſcryue
Amonge perciens the faireſt holde alyue

And though ſhe were Ironne ferre in age
Lyke as bokys lyſt of hir expreſſe
Both of colour and alſo of viſage
She kept hir bewtye and hir natif freſſhneſſe
Which was afore for hir ſemelyneſſe
To ſeyde Cyrus breuely to termyne
Choſe longe afore to be his concubyne

But whan this Cirus was paſſyd into fate
Which for his brother might nat lyue in pees
Anone vpon without lenger date
She was take vp for kinge artaxerſes
Bycauſe ſhe was of beutye peerles
After longe tyme whan he fyll in age
She cleymed was by tytle of heritage

Of kinge dary by his faders lyue
Feynynge his cleyme by ſucceſſion
And though his fader ageyne it dyd ſtryue
And thus began as made is mencion
Of their debate the firſt occaſion
For darye caſt albe he bare it ſtyll
Hir to reioyſe ageyne his faders wyll

And to accomplyſſh falſly his entent
Of hir to haue full poſſeſſion
To afforce his partye he made this argument
Cirus quod he as made is mencion
Regnynge in pee the mighty region
And this ſtory doth pleynly determyne
For hir beutye made hir his concubyne

And after tyme whan cirus was dede
Artaxerſes his fader ye may ſe
Next him ſuccedinge in pee it is no drede
Liſt hir to cleyme eke for hir greate beutye
And ſo quod darye ſhe longeth nowe to me
Bicauſe ſhe is ſo pleſaunt to my ſight
By ſucceſſion I wyll hir cleyme of right

Thus kinge darye to his fader ſayde
He wold haue arthaſia the faire
And therwithal artaxerſes gan abraide
And anſweryd with face debonaire
My ſonne quod he I wyll nat be contraire
To thy deſire but of affection
Delyuer hir to thy poſſeſſion

Of his promys he after gan repent
Caſt him to make another cheuiſaunce
And ſecretly his concubyne he ſent
Callyd arthaſia as made is remembraunce
And through his ſleyghty vncouth purueaunce
Vnto the temple ſuch meyns he hath ſought
Of greate Appollo that ſhe in haſt was brought

Where ſhe was veyled and made a preeſtereſſe
After the rytes pleynly and the guyſe
Of olde paynemes by amaner holyneſſe
And there profeſſed for to do ſeruiſe
As their ſtatutes conſtreyne and diuiſe
During hir lyfe it might none other be
She bounde was to lyue in chaſtite

This thinge was wrought by compaſſinge
Of artaxerſes by frowarde ielouſye
Wherof darye the yonge luſty kynge
Waxt almooſt wode whan he dyd it eſpye
And gan compaſſe of malencolye
Furyous rancoure and haſty cruelte
Vpon his fader auengyd for to be

And his party of force to ſuſtene
With him he had the ſtory maketh mynde
His bretherne in haſt an hundred and fiftene
Which to their fader were fals and vnkinde
Of all this noumbre there left none behinde
That for this purpos onys lyſt diſſent
His deth of one wyll they aſſent

Yet of this ſtraunge fals conſpiracie
Artaxerſes hadde a knowlegynge
Although the ſtorye doth nat ſpecifie
Howe ne by whom he had therof wittynge
For which in haſt he made no taryinge
To gadre meyne and make him ſilf ſtronge
Him ſilf tauenge of this diſnaturall wronge

For artaxerſes like as the caas tho ſtode
Though it ſate wele to his high nobeſſe
To be vengyd vpon vnkinde blode
For law nature decrees rightwiſneſſe
And all ſtatutis dampne vnkindneſſe
Wherby this kinge occaſion dyd finde
Ageyne his children bycauſe they were vnkinde

Sūme men deme howe greate multitude
Of many children maketh a man ſtronge
But therupon pleynly to conclude
Vertue is cauſe if ſhe dwell theym amonge
But if their corage enclyneth vnto wronge
And vicious life do their bridell lede
The gretter noumbre the wors they muſt ſpede

A progenye borne of a curſed lyne
May through his frowarde fals infection
Outwarde by coloure of trouth though they ſhyne
Vnder apparence and ſimulacion
Infect and corrupt all a regyon
For it is ſayde of full olde langage
Frute of ſoure trees take a ſoure tarage

This was well ſhewed in artaxerſes
That ſuffred his brother dye at myſcheef
Bledynge his wounde left hym helples
Which to his name ſhall euer be repreef
Thus blode vnkinde vnkindly maketh his preef
For all the children fro his ſtok deſcendyd
Were curſed euerichon as here is comprehendyd

Their ſtok was firſt contagious of nature
The griffis froward though they were grete in noumbre
Which of aſſent dyd theyr beſy cure
By fals treſon their fader to encombre
But there is no ſhade nor no couert umbre
So cloſely kept namely of fals gyle
But the venym wyll ſhewe oute ſumwhile

And thus the deth contagious conſpired
Of artaxerſes ſith go full yore
Wheron to auenge his herte was ſo fired
Of furious Ire and Ibrent ſo ſore
That he nat coude differre it ferthermore
But with his meyne fyll on theym anone
Or they were ware and ſlough theym euerychone

He ſlough alſo all his concubynes
That were their moders of whom I tolde to forne
Suffred none to lyue of their lynes
So of that lynage he hath the wede vpſhorne
Fonde amonge all no greyne of good corne
Conuict by dome whan they were preſentyd
To his deth howe echon they were aſſentyd

His clothys ſpreynt with the vnkinde blode
Of his children which he dyd ſhede
After whoos deth in greate miſcheef he ſtode
And ſo in ſorowe his lyfe he dyd lede
Dyed after in myſcheef and in drede
Deth quyt with deth and rage with rage
Loo here the fyne of his vnweldy age

### Lenuoye.

This tragedye aforne declareth here
The greate outrage of vnkindneſſe
Atwene two brethren regnynge both yfere
In per londe as ye haue herde expreſſe,
Tyll diuiſion of all myſcheef maiſtreſſe
Gan entre in through fraternall hatrede
Which ageyne kinde deſtroyed. their kinrede

The werre aroſe contagious for to here
Throughoute all Perce of mortall frowardneſſe
Of Cyrus deth reherſinge the manere
Howe helples he dyed in diſtreſſe
And howe the noumbre of brethren dyd them dreſſe
To ſle their fader the ſtory ye may rede
Cauſinge an ende of all their hole kinrede

Kinge artaxerſes with a frowarde chere
His Iniuries and wronges to redreſſe
Slough his children their moders eke yfere
Spared nat one of frowarde curſedneſſe
By which occaſion toke a greate ſekeneſſe
After dyed in miſcheef and in drede
Cauſinge an ende of all his hole kinrede

Loo here a ſorowe nat particulere
For through all perce ran the curſedneſſe
The croked fame ſpred both ferre and nere
Of this vengeable haſty fell woodneſſe
The ayre infectinge with ſclaundrous blakneſſe
To ſhewe the vengeaunce the contrarious mede
Of blode vnkynde borne of one kinrede

Noble princes lift vp your iyen clere
And conſidre by greate auiſneſſe
The woful ſtryues the odious fell daungere
Sowne in kinredys of wilful ſtraungeneſſe
Of all rancoure youre corage do redreſſe
Peiſinge the miſcheuys folowynge on in dede
Of blode vnkinde borne of one kinrede

### Explicit liber Tarcius.

A disputation betweene Fortune and glad Povertie.
How K. Hostilius was ~~consumed~~ slaine wth ~~thunder~~ lightning
How Ancus K. of Rome was murdered.
Of Lucrece ravished by Tarquin and her Complaint.
Bochas complaint of the luxurie of Princes.
How Cambyses assenting to the murder of his brother slew himself
How Darius obteyning the kingdome of Persia ended his life
Of Miltiades duke of Athens.
Of Xerxes K. of Persia.
How Artabanus murdred Xerxes K. of Persia.

## Incipit Prohemium Libri quarti

A Rule of writynge ſet in cronicles olde
Mooſt delectable of freſſhneſſh in taſtynge
And mooſt goodly and glorious to beholde
In colde and hete lengeſt abidynge
Chaunge of ceſons may do it no hindringe
And whereſo be that men dyne or faſt
The more men taſt the lenger it wyll laſt

It doth corages renewe open and glade
Which may be called frute of the tre of life
So parmanable that it wyll neuer fade
To the fyue wittes greteſt reſtoratyf
And to their pleſaunce mooſt cheef confortatif
For of nature whan they be quyk and gode
They of this frute take their naturall fode

Auctours heron conclude and eke aſſent
Howe that writynge of his kindly right
Doth ſoundis perſonys and lykneſſis repreſente
Of frendys abſent ſeueryd ferre from ſight
Derkeneſſe of abſence is cleryd with the light
Thus frute of writinges hath his auauntages
Of folke ferof to preſente the ymages

Lawe had periſſhed nadde by writinge
Oure feyth appallyd ner vertue of ſcripture
For all religion and ordre of good lyuinge
Taketh their exaumple by doctryne of lecture
For writinge cauſeth with helpe of portrature
That thinges derkyd of olde that were begonne
To be remembred with this celeſtiall ſonne

God ſet writinge and letters in ſentence
Ageyne the dulneſſe of oure infirmite
This worlde tenlumyne by crafte of eloquence
Canon Ciuile philoſophie theſe thre
Confermyd fraunchiſes of many ſtronge cite
Couenauntys aſſeled trouthis of olde aſſuryd
Nadde writynge be might nat haue endured

Dyligence cheef triumphatrice
Of ſlogardye negligence and ſlouth
Eke of memorye vpholder and notice
And regiſtrere to ſuppoſalapſe trouth

Hath of olde laboure and elles were greate routh
Brought thinges paſſyd notable in ſubſtaunce
Only by writinge to newe remembraunce

Writynge is cauſe that herto is remembryd
Lyfe of prophetys and patryarchis olde
Howe the appoſtiles and martirs were diſmembryd
For criſtys feyth his baner vp to holde
And writinge ſhewethe tofore as I you tolde
Of confeſſoures the greate ſtedfaſtneſſe
And of virgynes the virgynall clenneſſe

Like to a tre which euery yere bereth frute
Shewynge his beutye with bloſoms & with floures
Right ſo the fode of our inward refute
By diligence of theſe olde doctours
And daily frute of their feithfull laboures
Haue oure corages foſtred and paſtured
By writinge only which hath ſo longe endured

The Epigrames whilom pſhed had
Of prudent proſp that was ſo vertuous
And of Seneke the tragedies ſad
The Stratagemys of Vigecius
Rebuke in vicis of noble princis
If in olde writinge had be founde a lacke
Theſe ſeyde thinges had ferre be put abacke

Writinge cauſed poetes to recure
A name eternall the laurer whan they wan
In adamant graue perpetually to endure
Recorde I take of Virgill mantuan
That wrote the armys and proweſſe of the man
Called Eneas whan he of high corage
Cam into Itayle from Dydo of cartage

Thre famous bokis this auctoure liſt compile
Eneidos firſt which that dyd excelle
In rethorike by ſouereynte of ſtile
He dranke ſuche plente this poete as men tell
Of the ſtremys that ran down from the well
Wrought by tho ſuſters that ben in noumbre nyne
Proweſſe of knighthode mooſt clerely to termyne

For in that boke he caſt nat to fayle
With voice melodious for to diſcriue aright
The greate conqueſt of rome and of Itayle
Wrought by Enee the manly troian knight
Whoos vers notable yeue ſo clere a light
Through all the world as in rethorike
That amonge poetis was none vnto him lyke

He wrote alſo this poete with his hande
By humble ſtyle other bokes tweyne
One of paſture the next of tilth of lande
The verſes conueyed with fete of metrys pleyne
By which ther laboures a palme he dyd atteyne
To make his name thrugh dytees delectable
Aboue poetys to be mooſt comendable

Writinge of poetis hath ſet within his clos
Conqueſt of knighthode their triumphes & renouns
Rede of Ouide Methamorphoſeos
The greate wondres the tranſmutacions
The morall menynge vncouth concluſions
His boke deponto and with greate diligence
Full many a piſtle compleynynge for abſence

Of crafte of loue a boke he hath compiled
Wherof Ceſer had full greate dyſdeyne
Which was cauſe that he was exyled
To abide in ponto and neuer come agayne
And yit he dyd his laboure in certeyne
In hope of grace his voutis to applye
To write a boke of louys remedye

Writinge of olde with letters aureat
Laboure of poetis doth highly magnefie
Record on petrak in rome laureat
Which of two fortunes wrote the remedye
Certeyne Egloogys and his coſmographie
And a greate conflicte which men may rede & ſe
Of his quarels within him ſilf ſecre

He wrote ſeuene pſalmys of greate repentaunce
And in his affrike cōmendyd ſcipion
And wrote a boke of his ignoraunce
By a maner of excuſacion
And ſet a notable compilacion
Vpon the life called ſolitarie
To which this worlde is frowarde and contrarye

And thus by writinge he gate him ſilf a name
Perpetually to be in remembraunce
Set and regiſtred in the hous of fame
And made epiſtles of full high ſubſtaunce
Called ſine titulo and more him ſilf to auaunce
Of famous wymen he wrote thexcellence
Greſilde preferrynge for hir greate pacience

Writinge alſo remembred hath howe troye
Diſtroyed was ſith gone many a yere
The ſlaughter of hector cheef pylere of their Ioye
And for the party of Grekys wrote of Omere
Which in his writynge was particulere
For Achille that wrought all by fraude
Aboue hector he gaue a ſinguler laude

Writynge cauſeth the chapelet to be grene
Bothe of Eſope and of Iuuenal
Dantis laboure it doth alſo ſuſteine
By a report very celeſtyall
Songe amonge lumbardys in eſpecial
Whoos thre bokes the greate wondres tell
Of heuene aboue of purgatorye and of hell

Men by writynge knowe the myracles
Of bleſſed ſeyntes and of their holyneſſe
Medicyne ſalue and eke obſtacles
Geyne mortall woundes and euery greate ſekeneſſe
Recreacion and ſolace in diſtreſſe
Quiete in laboure in pouert pacience
And in richeſſe right trouth and conſcience

Shortneſſe of life and forgetfulneſſe
The wyt of man dull and ay ſlydynge
Negligence and frowarde Idylneſſe
Echon ſtepmoder to ſcience and cunnynge
That I dare ſey nad be writinge
Only ordeyned for our auauntages
Ded were memorye and mynde of paſſed ages

And thus in cheef the cauſes afore tolde
Mouynge the herte of Bochas to writinge
And to remembre by many ſtoryes olde
Theſtate of princes in charres hye ſittinge
And for vices their vnware fallynge
Yeuynge exaumple as I afferme dare
Of fals fortune howe they ſhall be ware

His firſt thre bokes by full clere myrrours
Fully accompliſſhed as Bochas vndertoke
The cauſe of fallynge of many conquerours
Onely for trouth and vertue they forſoke
For which myn auctoure towarde his fourth boke
Gan ſharpe his penne to his eternall fame
Only by writinge to gete him a name

Myn auctour Bochas that ſo moch coude
Begynneth here to make a proceſſe
Ageyne the outrage of princes that were proude
Which were brought lowe for their frowardneſſe
And notably remembreth the mekeneſſe
Which ſtondeth loſe in one and doth contune
Is ay fraunchiſed from daungere of fortune

But he in maner doth recapitle ageyne
That fall of many that ſat in hye ſtages
Howe they for vices ſtode ay in no certeyne
Cam to myſcheef for their greate outrages
Rememberinge firſt of priam the damages
And he loſt ceptre and regalye
For ſuſteyninge of fals auoutrye

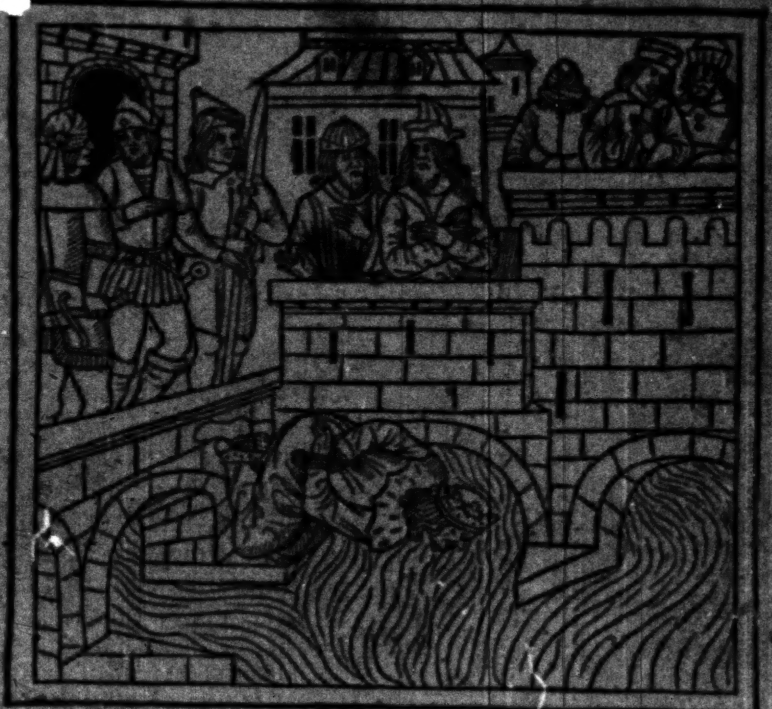
The fal reherſinge of aſtiages
That gaue his doughter whilom in mariage
To one that was called cambyſes
A pore man borne of lowe lynage
For he ſhulde haue none auauntage
In no maner nouther in right ne wronge
By rebellyon ageyne him to be ſtronge

For he toforne had had a viſion
Howe there ſhulde one procede of his lyne
Which ſhulde him put oute of his region
And cauſe him in myſcheef to fyne
But yet fortune coude him vndermyne
That all his wiſdome ſtode in none auaile
For ageyne god preuaileth no counſayle

It nedeth nat his ſtory to reherce
Nor that maner of his vnhappy chaunce
Nor the fallynge of Cirus kinge of perce
Nor of kinge Tarquyn for his myſgouernaunce
Though bochas here put theym in remembraunce
For as me ſemeth it were a thinge in veyne
Thinge onys tolde to tell it newe ageyne

And he liſt nat nowe to be recheles
Newe ageyne to make reherſayle
Of the kinge called Artaxerſes
Sith it is tolde what ſhulde it more auayle
But he procedeth ſtreight vnto Itayle
To their ſtories and begynneth here
At marchus maulius a romayne conſulere

Finis Prologi.



## Incipit liber Quartus

Howe marchus manlius wrought and dyd for Rome towne / And at the laſte he was by the comons caſte into Tibre and there drowned

Whilom in rome there was a grette lynage
Called mauliois of renomed nobleſſe
And of that ſtok right fair ī his yōge age
Cā thys march⁹ the ſtory bereth witneſſe
Which by proceſſe for his worthyneſſe
Was thre tymes by iuſt electioun
Made conſuler of that worthy toun

Which to the comon folk greatly dyd auayle
He dyuers tymes for the towns right
Faught in his dayes many ſtronge batayle
And ay preuayled through his greate myght
And in the felde by a ſinguler fight
Outrayed his enmy like as it is tolde
And toke from hym a riche bye of golde

Torques in latyn in englyſſh is a bye
A cercle of golde which that marchus wan
Brought it home through his chyualrie
And of Torques he was called than
Marchus Torquatus and thus the name gan
He to be called the ſtory telleth ſo
Amonge romayns Torquatus manlius

And he wold oft iupart good and lyfe
For the Cyte entre the felde alone
And there conqueryd for a prerogatyf
Sundry crownes with many riche ſtone
Wan tunickes of golde manyone
For thilke tyme for diuers high empriſes
Were crownes made in many ſundry wiſes

For as Agellius maketh mencioun
There were in rome deuyſed ſtraunge crownes
For ſuche as had foughten for the toun
As for their labour receyued their guerdons
By a prerogatyf called champions
Which ſundry tymes of manhode and of might
Iupartyd their lyues for the touns right

Lyke their deſertys the crownes toke ther names
For ſome of theym were called triumphall
youe vnto knightes for their noble fames
Othir alſo callyd obſidionall
In romayne tunge and ſome there were mural
Eke other tweyne Naual and caſtrence
And al they were of great excellence

The triumphal made were of golde
Offrid in triumphes to worthy emperours
Set with ſaphirs and rubies many folde
Vpon the hedys of mighty conquerours
And whan that rome was ſhynynge in his floures
That crowne called with braunchis boorned fayre
In their vulgar thaureat coronayre

Thobſidional of which I ſpake toforne
Deuiſed were the boke doth ſpecifie
Crownes notable wrought lyke greyne or corne
youe vnto princes which through their chyualrie
Reſiſted ſegys and ſaued the partye
Of theym that were cloſed ſtreight within
Through proweſſe a crowne for to wynne

Another crowne that called was mural
Was gyuen and grauntyd by the emperoure
To him that firſt wan vpon the wal
At any ſiege and there abode the ſhoure
Fightinge alone In hope of ſome ſocoure
And he that might ſuch a brunte ſuſtene
Shulde of laurere were a crowne of grene

Naual crownes whilom were ordeyned
For theym that faught manly in the ſee
Whan their ſhippes were to gedre cheyned
He that of manhode and martial ſurete
Vpon his enmyes made firſt entre
Receyue ſhulde in all the people ſight
Borne lyke a rother a crowne clere and bright

The crowne next which is called caſtrence
Was geuyn of cuſtome to that manly knight
That liſt auaunce him through his magnificence
Hoſtes aſſembled Iuparte wolde of might
[illegible]ome all other entre in to fight
[illegible]ulde eke receyue his nobles for to queme
[illegible]erryd crowne made like a dyademe

The crowne alſo which called was Oual
Toke firſt name of ioye and gladneſſe
Which kinges princis in actis marcial
Vſed ſomtyme in their ioyous nobleſſe
At ſodeyne ſcarmyſſhes of caſuel haſtyneſſe
[illegible] whan they venquiſſhed proudly in batayle
[illegible]ch as their highneſſe vnwarly wolde aſſayle

And for they were of power Inuyncible
Their noble crownys coriouſly were wrought
Of mirtus braunchys which been imputrible
Enduringe euer and corrupt nought
For this worde Oual if it be wel ſought
Is ſeyde of gladneſſe as put is in memorye
Ordeyned for princes after their victorye

Another crowne callyd Cyuyca
Of oken bowes was made rounde and pleyne
Ordeyned for theym which pro re publica
Coude in batayle reſcue a citeſyn
And ſle his enmye that was a foreyne
Of mighty oke he ſhulde for manhede
Cleyme to were a crowne vpon his hede

And like as knightes in marcial delites
For comon profite dyd him ſilf auaunce
So for their noble victorious merites
The romayn people had a great pleſaunce
With ſodeyne crownes martiall in ſubſtaunce
For to guerdon their knightes mooſt famous
Myn auctour recorde called agellius

Amonge other that dyd his beſy peyne
Such crownes manly to recure
Marcus manlius in manhode ſouereyne
Put oft his life in mortal auenture
For in his ſame ſo moch he dyd aſſure
That he deſerued full yore agone
Of theſe ſayde crownes mo that one

And to encrece of his noble fame
He dyd a thinge both manly and diuyne
Wherby that he gate him a ſurname
To be called marchus Capitolyne
Which aboue al his names dyd ſhyne
Whan he alone wherby he is cōmendyd
The Capitoyle from enmyes hath defended

Whan they of fraunce had take the cyte
Put all rome at myſcheef vnto flight
And laide awaite with a greate meyne
The capetoile for to take at night
By a paſſage that lay ferre oute of ſight
Vnder a roch called Carmenton
Their caue entryd into the cheef dungeon

They were ſhroudyd vnder a derke vale
With ordenaunce and mighty violence
Towarde mydnight the wal for to ſcale
Mooſt couertly theym kepynge in ſcilence
Dempt pleynly for lackynge of reſiſtence
That they ſhulde maugre tho withinne
Their houre aſſigned the Capitoile wynne

But the ges that were within clos
The wakir foulys by noyſe of their comynge
Gan bete their wynges and vp anone they aros
Where through this marchus in his bedde lyinge
Gan tabrayde and made tareynge
Toke his harneys mooſt furious and wroth
And to the wallys in all haſte he goth

And him that cam firſt vpon the wall
Of very force without more taryinge
Doun into tybre he made theym haue a fall
And all his felawys beſy in ſcalinge
With ſheelde or pauys or ladders vp reiſinge
This manly Mark ſhortly to comprehende
Into the flode made theym to deſcende

Vnto the deth of him they were abauyd
For by his knighthode and his hye renoun
Maugre theym the Capetoyle ſauyd
And afterwarde reſcued all the toun
For the fortune in concluſion
Which that tyme dyd vnto him fall
Capitolinus men dyd him after call

And for he was ſo victorious
Him ſilf alone by this hye victorye
This name he gate to him and all his hous
Perpetually to be in memorye
And regiſtred in the conſiſtorye
In their cronicles his name determyned
With golden letters to be enlumyned

And the gees of whoom I ſpake alſo
That ſo well kept watch vpon the night
Halle were and offred vnto Iuno
Solempnely with greate torchys light

To whom alſo it graunted was of right
Whan a famyne made their ſtore to faile
They ſparyd were and take for no vitayle

And thus was Mark a mighty conquerour
Worſhiped in rome all beynge of aſſent
But whan ſume folke be ſet in greate honoure
Sumtyme it happeneth they holde theym nat cõtent
With coueitiſe their hertys be ſo blent
Fro ſuffiſaunce aboue their degrees
To ſurmounte to higher dignitees

This manlius was fret in his corage
To gretter worſhipes ſodenly to aſcende
Demynge ſo to haue had auauntage
And in him ſilf gan frowardly pretende
In that cite all other to tranſcende
Beſide triumphes which were to him reſeruyd
Higher to clymbe than he hath diſſeruyd

But there was one as made is mencion
Callyd Camillus a lorde of greate ſubſtaunce
Which in the cite and in that mighty toun
Aboue all other had gouernaunce
And as it is put in remembraunce
To his gretneſſe no man might attayne
Age whoos nobleſſe marchus gan diſdeyne

In his herte he had a greate enuye
Which cauſed him by outrage for to erre
Agayne Camillus which for his chiualrie
The toun gouernyd both in pees and werre
And for marchus wolde him ſilf preferre
Aboue that prince in worſhip and honoure
Firſt of the people he gate him greate fauoure

And by a maner of conſpiracye
He gadred hertys of the comonte
And drough alſo vnto his party
Greate multitude throughout the cyte
And thus aroſe firſt the dredfull enmyte
Within rome the ſtory telleth thus
Atwene theſe princes Camyll and manlius

Thus firſt the venym atwene theym two was ſowe
Of haſty hatrede by fals occaſions
Which in the cyte atwene hye and lowe
Cauſed of newe diuers diſcencions
After the vncouth ſtraunge opinions
For euery wight drough to his partye
As they were meued in their fantaſye

But for to ſtynt this outragyous erroure
And theſe haſty ſtryues furious
Ageyne fro Tuſcan cam a dictatoure
That tyme callyd Cornelius Caſſus
Which of wiſdome blamyd manlius
For he cauſed ſuch rancoure in the town
And for his gilt cōmaundyd him to priſon

Which was in maner hindringe to his name
And appallyd in partye his nobleſſe
For a tyme gan teclipſe his fame
But afterwarde the cloude of that derkeneſſe
By comon fauoure was turned into clenneſſe
For as it had be right for the nonys
In his diffence the comons roose at onys

First whan they had amonge their greate rumours
Myd of their fel hatefull contencion
Shortly rebuked the worthy ſenatours
Bycauſe marchus was ſet in pryſon
Which had been ſo helpelich to the town
Whom to delyuer they diuers meinys ſought
And as I finde euene thus they wrought

First they clad theym in moornynge clothys blake
Pale of their facis pitouſly wepinge
Their beerdis vnſhaue their heer to rende & ſhake
Like furious men vp and down rennynge
Tofore the priſon all the night wakinge
And on his harmys pleynly to be wreke
They gan manace the priſon for to breke

And for to ſtynt their outragious clamoure
The ſenatours made anone ordeyne
To delyuer him oute of his ſoioure
Loſe his feters and to breke his cheyne
And whan he was delyuered oute of peyne
He lyſt nat ſtynt of haſty crueltie
Of prowde corage auengyd for to be

And in his furious fell preſumpcion
Maugre the ſenatys and tribunys correction
Seide he wolde gouerne rome town
At whoos outrage they gan diſdeyne anone
The peoplys hertys from him were agone
And for his pride they by auyſement
Aſſigned him to come to iugement

Forſake he was throughoute the cite
There cam nat one with him of his kinrede
He fonde no helpe in his aduerſite
Saue a fewe cam with him in dede
Of the comons full feble at ſuch a nede
And thus alas he fonde no reſiſtence
Was vailable vnto his diffence

But for ſocoure conſtreyned and in drede
Awaye he put his clothinge and veſture
And nakyd ſtode berely in dede
Shewynge his woundes which he dyd endure
At many ſcarmyſſhe and diſconfiture
And for refuſe to ſpeke in wordys fewe
The capitoyle to theym he dyd ſhewe

And in ſupportinge eke of his quarele
Meuinge the people to rue on his compleynt
Firſt to his goddys loude he dyd appele
To preſerue him of that he was atteynt
The people about him with teers al be ſpreynt
That the Iuges aſtonyed were in dede
Where as they ſat agayn him to procede

But ſecretely he was led out of prees
To a place called frowmentyne
And there alas they were mercyles
His dome by rigoure fully to termyne
Sparyd nouther nobles nor lyne
For the Capitoile out of the cheef dungeoun
Lowe in to Tibre for to be caſte down

This was his ende voide of al fauour
Which no man wolde redreſſe nor amende
By crueltie caſte out of al that tour
Which he whilom moſte knightly gan defende
But what man can by writynge comprehende
The vnſure ſocour fonde in neceſſite
To them that laboure for any comonte

Lat men beholde that truſt in worldly thinges
And namely them that be proude and hauteyn
Oppyn their eyen caſte vp their lokynges
To conſidre and ſe wel in certeyn
Who truſteth fortune his truſte is but in veyn
And if ye lyſte a cleer exaumple fynde
Amonge remembre on marcus in your mynde

What might auayle his nobles in batayle
Bies of golde crownes of laurere
His riche platys or his vncouth mayle
His mighty ſheldes that ſhone ſo bryght and clere
Or his triumphes ſonge ferre and nere
Or his victories for the cite wrought
In his miſcheef auayled him right nought

Here Bochas writeth in part ayenſt ſuch as can nat be content with ſuffiſaunce but vſurpe to hygh dignitees

HEre John bochas calleth to memorye
The ſtraunge ſalaire the famous guerdoñ
Of theym that gate by conqueſt and victorie
Honoure and triumphe within rome toũ
Howe it was vſed he maketh mencioũ
Ceriouſly reherceth the manere
Which I ſhall write if ye liſt to here

A viſe was take firſt of eſtatis thre
Of men of armys which that were preſent
That ſawe in dede the magnanymyte
Of him that ſhall haue it by iugement
Of the clergye they muſt haue eke aſſent
And of the Senat and people mooſt notable
By preef ſoughtoute that he were founde able

This prince alſo outher the capteyne
Which ſhall the triumphe receyue of very right
Within a chare full richely beſeyne
He ſhalbe ſet of golde burnyd bryght
Fret with ſtonys which ſhall yeue a light
As phebus doth in his myddday ſpere
That no derkeneſſe aboute him ſhall appere

This heuenly chare ſhall for more delite
To ſhewe thencrees of his knyghtly glorye
Be led and drawe with foure ſtedys white
Through the cite in tokyn of his victorye
And he ſhall haue for a ſinguler memorye
In his right hande a palme of golde full ſhene
And on his hede a crowne of laurer grene

He ſhall eke haue aboue all his armure
Poudryd with palmys a cote of purpyll rede
In his lefthande his quarels for to aſſure
A ſtandard rounde declaringe his manhode
And all aboue ſet vpon the hede
The princes armys full rich of apparayle
In whoos quarell he accompliſſhed in batayle

And of cuſtum the ſeyde ſtanderd ſhall
Be richely depeint with rede colоure
And ſo this knight this man mooſt marciall
Shall be conueyed lyke a conqueroure
And yet for more encres of his honoure
Vpon their fete his pryſoners euerichon
Take by his manhode aboute his chare ſhall gone

The mooſt worthy faſt by his ſyde
All the remenaunt after on him lokynge
Echon of the poetys which in the toun abide
Shall on him waite at his home comynge
Dytees deuiſe and of his conqueſt ſinge
And ſtraunge mynſtrellys to be alſo recorde
Their inſtrumentis ſhall touche at a corde

All of entent to yeue him more corage
To the capitolye ſo he ſhalbe brought
And leſt of pryde he fall in none outrage
Nor ſurquedye within his owne thought
The mooſt wretch ſhall of the toun be ſought
Which of cuſtum ſhall haue a ſtaf on honde
And in the chare behinde his backe vp ſtonde

Gnotos Colitos in Greke he ſhulde ſeyne
Which in oure tunge pleynly doth expreſſe
Knowe thy ſilf remembrynge in certeyne
Vpon fortunys frowarde doubleneſſe
On whom thou truſt may be no ſekyrneſſe
And who that douteth where that it be thus
Lat him remembre the ende of manlius

What auailed his triumphes or his ſpea
Crownys of golde and perlyd freſſh tunycles
His high prowe or all his chyualryes
Syngulier feightinge or marciall ptickles
Newly remembryd or red in olde cronicles
Peiſe his merites and ſee howe at the laſt
Howe into tybre their champyon they caſt

To his excuſe auayled neueradell
Fauour of comons carectis of his woundys
Nor to the goddys his lamentable appel
Nor remembraunce of their fraunchiſed boundys
Territories nor wynnynge of the groundys
Which that he wan with ſpendynge of his blode
All kept in one to him no ſtede they ſtode

Here ye may ſe howe fortune ſodenly
Clereneſſe of fame can chaunge to derkeneſſe
Glorye to reproche worſhip to vylanye
And ioy paſſyd to mortall heuyneſſe
Swetneſſe of ſauoure into bitterneſſe
And ſobirneſſe into furious rage
And olde fraunchiſe to thraldom and ſeruage

For there was neither requeſt nor prayere
That auayled to his delyueraunce
In chaynes feteryd dedly of loke and chere
Abode the ſentence of his fynall gouernaunce
Pale of face with tremblynge countenaunce
Whan he alas gan mortally approche
Of Terpeya to the hidous roche

Of Terpeya this roche bare the name
After a lady as made is mencion
Called tarpeya which fyll in greate diffame
Bycauſe ſhe was aſſentyd to treſon
To haue brought enmyes into rome toun
Wherof conuyct hir ſtory is well knowe
Vnder that roch ſhe was Idolue lowe

This roche alſo was called Carmentoun
After a woman of greate auctorite
Callyd carmentys which through hir high renoun
The capitoyle made in that cite
And ſhe fonde lettris firſt of oure a b c
And cūnynge had amonge hir werkis all
Declare afore thinge that ſhulde befall

And on this harde ſturdy roche of ſtone
Fro the capitoyle marchus was caſt doun
Other fauoure nor frendſhip fonde he none
For all his batayles fought for the toun
The comons hertys were turned vp ſo doun
Whoos loue is lyke preuyd at aſſaye
A blaſe of fire nowe bright nowe awaye

The comon people may hote and crye faſt
As their hertis ſtedfaſt were and ſtable
But at a nede their promys wyl nat laſt
Of their corages they be ſo remeuable
To folowe reſon geriſſh and vntretable
Lightly declynynge and is full greate ruth
After opinions and no thinge after truth

This mallius was of his truſt deceyued
Whoos laſt vnſefull was departyd on twayne
Firſt whan of pride he wolde haue be receyued
To high eſtate which he might nat atteyne
Where through the Senate gan at him diſdeyne
And the comons ay fals at ſuch a nede
Left him in myſcheef and toke of him none hede

## Lenuoye

In this tragedye men maye beholde and ſee
The perilous damages of fals ambicion
Of theym that be nat content with their degre
But wolde vp clymbe lyke their opinion
To hye eſtate by vſurpacion
Which nat conſidre the ſentence of ſcripture
In a gode mene men lengſt may endure

Who that vſurpeth to higher dignite
Than apperteyneth to his condicion
In royall chayres for to make his ſe
And hath no title of lyne nor reſon
Through frowarde pryde full oft he is put doun
For lak he ſeeth nat euery creature
In a gode mene lengeſt may endure

Whan dedalus taught his ſonne fle
He had him firſt of hye diſcrecion
Fro phebus hete kepe his wynges fre
And fro Neptunus colde congelacion
Menynge herby for ſhort concluſion
That who that liſt with Ioye his ſtate aſſure
In a gode mene he lengeſt ſhall endure

Remembre the manhode and magnanymyte
Of marchus mallius which by preſumpcion
Wolde haue gouerned rome the cite
Maugre the Senate ruled that mighty toun
Which turnyd after to his confuſion
For he ſawe nat ſuch was his auenture
In a good mene men lengeſt may endure

Sūme in their grettest high proſpite
Of frowarde corage and furious mocion
In their greate wele by fals duplicite
Haue a maner ſtraunge condicion
Nat to be content with plente nor foyſon
By a fals etike which of their nature
In a gode mene ne can nat longe endure

But in this erth grettest felicite
In hertys eſe richeſt poſſeſſion
With ſuffiſaunce content for to be
Of worldly trouble teſchewe thoccaſion
Menynge no quarels cauſinge no diſcencion
Nor cleyme no thinge which harde is to recure
Sith in a good mene men lengeſt may endure

Princes remembre in your mooſt mageſte
Enuye of clymbinge cauſeth deuiſion
Be of accorde truſt in no comonte
Which at a poynt is but decepcion
And ſpecially fle ſymulacion
Ye may in marchus ſe a pleyne figure
Which for ambicion might no while endure

### Howe Neptanabus kinge of Egipte was by xerſes conſtreyned to fle his kingdome

After the fall of Marchus Maulius
Bochas anone gan his ſtile dreſſe
Breuely to tell of Neptanabus
Kinge of Egipte and of his greate richeſſe
Beynge afore in all his nobleſſe
By vncouth craft howe he ne might cheſe
That in all haſt his crowne he ſhulde leſe

For he was cũnynge in eſpecial
And right expert as made is mencion
In al the ſciencis called liberal
And knewe afore by calculacion
Howe god wolde make a tranſmigracion
Of his kingdome and pleynly to reporte
The londe of yee to grekys full tranſporte

For by kynge zerſes oute of his cuntre
Maugre his treſoure his cũnynge and his might
This Neptanabus conſtreyned was to fle
Durſt nat abide to haue of him a ſight
And into Grece he drough him anone right
Nat like a kinge but after olde writinges
Lyke a magicien he wrought wonder thinges

Upon fortune ferther to procede
By his cũnynge he greatly forthered was
And by his ſleighty werkinge eke in dede
He was acqueyntyd with quene Olimpias
And ſo ferre pleynly this the caas
That vpon hir men ſeyde by deuynge
Gate aliſaundre the greate mighty kinge

But howe he fled oute of his region
Of his ymagys nor his illuſions
Bochas maketh no maner mencion
Nor howe he wrought by incantacions
Nor of his ſubtyll operacions
Nor howe that he lyke a man by night
Whilom apperyd in the queenys ſyght

Saue of his deth Bochas writeth right nought
Remembringe no tyme nor the date
Howe he and aliſaundre to gedre haue fought
The cours of ſterrys towarde eue late
And howe his ſonne lyke as was his fate
Down from a bridge by full mortall wrake
Caſt him bakwarde and ſo his necke brake

### Howe Panſonoy duke of Lacedemopne was exiled by theym of athenys

This was his ende and after this Bochas
Gan in haſt his ſtyle auaunce
Of panſonoys to tell the pitous cas
And all the maner of his woful chaunce
Which was a duke and had in gouernaunce
Lacedomopne there foundinge a cyte
Whice of olde tyme was called biſaunte

They of athenys that citie gate with might
And it conqueryd by their chyualrye
And afterwarde whether it were wronge or right
They exiled the ſame panſanye
And thus fortune through hir fals enuye
Caused that duke withoute more delayes
In ſorowe and pouerte for to ende his dayes

### Howe Heliarchus the tyraunt for extorcion and oppreſſion was ſlayne by the knight Leonydes

After the fall ſothely of theſe twayne
John Bochas was moued of corage
For to reherce with all his beſy peyne
The greate furye and the odious rage
Of heliarchus which by greate outrage
Though he nat was famous in chiualrye
He noyed all yee with his tyrannye

Wherfore Bochas gan at him diſdeyne
Laſt he wolde only for his ſake
Touch of tyrauntes moo than one or tweyne
And by writinge ageyne them a werre make
And in his hand he gan a penne take
Tolde in ordre the perilous peſtilence
Which they wrought by mortall violence

Firſt he declareth of fortune of right
Ageyne tyrauntes furious and wode
Hath full cauſe for to ſhewe hir might
Tappalle their dignytees in which that they ſtode
Such as reioyſe for to ſhede blode
Donat eſſys but laboure and diuiſe
To ſpoyle the temple in many ſondry wiſe

And Heliarchus through his cruelte
And his contryued fals extorcions
Was mortall enmy to a fayre cite
Called Heraclye and many other tou̅s
And by extort fals oppreſſiou̅s
As the dede concluded at a preef
All that cuntre he brought it to myſcheef

Turnynge his grace and fauoure to hatrede
Mercy and pyte vnto cruelte
Frawnchiſe of people to ſeruitute and drede
Oppreſſed their fredom and olde liberte
And all their ſtatutes by whiche they were made fre
He interruptid of force and nat of right
Which made him odious in euery mannys ſight

But to reſtreyne his greate extorcions
Fortune this while was nat recheles
For his horrible abhomynacions
She gan tauaile him this goddes merciles
By a good knight called Leonides
Which with a felawe borne of that cuntre
Laſt on this tyraunt auengyd for to be

They demyde it was an almeſſe dede
To ſet their londe in quiete and in eaſe
Of a tyraunt the furious blode to ſhede
His importable malyce for tappeſe
Which to ther cite dyd ſo greate diſeſe
And of aſſent with their ſwerdys kene
They ſlough the tyraunt in their mortall tene

Of whoos deth many a man was fayne
And ſpecially of Heracle the Cyte
Demyde it was meedfull that he was ſo ſlayne
To ſet in quiete all a comonte

Lo here men may the rightful guerdon ſe
Of tyrauntys which by their violence
To oppreſſe the people haue no conſcience

## Howe the vicious Denys kinge of Cecile ſlough his bretherne and kinrede ⁊ after exiled died at myſchef

After this tyraunt with a full heuy chere
And countenaunce pitous and lamentable
Vnto Bochas Denys dyd appere
Which in tyrannye mooſt was importable
Through his lande hatefull and repreuable
But for all that he gan myn auctoure preye
Of his maners ſumwhat to write and ſeye

Bochas lyſt nat reherce his lynage
Nor make no proceſſe of his geneallogye
Bycauſe he was with all his greate outrage
Full of al vices pryde and lecherye
Of auarice of yre and of enuye
In Cecile helde his royall ſee
At Syracuſis a myghty ſtronge cyte

This denys was curſed of nature
Mooſt malicious both of thought and dede
For as it is remembryd in ſcrypture
He ſlough his brethren his coſyns and kinrede
That he alone in pees myght poſſede
Withoute trouble or interrupcion
Of all Cecile the mighty region

Amonge all vices Bochas doth ſpecefie
He gan drawe into Idelneſſe
Folowed his luſtys of foule lecherye
And oft of cuſtum he fyll in drunkeneſſe
And thought it was mooſt ſouereyne bliſſydneſſe
Lyke as he had be maiſter of fortune
To folowe his luſtys and ay therin contune

He wex right fat and right corcious
And his yen gan derke of his ſight
That vnethe this man mooſt vicyous
Ne might nat wele beholde the dayes light
And of malyce this tyraunt ageyne right
With helpe of robbours and of fals foreyns
Slough of his cyte nye all the Cytezeyns

His vicious lyfe in ordre to reherce
were contagious to the audience
His extort pillages wrought in grece and perce
For to write or tell theym in ſentence
wolde infecte the eyre with peſtylence
But I wyll breuely remembre and diſcryue
The ſacrilegies which he dyd his lyue

In venus temple beſide Cytheron
A greate noumbre of wymen he dyd call
Full wele beſeyne and by oppreſſions
He made his meyne vnwarly on theym fall
Deſpoyled theym ſo that one and all
By his outrage and frowarde violence
They nakyd ſtode echon in his preſence

And whan he ſawe their ſhap and their fetures
And ſuch chas oute as were to his pleſaunce
Robbinge the remenaunt toke fro them their veſtures
And lete theym goo withoute ordenaunce
And for this vncouth abhominable chaunce
Their cite locroys aros with mighty honde
For his outrage banyſſhinge hym their londe

Another tyme alſo he dyd ſoiourne
within the temple lyke as it is tolde
Of Iupiter ſonne vnto Saturne
There beholdinge his reliques manyfolde
Sawe amange other amantyll large of golde
wherupon whan he caſt his loke
That riche Iuell vnto his vſe he toke

And thus he ſayde him ſilf to excuſe
It was to heuy and to comerous
In ſomer ceſon that mantyll for to vſe
Bycauſe it was to large and ponderous
And ouermore he allegyd for him thus
Sith the garment forgyd was of golde
For wynterceſon howe it wa s to colde

And whan he gan awaye the mantyll pull
Than right anone this tyraunte deceyuable
Gaue him another ſengyll made of wull
Affermyd ſothely it was more couenable
To other ceſon more mete and agreable
Concludinge thus for ſomer it was to lighte
And warme for wyntyr to were froſty nighte

Another tyme this tyraunt eke alſo
Which was of herte mooſt auaricious
Entryd onys the temple of appollo
And of his ſonne Eſculapius
And this tyraunt fell and contrarious
Behelde appollo berdles that was olde
And Eſculapius with a lon ge berde of golde

Quod Denys than as ſemeth vnto me
Here is a ſtraunche frowarde conuenience
That the fader berdles ſhuld be
The ſonne berdyd ſtondinge in his preſence
Made anone by ſturdy violence
To take awaye the berde which in his ſighte
Of mooſt fyne golde ſhone ſo clere and brighte

Through Grece and perce where euer he dyd gone
In all the temples this was his vſaunce
The ſtatly reliques with many riche ſtone
And maſſy tables of mighty greate ſubſtaunce
To take them all that were to his pleſaunce
He ſpared none thus lyuynge lyke a theef
Tyll he by vengeaunce was brought to myſcheef

Cyracuſanys where he was crownyd kinge
All of aſſent there is nomore to ſeyne
For his outrages and vicious lyuynge
They banyſſhed him neuer to come ageyne
And ſo this tyraunt vacant went in veyne
Aboute the worlde lyke a fals fugitif
And ſo at myſcheef this denys loſt his lif

## Lenuoye.

This tragedye yeueth a warnynge
To all tho that haue domynacion
Ouer the people prince duke or kinge
To eſchue raueyne and fals extorcion
Byt theym conſidre howe by thoccaſion
Of foule pillage and frowarde tyrannye
This ſeyd denys at myſcheef muſt dye

First he compaſſed falſly ymagenynge
To ſle the Citezyns of his royall toun
His brethren his coſyns his kinrede nat ſparinge
Brought all his blode to deſtruction
In ſlaughter he had ſuch delectacion
Reioyſinge euer in murdre and robbrie
Which cauſed him at miſſhef for to dye

To ſpoile temples was his reioyſinge
Toke all their treſoure to his poſſeſſion
Tables of golde with ſtonys freſſhe ſhynynge
Eke fro other goddis the relyques he toke doun
Where euer he rode in any region
Whoos ſacrilege and compaſſed felonye
Cauſed him vnwarly at myſcheef for to dye

In Venus temple by recorde of writinge
He dyd a foule frowarde abuſion
All gentyl wymmen that cam there to offringe
Theym he deſpoyled as made is mencion
Lete theym be nakyd withoute excepcion
For which diffame and greate vngentrie
He banyſſhed was and dyd in myſcheef dye

Noble princes remembre on this thinge
Compaſſyd malyce and fals colluſion
Muſt haue euyl endinge and come to reknynge
Fraude aye with fraude receyueth his guerdoun
Haue this in mynde concludinge in reſon
That all tyrauntys pleynly to ſpecefye
Had here ſhort lyfe or dyd at myſcheef dye

### The auctour ageyne preſumptuous people ⁊ prynces holdinge theym ſilf goddis

YE folke that been aſtonyed in youre auyce
To ſee tyrauntys that been Incorrigible
Left from their ſees that them helde ſo wiſe
Thought their power was very inuincible
Though tofore god no thinge is impoſſible
Wherfore remembre and do no thinge merueyle
Wyth vnware fallys though fortune theym aſſayle

For whan tyrauntys been ſet in hye ſtages
Of dignitees regnynge lyke wode lyons
Full harde it is to wreſt their corages
Outher to tempre their diſpoſicions
Worldly felicite ſo blyndeth their reſons
As they to god were egall of power
And had fortune vnder their daunger

Recorde of denys that oft was affrayed
Laſſaute of fortune lyke as was his fate
For vicious lyuynge thre tymes diſamayed
As his ſtory remembreth of olde date

Next on the ringe nowe cometh pollicrate
With one Victurbius tyrauntes of Itayle
Regnynge lyke wulfys toppreſſe the porayle

For whan tyrauntys in diuerſe regions
Of ſurquedie catche an opinion
That their eſtatys and dominacions
Shulde euer endure by longe ſucceſſion
As god nor fortune might nat put theym doun
But as they were in hir eſtate royall
This worlde to rule to both two egall

Towarde god they haue loſt ſhame and drede
Touchinge his guerdouns outher of Ioye or peyne
Indifferent atwene trouth or falſhede
Their luſt Iſerued no fors who laugh or pleyne
God is forgotyn alle they dyſdeyne
As both were recleymed to their lure
Falſly tranſcendinge the boundes of meſure

FOr which ſumtyme as bokys ſpecefie
God lyſt ſuffre as made is mencion
That fortune by a maner mokrye
Fauoureth ſume folke lyke their opinion
Tenhaunce their power by fals decepcion
As ſhe were ſet playnly for to ſeye
To ſerue their luſt and durſt nat diſobeye

### Howe kinge pollicrate for extorcion and tyrannye was hangyd tyll euery ioynt went from other

REcorde I take on proude pollicrate
Tyraunt of Samoys beſide the ſe edge
Which ſore laboured erly and eke late
Ageyne conſcience of furious cruelte
Tabounde in richeſſe and for to haue plente
Of wordly treſours demynge that fortune ay
To his deſires ne durſt nat ſey nay

Fortune to him by many dyuers ſigne
Shewed outward greate tokyns of pleſaunce
Was to him eke right fauorable and benygne
In all hir port by a maner attendaunce
As ſhe had been vnder his obeyſaunce
To ſtuffe his coffres with treſours lockyd faſt
Of fals entent to moke him at the laſt

All worldly richeſſe his luſtys dyd obeye
And whan he fonde ſhe was ſo fauourable
For a ceſon as ſhe liſt to pleye
This blynde goddes vnſure and euer vnſtable
Set him ſo hye vp at the ſamys table
Of fals entent in his eſtate royall
Whan he ſat higheſt to make him haue a fall

For in him ſilf of pride he gan to deme
Howe that he ſtode mooſt in proſpite
Of theym that weryd crowne or dyademe
Aboue all other in mooſt felycite
And thus enhauncyd in his royall ſee
Thought him egall with goddys in comune
Ferre from all daungere of fate or fortune

And for tatempte of goddis the power
And of fortune the variaunt doubleneſſe
He toke a ringe of golde full bright and clere
Therin a ruby e of excellent redneſſe
Sekinge occaſion of newe heuyneſſe
Whiche neuer afore had knowe of ſuch thinge
Into the ſe anone he caſte his ringe

Diſeſpyred agеyne to recure
For he dempte it was an impoſſible
But right anone fiſſhers of auenture
Lyke a merueyle very incredible
Amonge the wawes hidous and horrible
Caſt in their nettis if it wolde auaile
Takynge a fyſſhe the ringe in his entrayle

Which was preſented at a ſolempnite
To polliceate with greate reuerence
Whan he ſat crowned in his mooſt dignite
At a feeſt of famous excellence
The fiſſhe vndone anone in his preſence
Myd thentrailes his keruer fonde the ringe
Of auenture and toke it to the kinge

Which dempt of pride and high preſumpcion
That Neptunus god of the ſalt ſee
Had of his ringe made reſtitucion
And durſt nat offende his mageſte
Wherupon a fantaſye caught he
Nouther heuenly goddes no Fortune blynde of ſight
Were both vnhardy tatempte ageyne his might

His greate outrage to god was nat vnknowe
And his preſumption fortune hath well eſpied
For which ſhe made aduerſite be hir bowe
And of hir whele the ſpokys ſhe hath ſo guyed
Wheron he ſat mooſt richely magnefyed
That he vnwarly down from his hye nobleſſe
Was brought full lowe in ſorowe and wretchidneſſe

In worldly ioye no thinge is more to drede
Than whan fortune is mooſt blandiſſhinge
And that hir flatrye is ſett with worldly mede
High on hir whele to make folys ſinge
Than of her nature ſorowe ſhe doth bringe
Witneſſe of princes of olde or newe date
And recorde alſo of proude pollycrate

Sittynge he ſat hye on fortunes whele
Of proſperite with beamys clere ſhynynge
Whoos temple is made of glas and nat of ſtele
His caſtell is vnwarly diſſoluynge
Though it be freſſhe outwarde in ſhewynge
Vnſure to ſtonde on and brotyll for to abyde
Whoo truſteth mooſt / mooſt lykly is to ſlyde

The geryſſh quene of chere and face double
Withdrough hir fauoure and began to varye
Fro pollicrates ſet him in ſorowe and trouble
Weye ageyne him maliciouſly contrarye
Cauſinge Orontes conſtable with kinge darye
Maugre this tyraunt in mooſt his cruelte
To gynne a werre on Samoys the cyte

And whan his glorye was mooſt clere of light
And his nobleſſe ſhone higheſt at the full
Fortune gan through hir chaungeable might
Of his proſperyte the fethers to pull
And than atte erſt his corage gan to dull
And all his pride vnwarly for tapall
Whan he was ſpoyled of his richeſſe all

First whan Orontes his cuntre gan aſſayle
To pollicrate of ſodeyne auenture
Outrayed was and takyn in batayle
By a full perilous mortall diſconfiture
Thus fortune coude bringe him vnto hir lure
Thrugh hir vnware vgly fals diſdeynes
Led into pryſon and bonde in ſtronge cheynes

The people dwellyd within his region
Reioyſed in herte to ſe him ſuffre peyne
His tirannye his fals extorcion
Cauſed that they dyd at him diſdeyne
For of his deth no man lyſt compleyne
Men through the worlde be glad and haue pleſaunce
To ſe a tiraunte brought vnto myſchaunce

Foure thinges his tourmentys dyd augment
Sodeyne departinge from his olde richeſſe
And that he ſawe eche man in his entent
Of his miſcheef haue ſo greate gladneſſe
Hangyd he was myn auctour bereth wytneſſe
And henge ſo longe in tempeſt reyne and thundre
Tyll euery Ioynt from other went aſundre

To beeſtys wylde and folkys rauenous
Nakyd he henge ſuch was his auenture
To all folkes he was ſo odyous
Had in deſpyte of euery creature
At his departinge denyed ſepulture
Guerdon for tyrauntys vengeable and recheles
That cannot ſuffre the people to lyue in pes

Thus may tyrauntes excede ferre their boundes
By fals outrage full well reſemblyd be
To cruell wulues or to furious houndes
Fret with an etyke of gredy crueltie
To ſtaunch their hungre auayleth no plente
Which for their ſurfetys frowarde for to rede
With polycrates in hell ſhal haue their mede

Howe the tyraunt aliſaundre ſlough his philoſopre
Caliſtenes with other for ſaynge truth

Amonge all ſtoryes to tell the pitous cas
Of wofull pleyntifs that put thē ſilf in pres
With wepinge eyen myn auctor John bochas
Was meuyd in herte nat to be recheles
To wryte the fall of caliſtenes
Which alas as it is remembrid
Was for his truth on peces all diſmembryd

For whan bochas his ſtory gan aduert
He dempte anone in his fantaſie
No man had ſo harde a ſtonen herte
That might of right his eyen kepe drye
To ſe the proceſſe of his tormentrye
Yet gan myn auctour his wofull penne profre
To wryte the wronge done to this philoſophre

This Caliſtenes in youth right well thewed
His grene age promotyd to doctryne
By influence of heuenly fate adewed
Greatly to profite in morall diſciplyne
Dyſpoſyd of nature by grace whiche is dyuine
To conquere as bokys ſpecefye
The noble ſurname of philoſophie

Of his merityſ famous and notable
Philoſophye dyd hir beſy peyne
To yeue him ſouke bycauſe that he was able
The ſote mylke of hir breſtys tweyne
Mooſt precious licour who might therto atteyne
For bawme is none the vertue well declared
Of worldly richeſſe may be therto comparyd

This precious pyment is youe vnto no folys
Aboue all licours it doth ſo ferre excelle
Whoos orygynall ſpringe in the holy ſcolys
Of athenys as famous bokys telle
For of philoſophie there ſprange oute firſt the well
Where calyſtenes the experience is well couth
With fulſum plente was foſtred in his youth

Though he was borne of a good lynage
Vertue made him more high vp for to aſſende
To be enhaunced for nobleſſe of corage
More than for blode who can comprehend
For philoſophers and clerkys more cōmende
The morall vertues entreſoured by writinges
Than all the treſoures of worldly crowned kinges

Of gentyll ſtockys renne oute the iſſues
That be deſcendyd doun from a royall lyne
If they be vicious and voyde of all vertues
And haue no tarage of vertuous diſciplyne
With temporall treſoure though they flouriſſh a ſhyne
As for a tyme ſittynge on hye ſtages
Withoute vertue they are but dede ymages

For though princes haue conquered by bataile
This worlde in roundneſſe by their chiualrye
What may their triumphes or nobleſſe auayle
Withoute that vertue by right their titles gyue
To be compared vnto philoſophie
For philoſophers applye all their ententys
To knowe heuene and cours of elementys

They ſet no ſtore of thinges tranſitorye
Nor of fortunes expert doubleneſſe
To heuenly thinges is ſet all their memorye
Howe the ſeuene planetys in their cours them dreſſe
Meuynge their ſterrys ſparklynge in their brightneſſe
With reuolucions of the ſperis nyne
Mothers of Muſyke as auctours determyne

And in the noble twayne famous houſys
Flowringe in Grece richeſt of euerychon
Called by olde date the faire true ſpouſys
Of philoſophers many mo than one
In athademie and athenys ſhone
The bright lanternys of mooſt reuerencis
This worlde tenlumyne by lyberall ſciencis

And amonge other this Caliſtenes
was in his youth put for to ſcolye
In the two ſcoles of prudent Socrates
And of plato which that bare the key
Of ſecre miſteries and of diuyne Ideye
In which two ſcolys of greate habilite
was none profited half ſo moche as he

Theſe olde clerkes theſe two philoſophers
were in tho dayes for doctryne ſouereyne
Calyd in this worlde the riche precious cofres
And treſours that kepte the cheſtys twayne
Amyd their breſtys wherin god dyd ordeyne
Mooſt clere poſſeſſion put in their depoſe
Of all ſcienys vnder a key cloſe

This caliſtenes ſcoler and auditour
Of ariſtotles by cūnynge cōqueringe
The noble gemme and the mooſt precious floure
Of philoſophie all flouris ſurmountinge
wherthrough he was choſyn in his lyuinge
As his maiſter liſt for him prouide
On Aliſaundre tawayte and abide

For aliſaundre of kinges mooſt entere
And mooſt worthy to ſpeke of hye prowesse
Dyd ariſtotles humbly requere
To prouide and do his beſyneſſe
By expert knowynge and auyſeneſſe
To ſende him one which of philoſophie
Might by good counſeyle his conqueſt magnefie

To write alſo his triumphes digne of glorye
And to remembre his actys marciall
Put his palmys of knighthode in memorye
And to directe in eſpeciall
His roiall nobleſſe in vertue morall
That none errour be ſeen here nor there
In him that ſhulde all the worlde conquere

But it fyl ſo of knightly auenture
That of fortunes high promocion
That he by armes proudly gan recure
Of perce and mede the mighty region

Brought kynge darie vnto ſubiection
Gate hole his treſoure that noman might expreſſe
To acount the noumbre of his great richeſſe

Which vnſure treſoure and ſlydinge habundaunce
with waſinge ſhadowen of goddys tranſitorye
In ſurquedous pride gan ſo his herte auaunce
By fals ambycion and outrageous veynglorye
That made him leſe mynde and eke memorye
To knowe of nature he was no man mortall
But like to goddes that were celeſtyall

Aboue the palme of olde conquerours
knightly triumphes conqueſtys marcial
He vſurped by title of his labours
To heuenly goddys for to be egall
And through his meritis mooſt Imperiall
He gan preſume by lyne he was allyed
With the ſeuene goddes for to be deified

Through all his paleys and his roiall hall
A lawe he ſet vpon peyne of lyf
That men of cuſtū ſhulde him name and call
This worldys monarke nat mortall nor paſſif
Sonne to Iupiter for a prerogatyf
Which had the erth as god mooſt of puiſſaunce
Conqueryd by ſwerde vnto his obeyſaunce

By full areys purpoſed for the nonys
Of pompous outrage and ſurquedous entent
Full greate treſoure of golde and precious ſtonys
Vnto the temple of Iupiter he ſent
That the biſſhoppes and preeſtis ſhulde aſſent
Him to receyue at his home comynge
Lyke as a god and no mortall thinge

Thus by extort dede and vſurped might
Was firſt brought in full Idolatrye
Cauſinge princys to receyue agayne right
Goodly reuerence of frowarde mawmetrye
But whan Caliſtenes this errour dyd eſpye
In aliſaundre he beſily dyd entende
This fals opinyon to correcte and amende

But fyue cauſes notable to reherce
This Caliſtenes in eſpeciall
Though he was kinge of Egipt mede and per
He preuyd of reſon he was a man mortall
His birth eke erthely and nat celeſtyall
Fader moder as of their natures
Borne for to dye lyke other creatures

His fader philyp of macedoyne kinge
His moder called Olimpidiades
Worldly folke and heuenly no thinge
With kinges quenys vpset by lyne entres
Yit ageyne deth they coude haue no reles
Lawes of nature maugre their wyll tobeye
Nat lyke goddes but oonly borne to deye

Kinde made theym ſubget to ſundry paſſions
And many vncouth dyuerſe infirmytees
Nowe glad nowe heuy of condicions
Folowynge the fourme of their humanitees
But of their fals vſurped deytees
I can nat ſey ſaue drede and flaterye
Wrongly in erth dyd theym deifye

Eke aliſaundre folowynge euer his luſt
For all his lordſhip and his greate might
He ſuffred paſſions of hungre and of thurſt
Nowe hole nowe ſike nowe heuy nowe light
Whoos enterchaungynge in euery mannys ſight
Clerely ſhewyd clerkys reherce can
He was no god but lyke a mortall man

It fyll onys myn auctour doth compyle
In a greate hete longe or he was olde
He bathyd him ſilf in the flode of nyle
Where of fortune he ſodeynly toke colde
His poorys opned on ꝑtyes many folde
Lay longe after his ſtory bereth witneſſe
Or he was cured of that greate ſykneſſe

But at the laſt by craft of medicyne
Delyuered he was of that infirmite
No thinge amendyd by his power diuyne
By might of Iuno nor Iupiters pouſte
Nor by his owne vſurped deite
For by the paſſions which he dyd endure
It ſhewed he was a dedly creature

Of him alſo it is made mencion
He had a cuſtum to fall in dronkeneſſe
Through violence loſt oft his reſon
Than of yre and furious haſtyneſſe
He wolde ſmyte and hurte in his woodneſſe
Which tokyns were pleynly to termyne
In his ꝑſone nat heuenly nor diuyne

Whan the philoſophre callyd Calyſtenes
Gan firſt conſidre all theſe condicions
In aliſaundre he put him ſilf in prees
Voide of diſſymulinge and dilacions
For to reforme ſuch fals ambicions
Of goodly honoure whiche men dyd on theym ſeyne
And from all vices his corages to reſtreyne

In thys purpos as any centre ſtable
He caſt him fully of true entencyon
To correct all that was repreuable
Vſyd in his perſone or in his region
Trouth gaue him herte lyke a champion
To tell the kinge in his eſtate royall
He was no god but a man mortall

For which the kinge of indignacion
Caught a quarell ageyne Calyſtenes
Put vpon him vniuſtly fals treſon
Only to ſle his mayſter cauſeles
And for tateynt him afore all the prees
Seyde howe he had of his Iniquyte
Conſpired ageyne his royall mageſte

And feyned alſo the ſilf ſame tyme
Howe he had made a conſpiracion
Ageyne his lorde by an horryble cryme
Interuptinge the religion
Of his diuyne inſtitucion
That in ſuch cas there was no better rede
But Calyſtenes by lawe muſt be dede

And to prolonge of his deth the peyne
Vpon a boord he was layde alonge
His fet ſmet of and his handys tweyne
His eyen rent oute were nat his peynes ſtronge
Thus can tyrauntys whan they lyſt do wronge
Sle philoſophers without any ruth
Which ſpared nat for to ſey theym truth

This cruell vengeaunce might nat ſuffiſe
But aliſaundre more to encres his wo
Dyd cut his lyppes in full cruel wiſe
His noſe thrilles his erys eke alſo
And with the body he bad men ſhulde goo
Tofore his hoſt as it is remembred
To ſhewe the trunke howe it was diſmembred

In a caue depe and wonder lowe
Solitarye derkyd all the boundes
After the peynes he made him to be throwe
The place ſtuffed with wood berkinge houndes
Of fals entent to rende his blody woundys
Tyll Lyſimachus of greate compaſſion
To ſhorte his torment gaue him poiſon

Who red euer of tormentys more terryble
O aliſaundre thou oughteſt be aſhamyd
To ſle thy clerke with peynes ſo horrible
For thy vices bycauſe he hath the blamed
Thy royall name therby is diffamyd
But euer tyrauntes whan they liſt be wode
Of Innocentes reioyſe to ſhede blode

Agayne this knight gentyll Lyſimachus
Becauſe he had of theym compaſſion
Kinge aliſaundre was malencolious
withoute cauſe title or affection
Lete ſhet him vp with a fers lyon
Voyde of all helpe for to be ſocoured
Of entencion he ſhulde be deuoured

But Lyſimachus quyt him like a knight
Agayne this lyon in the ſame place
Ran fersly on him and of his marciall might
Oute of his hede his tunge he dyd arace
Reconſyled to the kinges grace
Bycauſe that he ſo knightly hath him borne
Better cheriſſhed than euer he was toforne

Another knight that called was clytus
Famous in armys for his chiualrye
One the grettest of the kinges hous
And mooſt cōmendyd of prudent polycye
Mooſt famylier as bokys ſpecifye
Aboute the kinge as it was oft preuyd
To tempre his corage whan he was agreuyd

The kinge and he walkinge honde by honde
Within the paleys beinge in preſence
Princys dukys of many diuers londe
Where they began by notable eloquence
Remembre of armys the notable excellence
Of conquerours and other knightes olde
And euery man aboute his tale tolde

Amonge which clytus the gentill knight
Gan to cōmende and greatly magnefie
Philip macedoyne as him ought of right
Both of wyſdom and his chyualrye
Tyll aliſaundre had therat enuye
Gan diſdeyne of furious cruelte
That any ſhulde be cōmendyd more than he

Caught occaſion of yre and fals hatrede
Agayne his knight that was to him mooſt true
With a ſharpe ſwerde vnwarly made him blede
His herte blode hote and rede of hue
By his ſides reyſinge down of newe
Therby to preue this ſtory tell can
He was no god nor reſonable man

Thus in princis furious and cruell
Men may clerely an euydence ſe
Howe that lordſhip is nat ꝑpetuell
But full of chaunge and mutabilite
Of chere nowe frendly nowe ſodeyne enmyte
Recorde on clytus mooſt in the kinges grace
Vnwarly ſlayne and dyd no traſpace

Was he worthy to be deyſyed
This aliſaundre mooſt double of his corage
Or was he worthy to be ſtellefyed
This furious prince for his fell outrage
That ſlough his frendes in his mortall rage
Thus fare tyrauntis whan they lyſt be wode
To ſeke occaſion for to ſhede blode

Caliſten ſlayne for morall diſciplyne
And lyſimachus for his compaſſion
Eke thys tyraunte of fals gredy rauyne
Slough gentyll clytus agayne truth and reſon
As ye haue herde for cōmendacion
Of kinge philip this ſtory well conueyed
Who truſteth tyrauntys ſhall ſoneſt be deceyuyd

## Lenuoye.

This tragedye of caliſtenes
Declareth vs by notable remembraunce
He was with plato and olde Socrates
In his youth put vnder gouernaunce
Dranke of the mylke of plenteous habundaunce
Of their two ſcolys euer deuoyde of ſlouth
Laſt by aliſaundre diſmembryd for his trouth

Firſt he was ſent by ariſtotles
For tawayte by prudent purueaunce
On aliſaundre leſt he were recheles
By preſumpcion in his royall puiſſaunce
To take vpon him by goodly attendaunce
Which he withſtode alas it was greate ruth
To be ſo ſlayne bycauſe he ſayde truth

Who with tyrauntys lyſt put him ſilf in prees
To haue their fauour and ſtormy acqueyntaunce
He muſt flater and fage doubles
Be double of herte with feyned countenaunce
With chere contreued done his obſeruaunce
For feithfull menynge ſlayne and that was ruthe
In caliſtenes bycauſe he ſayde truth

Noble princes your ſubgettes kepe in pes
Be nat to haſty for to do vengeaunce
For to tirauntis that be merciles
God ſent ſhort lyf and ſodeyne myſchaunce
Who ſeyth trouth haue no diſpleſaunce
Prente in youre herte howe it was greate ruth
That Caliſtenes was ſleyne for his truth

Howe Aliſaundre kinge of Pyrothe auenturynge
to paſſe the flode of Acheronte / there at his bak by
his mooſt truſty was dedly woundyd

After the compleynt of Caliſtenes
Slayne tiraunitly and dyd no treſpas
Cam aliſaundre kinge of pyrothes
His woundes bledynge vnto Iohn Bochas
To him declared howe he drowned was
In acheronte a ryuer of greate fame
Beſide a town pandoſia was the name

And as it is remembred and Itolde
Of this notable mighty ſtronge cyte
It was in grece Epyſt of dayes olde
And after pirrus called pyrothe
Where as the kinge helde his royall ſe
And as bokys alſo determyne
This Aliſaundre cam of the ſame lyne

Of whoos kinrede is made pleyne mencion
Sonne to achilles was kinge pirrus
And next in ordre by ſucceſſion
Fader to alyſaundre was Neptolonyus
Which had alſo myn auctoure telleth thus
A full faire doughter the ſtory ye may ſene
Olimpiades of macedoyne quene

And ſhe was weddyd to philip Macedo
Whiſom moder this quene of mooſt renoun
To aliſaundre the ſtory telleth ſo
Which all the worlde brought in ſubiection

Whoos fader philip of greate affection
Lete crowne the brother of olimpiades
Called aliſaunder to regne in Pirothes

To whom philyp for his greate beutye
Bycauſe he was ſo faire a creature
Had ſuch affection and ſpecialte
As it is remembryd in ſcripture
Of fals foule luſt ageyne nature
As ſeyth Bochas I can him nat excuſe
Vnlefully he dyd his beutye vſe

And by mene of that horrible dede
Which to reherce is to foule a thinge
This ſayde philyp in Bochas thus I rede
In Epirothes he made him to be kynge
And of extorſion by recorde of writinge
Cauſeles from thens he dyd enchace
The kinge Arabba tho regnynge in that place

And it fyll after the ſtory telleth ſo
Of this aliſaundre by ſerious rehersayle
Vpon the deth of philip macedo
With a greate hoſt cam into Itayle
Suppoſinge greatly for to auaile
To occupye after his proude entent
Hooly the boundys of all the occident

And though ſo be that fortune be chaungeable
Double alſo by cours of hir nature
At his gynnynge he fonde hir fauourable
Made him twyes proudly to recure
Geyne theym of Luke to their diſconfiture
To haue the felde and maugre all their might
Of very force to put theym vnto flight

Ageyne Itayle whan he gan this werre
Fully in purpos the romayns to aſſayle
Of hye preſumpcion procede he gan ſo ferre
With many prince that was in his batayle
To knowe afore by certeyne dyuynayle
Of his conqueſt the boundys for to caſt
And of his life howe longe it ſhulde laſt

And in the temple of Iupiter the grete
By dyuynours that expert were and olde
Seruynge this god within the londe of Crete
This was the anſwere which they haue him tolde
And it affermed by tokens many folde
Howe that he nat ſhulde eſchue the dredfull date
Ouer the day aſſygned to his laſt fate

And they alſo aſſigned a place
Therby to haue knowlegynge more clere
Vnder a cite longe and large of ſpace
Callyd Pandoſia and for to go more nere
By acheronte a famous great riuere
Tolde him playnly and coude no ferder ſeie
Of neceſſite there he muſte nedys deie

And though it were an erneſte and no iape
Of god ordeyned nat to be ſet aſyde
He thought of wyſdom his deſtyne to eſcape
And otherwyſe for him ſelf prouyde
Laſte in grece no lenger to abyde
Weenynge this ryuere nor that fayre cite
Saue in grece ſhulde nowhere ellys be

And for to ſet him ſelf in aſſuraunce
Of entent to eſchewe his deſtyne
In to thre batayles departynge his puiſſaunce
Cam to Italye tofore lube the cite
They with helpe of ſamoys the contre
With a gret power cam out anon right
Slough al his knightes and put him vnto flight

At the backe they purſued him ſo nere
That his ennemyes almooſt were on him fal
Vnto a brydge broke with the riuere
And ouerturned with his plankes al
And acheronte men that ryuer cal
As was tolde him by a certeyne knyght
Which rode before him the ryuer in his ſight

For by a rayne that fyll the ſame night
The ryuere wex to a dredful flode
And nat ferre thens in the kynges ſight
Vpon the water a lytyl town there ſtode
Which made the kynge chaunge face and blode
And ſpecially his pryde gan attame
Whan he wyſt pondoſia was the name

And than he gan moſte dredfully remembre
Callynge to mynde the preſtes diuinayle
Which made him quake in euery ioynt and membre
For verrey fere and his breth to fayle
No man coude him wiſſh nor counſayle
On euery partye he ſtode ſo on the wracke
The flode tofore him his ennemyes at his backe

To take the ryuer he ſtode in mortal drede
And if that he his ennemyes dyd abyde
He wyſte wel that he was but dede
Paſſage was none for to turne aſyde
Thus diſſolat he ſtode withouten guyde desolate
Thought it better to iuparte the ryuere
Than with enmyes that folowed him ſo nere

Their mortal dredes his herte gan conſtreyne
Drede of the flode for to haue paſſage
Byhynde his enmyes that gan at him diſdeyne
Leſte he were ſlayne in that mortal rage
His fate approchynge he but yonge of age
The towne pandoſia the tokynes dyd expreſſe
With acheronte that bare therof witneſſe

And whan that he put in auenture
To paſſe the flode or elles to be dede
Whom he moſte truſt of any creature
Toke a grete ſpere ſquare and ſharpe the hede
And at his backe he quakynge in his drede
Trayturſly throughout plate and mayle
Percyd his herte the blode abrode gan rayle

And as it is alſo of him remembred
The Lucanois by vengeable violence
They haue his careyn on peces all diſmembryd
Tyll an olde lady beynge in preſence
Requered theym of humble pacience
That ſhe of grace gadre might anone
His membres all and ioyne theym into one

And after to ſende theym vnto his ſuſter dere
Olimpiades the ſtatly greate quene
That of affection and loue mooſt entere
Whan it befyll that ſhe dyd theym ſene
Shulde of nature as it muſt nedys been
Wepe and prouide in his eſtate roiall
To burye the body with feeſt funerall

Se here exaumple of this proude kinge
Which wolde haue ſcappyd his fatall deſtenye
Chaunge of placys auayled him nothinge
Parodye of princis may nat chaunged be
The terme ſet fro which they may nat fle
For whan heuene of deth hath ſet a date
No mortall man may eſchue his fate

### Howe Darie kinge of Perce and mede was outrayed by aliſaundre kinge of macedoyne

IN Aliſaundre called Epirothes
We liſt as nowe no lenger for to tarye
Slayne at miſcheif for he was reccheles
Double of corage for he caude chaunge and varye
Fortune I wyll my penne to kinge darye
Which that whilom who ſo liſt take hede
Mooſt mighty regnyd in perce and mede

And amonge other notable werrours
Lyke as I deme by heuynly influence
Duly by title of his predeceſſours
And through his prudent royall excellence
To greate encres of his magnificence
He had all Aſie as made is mencion
Under his lordſhip and dominacion

And as myn auctour Bochas doth diffyne
He was deſcendyd from the imperiall blode
Of artaxerſes and borne eke of that lyne
Paſſed all princis of treſour and of gode
In perce and mede his greate empire ſtode
An hundryd prouynceys tenures of puiſſaunce
And ſeuene and thretty he had in gouernaunce

Ouer all aſie towarde the orient
His lordſhip laſt bokys make mynde
And had towarde the occident
Ouer Egipt power as I finde
The rede ſee was nat left behinde
Demynge him ſilf of all erthely treſoure
Was none but he lord and gouernoure

Towarde Septemptrion vnder the mydday ſpere
His power raught and his regalye
Ouer Inde in cronicles ye may rede
And to the boundes of greate armenie
Lorde of the kingdom that called is Parthie
Worldly folke demyde him with god egall
Maiſter to fortune and ſhe nat but his thrall

But in his higheſt exaltacion
Of worldly glorye he coude nat preuaile
For all his richeſſe and heyne ambicion
But fortune durſt him well aſſayle
In his mooſt rich royall apparayle
Laſt in hir chaungys to yeue him a ſharpe ſhoure
By aliſaundre of grece enherytoure

Unto purpos I wyll my penne dreſſe
For to declare and make mencion
Howe proude darye in his mooſt nobleſſe
Was by fortune from his ſete caſt down
For anone after the coronacion
Of aliſaundre in macedoyne kinge
This was the proceſſe anone of his werkinge

He nat delayed nor made no longe date
In purpos fully of yre to procede
Of perce and mede the ſcepters to tranſlate
All their richeſſys to conquere and poſſede
Perpetually for to abyde in dede
Under Grekys mighty obeiſaunce
In macedoyne to haue gouernaunce

And as myn auctour well reherce can
He ſet in grece the mighty ſtronge cite
Of Corynth the metropolitan
There to eſtabliſſh his Imperiall ſe
In regalibus whan he lyſt crowned be
As man whom god liſt of his might to marke
The world to conquere and be therof monarke

At the gynnynge of his conqueſt famous
Throughout Grece in euery region
Firſt he chaſt oute of his faders hous
Knightys that were mooſt souereyne of renoun
Notable in armys and of condicion
Feithfull and true which had of hye prudence
Forſight in armys of marciall prouidence

To theym he dyd full notably aſſigne
As men expert in knightly apparaile
To make his ſtuffe with many rich ſigne
And forge of ſtele his plate and his maile
Gaue theym the rule to gouerne in bataile
For prouidence of yore it hath be tolde
Full moch auailith of knightys wys and olde

All this accompliſſhed he lyſt no lenger tarye
This worthy kinge but with his ordenaunce
Purpoſyd to begynne on kinge darye
And as it is put in remembraunce
In mooſt proude wiſe he gan him ſilf auaunce
Firſt in his weye to brenne and bete down
Of haſty yre Thebes the mighty toun.

After he gate two mighty regions
The tone of frige the tother called lyde
Set by olde tyme were theyr fundacions
Upon two ryuers rennynge there beſide
Whos golden grauels their brightneſſe may nat hide
Pactolus and Erme men them call
Richeſt of ſtreyms though men rekne theym all

And of his conqueſt ferther to termyne
He wan Iſauria a prouince wonder ſtronge
In Aſia one cheueſt of the nyne
And pamphile a kingdome large and longe
He gate alſo where it were right or wronge
For where that conqueſt haue any tytle of right
My cũnynge it paſſeth my reſon and my might

I take no kepe nor me liſt nat tarye
In this mater but fer I wyll procede
Howe aliſaundre haſtyd towarde darye
Tacheue his conqueſt of perce and eke of mede
But firſt he cam to Frigia I rede
Into a cite the name to ſpecefie
Thilke dayes it named was gordye

After myn auctoure afferme well I dare
There was a temple in Frigya thus ſeith he
Of Jupiter in which there ſtode a chare
With roppis bounde of ſtonys and of perre
Amonge which men might beholde and ſe
A fatall knot by craft made ſo ſotyle
That no man coude undo it by no wyle

For who that had ſcience or cũnynge
That conous knot to loſe or untwyne
Ouer aſye he ſhulde be crowned kinge
And aliſaundre as bokys determyne
Seynge this chare knyt with many lyne
And howe it ſemyd a maner Inpoſſyble
To ſeuere it which was Indiuiſyble

The chare with cordys was ſo enterlacyd
That richely ſtode in Jouis tabernacle
Which by his wit coude nat be unbracyd
Nouther by craft nor no ſolempne myracle
Tyll Aliſaunder by a dyuyne Oracle
Drowe oute his ſwerde wherof men had wondre
Karf the knot and cordys all aſondre

Wherby he wiſt that he was ordeyned
Ouer all aſye to be lorde and kinge
Which to reherſe this ſtory is nat feyned
He rode like mars his batayls cõueynge
Thrugh perce and mede his ſtanderdys diſplayinge
Towarde his conqueſt where I leue him dwell
And of this chare and knottys I wyll tell

Prudent Juſtynus an olde cronicleer
In his cronicles reherſith this ſtorye
Howe Gordius a pore laborere
Beſide the cite that callyd is gordye
Erynge his londe dyd his oxen gyde
All maner foule that wynges flyght
Sye in the eyre apperyd in his ſight

Unknowe to him the token what it ment
With dyuynours caſt him to counſayle
Called augures which hooly their entent
Knowynge the proceſſe of ſuch dyuynaile
Where it ſhall profite or diſauayle
And at the gate of Gordye the Cyte
He met amayde excellynge of beutye

Which from aboue by heuenly influence
Had of hir byrth a maner knowlegynge
In ſuch augurye greate practyke and ſcience
Which to gordius expownyd euery thinge
Seyde of aſye he ſhulde be lorde and kinge
And regne there durynge all his lif
In hope wherof ſhe becam his wif

After his weddynge he wex fortunat
The cronicle can bere me well recorde
There fyll in Frige a ſodeyne greate debate
Amonge the comons and mortall diſcorde
Knowynge no mene to bringe theym at acorde
Tyll their goddys by notable prouidence
Taught theym a weye tappeſe their violence

Howe that debate ſhulde amonge theym laſt
Unto the tyme they had choſen a kinge
And they gan crye and praye their goddys faſt
By ſũme ſigne or miracle oute ſhewynge
To geue to theym a maner knowlegynge
That they might to their notable encres
Cheſe ſuch one that ſhuld theym ſet in pes

They had anſwere to wayte and be wel ware
To ſet ſpyes by beſy attendaunce
On whom they met rydinge in a chare
To Jouis temple to do his obſeruaunce
And him receyue by goddys ordenaunce
Upon his hede withoute more tarynge
To ſet a crowne in frige to regne as kinge

And Gordius in his chare ridinge
Towarde the temple they on the wey him met
And awaitinge chas him to their kinge
And ſolempnly home they dyd him ſet
Vpon his hede a riche crowne they ſet
And he to theym ſo egall was and mete
That he theym brought in reſt and quiete

Thus to the crowne gordius dyd atteyne
By tokyns ſhewyd vnto his greate auayle
And their diſcordys and ſtryues to reſtreyne
He to his lieges gaue notably counſaile
That they ſhulde with royall apparaile
Take his chare as he dyd theym deuiſe
And offre it vp in mooſt lowly wiſe

In the temple that was conſecrate
To Iupiter a full ſolempne place
And more to make their offringe fortunate
They ſhulde it ſet withoute lenger ſpace
Tofore the goddeſſe that was called grace
Which by miracle their hertis to appeſe
Set all the people in quiete and in eſe

And whan the kinge aliſaundre had
Loſyd the knot of which I haue you tolde
And of the chare which gordius ladde
The ſecretes ſeyne and miſteryes many folde
Wordly preſumpcion gan make his hert bolde
Without title of any rightwiſneſſe
The cite gordye to ſpoyle of his richeſſe

And all affrigye he robbyd eke alſo
Vp to the mounteyne that callyd was taurus
The which hyll hath famous names two
For it is alſo named Caucaſus
Where this prince mooſt victorious
Ordeyned firſt proudly with ſpere and ſhelde
Agayne kinge darye for to holde a felde

Vpon a mounteyne they to gedre met
The marciall pleyne named horeſtes
And mooſt proudly their wardis there they ſet
All for the werre and no thinge for the pes
Where aliſaundre in knighthode peerles
All the Perciens batayled in his ſight
On daryes pty put vnto flight

Kinge aliſaundre ſhortly to conclude
In his mooſt ſtatly roiall magnificence
Set nat his truſt in no greate multitude
But in his knightes which longe in his preſence
Had had in armys longe experience
Were wele preuyd in marciall diſciplyne
To enhaunce his conqueſt by their prudent doctryne

Which in that Iourney haue theym ſo well borne
That in their nobleſſe founde was no lak
For ſixty thouſande of fotemen theym beforne
They ſlough of perce and men on horſbak
Other ten thouſand ſo mortall was the wrak
And fourty thouſande as made is mencion
Were pryſoners and put to their raunſon

On grekys party the ſtory doth well ſhewe
Macedonoys on aliſaundris ſyde
In comparison were ſlayne but a fewe
For of fotemen and men that dyd ryde
Through the feldes that were ſo large and wyde
There were that day in their mortall ſtryues
Nat full thre hundred which that loſt their lyues

Darye coude none other reſcus make
Fled atte miſcheef in full greate diſtreſſe
His wife his doughter ledde awey and take
His tentys ſpoyled his ſtory bereth witneſſe
Grekys made glad with full greate richeſſe
His coffres ſpoyled he fonde no better ſocoure
And he enporiſſhed of all his hole treſoure

Whan Darye ſawe his dedly auenture
Full pitouſly in herte he dyd mourne
And anone after this diſconfiture
To babilon in haſt he gan retourne
And while that he dyd there ſoiourne
Knowynge no recure to him that might auayle
With aliſaundre to holde more bataile

Than of purpos to ſet him ſilf in eſe
And for laſedge his dedly fell greuaunce
In his entent kinge aliſaundre to pleſe
Caſt for to ſende him lettres of pleſaunce
prue him giftys in full greate habundaunce
But al the ſleightes which Darius hath wrought
Kinge aliſaundre ſet theym echon at nought

This manly kinge kepte his conceyte cloos
Lyſt nat ſhewe what he ment in dede
But caſt fully after his purpos
Vpon his conqueſt ferther to procede
After the getinge of perce and eke of meede
To wynne ſurrye Egipt and Libye londe
Demynge fortune redy to his honde

And of his conqueſt ferther to endyte
whan his glorye gan mooſt freſſhly ſhyne
The temple of Jupiter caſt him to viſite
which ſtode in lybye auctours determyne
Sayde howe he was deſcendyd from the lyne
Of thilke god borne to be his heire
As lorde of heuene fire water erth and eyre

And that the preeſtys fully ſhulde aſſent
with heuynly goddys to make him egall
Greate richeſſe and treſoure he theym ſent
Thus dreed and mede made him celeſtiall
Falſly forgate that he was mortall
And of ambicion by martiall apparayle
Caſt with darye ageyne to haue batayle

And as I finde howe they dyd mete
The two princes with people Innumerable
In the confronte of the londe of Crete
And kinge darye of folkys defenſable
Brought into felde a peple incomparable
Foure hundryd thouſande of fotemen ſet fro ferre
with aliſaundre for to holde werre

An hundred thouſand there cam with him alſo
On horſbak in ſtele armyd bryght
And all this people whan they had a do
Albe that day full longe laſt the fight
were ſlayne and take and Iput to flight
where aliſaundre to his encres of glorye
had of kinge darye that daye the victorye

And perciens to their fynall myſcheef
without mercy or payinge of raunſon
with kinge darye were put to greate repreef
Voyde of all hope and conſolacion
Fled as I finde into the region
Called partye where as it is tolde
he of that people was take and put in holde

And though his fetirs were of golde riche
he had therof god wote no pleſaunce
Fortunys giftys be nat ay lyche
In hir fals whele there is ſuch variaunce
Dyuers of cheer ſtraunge of hir countenaunce
Made aliſaundre with a lytyll noumbre
The multitude of darye to encoumbre

within a town Tharſa he was take
In charyet with cheynes ſtronge Ibounde
Of all his frendes pitouſly forſake
Led and through perced with many mortall wounde
And this murdre contryued was and founde
By one Beſſus a frowarde recheles knight
which ſtode afore mooſt furthered in his ſight

And was aſſured by feith of his legiaunce
To kinge darye to be true in dede
But this fals traytoure god ſende him a miſchaũce
Cauſed his woundys mortally to blede
yit or he dyed he ſent in all his drede
A percien knight ſad and of greate age
To aliſaundre to tell him his meſſage

To thanke that prince of his hye nobleſſe
which to his grace and mercy mooſt habounde
him liſt to ſhewe ſo greate gentilneſſe
Vnto my wif and children as it is founde
For which to him I am ſo moch bounde
That he myn enmy of benygnite
In their diſtreſſe liſt haue of theym pyte

And ſith I ſe that nedys I muſt deye
Through blody woũdys which I may nat recure
Sey aliſaundre of grace that I preye
For to haue ruth of myn auenture
Next to ordeyne for my ſepulture
And condeſcende to graunt myn axynge
For to be buryed as longeth to a kinge

Prayinge the goddys which been immortall
whan he hath done to quyte him his mede
That if his mercy mooſt imperiall
him lyſt of grace for to take hede
To burye me kinge of perce and mede
For if this fauour be in his herte founde
To his nobleſſe the fame ſhall ay rebounde

Requeringe him of his imperiall might
Of my foule murdre to ſe eche circumſtaunce
For murdre alwey calleth to god of right
Neuir ceſinge but by contynuaunce
Vp to the heuene to crye for vengeaunce
Namely on murdre compaſſed and forthought
which by auyſement is execute and wrought

And ſith I haue leyde on the this bonde
To aliſaundre to do my meſſage
And him coniured here with my right honde
To auenge my deth wrought by greate outrage
My blode oute ſhed with pale and dede viſage
here bounde in ſtockys to goddys mooſt benigne
with right hole herte my ſprite I reſigne

Thus he lay ſtarke there was founde no blode
Lyke as another mortall creature
whan aliſaundre the murdre vnderſtode
As ye haue herde remembred by ſcripture
He dyd ordeyne for his ſepulture
The funerall feeſt holde in all thinges
As by olde tyme longyd vnto kinges

### Lenuoye.

This tragedie pitous for to here
Sheweth of fortune the chaūges lamētable
Of royall thronys of golde and ſtonys clere
Of wordly princis howe they be euer vnſtable
Their fatall whele mooſt dyuers and chaungeable
with vnware turne liſt nat hir cours to tarye
To throwe theym doun recorde vpon kinge Darye

Who can or may be full aſſured here
To make fortune to be ſo tretable
To finde oute a wey or ſerch oute the manere
By obligacion to finde hir Immutable
Hir double face the worlde ay deceyuable
Shewe vs eche day howe falſly they can varye
By couert fraude recorde vpon kinge Darye

Exaumple howe phebus with hir bemys clere
Sheweth ſum morowe his light mooſt agreable
But longe or eue derkeneſſe there doth appere
Through cloudy reynes and myſtes longe durable
To vs declaringe by tokēnes full notable
wordly dignitees nowe freſſh and nowe contrarye
Can chaunge their tydes recorde of kinge Darye

Through all aſye perce and meede Ifere
His lordſhip laſt a thinge incomparable
To ethiopie vnder the mydday ſpere
Full of treſoure with golde Innumerable
His boundys raught fortune eke ſeruiſable
To obeye his luſtys tyll ſhe gan falſly varye
By expert fraude to p̄ue hir might in Darye

Noble princes with hole herte and entere
Lift vp youre corages holde this no fable
Though ye ſyt hye cōceyue with gode chere
No wordly lordſhip in erthe is ꝑdurable
And ſyth ye be of nature reſonable
Amonge remembre as thinge mooſt neceſſarye
All ſtant vpon chaunge recorde on kinge Darye

Here bochas remembreth the batyles and loſſe of Realmeys of antiquyte / with the fallynge of dyuers nobles.

Here gynneth Bochas remembre in certeyne
The greate ſorowes the mortall diſauayles
The loſſe of realmes the blode ſhed in veyne
Begonne of werrys and marciall apparayles
Called to mynde of olde the fell batailes
Gūne of antyquite as made is mencion
Firſt agayne Grekys and theym of troye toun

A pitous herte it wolde make blede
To haue in memorye the dredefull greate outrage
As ye haue herde wrought in Perce and Meede
Atwene Darye and Aliſaundre in their age
Eke atwene Romayns and theym of Cartage
The woful troublys of werrys firſt begonne
Cauſe all the myſcheuys that been vnder ſonne

On outher party who can remembre aright
Nowe loſſe nowe lucre comyth of dyuiſion
Nowe diſencres nowe heuy and nowe light
Nowe life nowe deth for ſhort concluſion
For bochas ſeith ſuch fals diſcencion
Hath many kingdom that ſtode in gode eſtate
Turned to ruyne and made theym deſolate

Remembre of troye the wallys broke down
In grece deſtroyed many ſtronge cyte
In perce and mede greate deſolacion
Rome diſpurueyde of marcyall ſuerte
Caſtellys toures of olde antiquite
Made ruynous in affryke and cartage
Cauſed by werrys and marcys cruell rage

Who liſt conſidre wrought by dayes olde
The cours of conqueſt of theſe werreours
In aliſaundre he clerely may beholde
By remembraunce of his progenitours
And of his blode howe all the ſucceſſours
Hadde fatally or they dyd hens wende
A ſodeyne deth or a ſhamefull ende

Full many rekened that were of his kynage
For to ſuccede in his poſſeſſions
To ſixe and thritty ptinge his heritage
To eche aſſigned their royall porcions
Firſt as he made his diuiſions
He gaue of Frige the prefecture of right
To Leonatus that was ſo good a knight

But a litell while laſt his pſſeſſion
For the contrees liſt theym nat obeye
They of athenys had indignacion
With antipater for he dyd werrye
Yet in that werre playnly for to ſeye
Leoſtenes their duke their gouernoure
Was ſlayne that day he fonde no better ſocoure

And Leonatus that was his aduerſarye
Of antipater the party to ſuſteine
Fonde fortune to him that day contrarye
For in the felde though he rode armed clene
With a ſharpe ſpere his wounde was made grene
At miſchef ſlayne myn auctoure doth compile
Thus his lordſhip laſt nat but a while

Antipater another ſucceſſoure
Of aliſaundre as made is mencion
Was by recorde of the ſame fals traitoure
That for his deth tempred the poyſon
His ſonne caſſandir accompliſſhed the treſon
Bare the cuppe which that made him ſterue
With that ſtronge venym whan he dyd him ſerue

Antipater of this cryme coupable
Greatly deſpeired in his opinyon
Upon all tho that be vengeable
That lykly were to eſpye his treſon
Dredde him ſore hauynge ſuſpeccion
Lyſt he were accuſed to theſtatis
Of cryme called leſe mageſtatis

His ſonne aſſented to that horrible dede
Which to aliſaundre beynge in babylon
Mooſt traitourly without ſhame or drede
As ye haue herde preſentyd the poyſon
And yet the kinge as made is mencion
Though he to him fals was and contrarye
He made him prefect lorde of the londe of Carye

And amonge other notable werriours
There were thre more full worthy and famous
Set in the noumbre of his enheritours
Policarpus and Neptolonius
And eche of theym to other enuyous
Within a felde the ſtory doth vs lere
Euerche ſlough other as they mette yfere

Of Perdicas what ſhuld I write or ſeyne
Which amonge all was one the beſt knight
That whan aliſaundere lay in deyinge in certeyne
And gan to feble of his force and might
Dempt afore that it ſate well of right
Howe this perdicas for wyſdom and manhede
In Macedoyne ſhulde after him ſuccede

And vnto him with chere and loke benygne
Upon his bede for ſikeneſſe compleynynge
With full hool herte for a notable ſigne
Of ſucceſſyon he gaue to him a ringe
After his day to be crowned kinge
Of macedoyne ſith he mooſt might auayle
Through all his empyre to haue the gouernayle

And yet ſeyth Bochas breuely in ſentence
Though he of knighthode and hye proweſſe
Of manly force and alſo of prudence
Paſſed all other the ſtory bereth witneſſe
By vicious pride and frowarde boyſtouſneſſe
He was more hindryd through his outrage
Than all his enmyes might do to him damage

For through his pride and greate extorcions
Fro Macedoyne the people of that cuntre
Fledde into other ſtraunge regions
And of preſumpcion the ſtore ſeith howe he
Beganne a werre ageyne kinge Tholome
Where he was ſlayne in all mennys ſightis
Nat of his enmyes but of his owne knightis

Eke of Anayarchus of Capadoce kinge
Which prouince ioyneth to Surrye
Touchinge the boundes by recorde of writinge
Towarde the oryent the londe of Armenye
Hauynge two cuntrees Scilice and yſaurye
Towarde Cipre and a greate Ryuere
Rennynge amyddys with ſtremys freſſh and clere

This Aanayarchus where he was loth or fayne
In dayes fewe hath his kingdom lorne
For by Perdicas proudly he was ſlayne
Of whom that I haue you tolde beforne
Thus wordly princys though they had it ſworne
For all their lordſhyp and domynacion
By fraude of fortune vnwarly be put down

And amonge other princis of that age
Vpon aliſaundre duly abydynge
Bochas reherceth Amilchar of Cartage
Duke of that cyte by recorde of writinge
After the deth of that worthy kinge
As ye haue herde I murdred by poyſon
This ſeyde amilchar reparinge to his town

Was ſlayne in Cartage ſhortly to conclude
Of cruel malyce and conſpiratiſon
Within that cite of fals ingratitude
Whan he of knighthode fraunchiſed had the town
And withſtandinge all his hye renoun
Whan he ſtode hyeſt in hys felicite
He by the comons was ſlayne of that cyte

### Howe Eumenydes was twyes outrayed by Antigonus / and at the laſt dyed in priſon

Whan aliſaundre in his royall eſtate
Had all conqueryd tofore as ye haue herd
He lyke a god moſt pompous and elate
As ſouereyne prince of all this myddelerd
To take vpon him was no thinge aferde
To clepyn in cuntrees a thinge that was nat faire
Of Jupyter to be both ſonne and heyre

One of the principles who ſo taketh hede
That firſt brought in fals Idolatrye
Was thilke tyme that preeſtys for fals drede
His name with goddys gan to magnefie
And ſo to call him of feynyd flaterye
And myd their temples in libye on a ſtage
Of his likeneſſe they ſet vp an ymage

But lytyll or nought to him it might auayle
Ageyne his deth for to do ſocoure
Whan the fell poyſon his herte dyd aſſayle
Which made him fade as doth a ſomer floure
Of whoos empire was none enheritoure
Saue in his deth thus ſtode the woful cas
Twene ſyxe and thritty his londe deuided was

And in his ſtory full pleynly it is tolde
This departicion to make it ferme and ſtable
He was leyde forth vpon a couch of golde
To reherce by tokenys full notable
Whoom he dempt of very ſoth mooſt able
Of all his princys pleynly to deſcerne
Whan he were dede his kingdome to gouerne

First there was one amonge all that prees
Next aliſaundre the knightlieſt man
The worthy knight called Eumenides
Whoos hye renoun full well reherce can
Prudent Juſtynus the greate hiſtoryan
Ordeyned afore to gouerne realmes two
All Capadoce and pafflagonie alſo

His hye nobleſſe as made is mencion
In eſpeciall more to magnefie
Him lackyd nought of commendacion
That apperteyned vnto chyualrye
To hye prudence or noble policye
Except thre thinges myn auctoure ſeith the ſame
A crowne a ſceptre and a kinges name

But for that he all other dyd excelle
Both of prudence and famous chyualrye
It is remembred as ſome bokys tell
That there were ſumme had therat enuye
For whan fortune liſt to ſet vp hye
Any perſone aloft vpon hir whele
Summe are beſyde that lyke it neueradele

Who holdeth him euer vpon hye mounteyns
Fyndeth great experience of blaſtys and ſhoures
Oft is troubled with ſtorme and winde reynes
So of aliſaundre the proude ſucceſſoures
Whan they ſate hyeſt ſhynynge in their floures
Wynde of enuye fortune helde ſo the rother
That eche was beſy to deſtroye other

On hillys hye it is an impoſſible
A man tabyde withoute wynde or reyne
A thinge expert and very vyſible
Hye clymbynge vp is medlyd with diſdeyne
Prees hath enuye as it is oft ſeyne
And through preferrynge of fortune in eſtatys
Is euer cauſed greate werre and greate debatys

This ſame thinge was wele expert and preuyd
Amonge theſe ſeyde royall enheritours
Of aliſaundre for eche of theym was greuyd
To ſe his felowe regne in his floures
And thus atwene theſe mighty ſucceſſours
Of fals enuye there gan ſo greate a ſtryf
That eche made other for to loſe his lyf

And as it is afore made mencion
Policarpus and neptolonpus
By a maner fals conſpiracion
Ageyne Eumenides were euly enuious
Of whoos falſneſſe he was ſuſſpecious
Tyll on a day there is nomore to ſeyne
Metynge in batayle he ſlough theym both tweyen

For which ſlaughter proude antigonus
Of macedoyne prefecte and gouernoure
Wy in his herte ſo fell and deſpitous
And was withall a noble werroure
With his knyghtes dyd holy his laboure
Ageyne Eumenides by marciall apparayle
A felde aſſigned to holde a greate batayle

Made vpon him a greate diſconfiture
As they met armyd bright in felde
And thus Eumenides of mortall auenture
Fled at myſcheef into a ſtronge caſtell
Wherof his knyghtes lyked neueradele
For as the ſtory pleynly maketh mynde
That day he fled and left his men behinde

In which caſtell for he ſtode deſtitute
Fro thens he caſt in all haſt to fle
In his greate myſcheef to fynde ſum refute
That tyme he drough him to a ſtronge cuntre
Some ſocoure to gete auengyd for to be
Callyd argire by grekys of entent
The latyn corrupte of thys worde argent

Of archiraſpedes a people that there dwell
Their name they toke after that region
The which londe as olde bokys tell
Hath of ſyluer plente and foyſon
For which cauſe by olde deſcripcion
It toke his name of nature and of right
Bycauſe the ſoyle lyke ſiluer ſhyneth bryght

And of this yle which hath ſo great a pris
As myn auctour maketh reherſayle
Howe the people be prouident and wis
Prudent in armys and manly in batayle
Both to deffende and proudly to aſſayle
Which by their wiſdome and circūſpect cōſ ayle
To kynge aliſaundre ſtode in great auayle

And Eumenides one of his ſucceſſours
As ye haue herde drewe to that cuntre
There to fynde refute and ſocours
In his miſcheef and great aduerſite

And with his wordys of greate auctorite
His noble langage and his faire eloquence
The people had him in full great reuerence

And for they were manly and coragous
Able to aſſemble both in plate and mayle
He made theym riſe ageyne antigonus
By their prowes with him to haue batayle
But of fortune his party gan to fayle
Where thilke people the ſtory telleth thus
Had afore be victorious

Antigonus hath the felde recured
That day his knyghtys faught lyke wode lyons
In furious tene of corage aſſured
Brake their tentes and their pauylions
Spoyled their caſtels robbyd their dungeons
Where that cuntre vnwarly thus affrayed
Had neuer afore in batayle ben outrayed

And of diſpyte this people reccheles
Caught in their hert great indignacion
Ageyne their prince this ſeyde Eumenides
Which had theym brought to theyr deſtruction
And all that people of one opinion
Preſentyd him it was nat after longe
To antigonus bounde in cheynes ſtronge

In this proces breuely to procede
At great miſcheef he dyed in priſoun
He fonde no mercy playnly as I rede
For all his nobleſſe nor his hye renoun
Yet of his manhode it is made mencioun
Who that his ſtory liſt to loke aright
With aliſaundre there was no better knyght

In his conqueſt euery hour and ſpace
He mooſt cheriſſhed for his high nobles
Aboue all other ſtode mooſt in his grace
To helpe and reſcue folke in their diſtreſſe
Albe that he dyed in wretchydnes
To be declarynge the great variaunces
That all day fall in fortunes chaunces

Lenuoye

This tragedye of Duke Eumenides
Sheweth of fortune the froward doublenes
Howe wordly princes that been recheles
With vnware chaunges fall in diſtres
And there may be no gretter heuynes
After proſpite nor gretter peyne
Than aduerſite which that is ſodeyne

Grettest enuye where is grettest pes
Grettest awayte where is moaſt richeſſe
And grettest eſe where is reſt and pes
Where mooſt diſcorde mooſt is heuyneſſe
And of all ſorowe ſorowfuleſt exceſſe
Is thilke ſorowe that a man conſtreyne
After proſpite aduerſite ſodeyne

Princes in erth of power peerles
Which excelled all other in nobleſſe
Had in this worlde by conqueſt mooſt encres
As aliſaundre the ſtory bereth witneſſe
Remembre the fyne of all their hye proweſſe
And the tryumphes to which they dyd atteyne
After proſperite aduerſite ſodeyne

The ſtronge enheritour which that he oute ches
Sixe and thretty the nowmbre to expreſſe
Which had poſſeſſions of kingdoms doutles
Eche thinge obeynge to their worthyneſſe
Tyll fortune thought hir doubleneſſe
Shewed hir might vnwarly to ordeyne
After proſperite aduerſite ſodeyne

Noble princes to auoyde all diſcences
Amonge your ſilf diſcordys do repreſſe
Be nat enuyous nor Irous cauſeles
Werke no thinge of haſty wylfulneſſe
Late diſcretion be youre gouerneſſe
For there muſt folowe if ye parte on tweyne
After proſperite aduerſite ſodeyne

Howe quene Olimpiades for ſhe delyted in vices/ murdre and vengeaunce dyed at myſcheef

Next in ordre to Bochas dyd appere
After the myſcheef of Eumenides
The greate quene with a full pitous chere
Moder of aliſaundre Olimpiades
Borne of the lyne of Gaades
Amonge quenys hir ſtory bereth witneſſe
Excelled all other in beutye and richeſſe

She was doughter to neptolonyus
The mighty kinge of Epirothes
And had ſuſpect howe Neptanabus
By enchauntment put him ſilf in pres
Of wyuely trouth to make him recheles
But bochas here for to ſaue hir name
Write but a lytyll of hir diſclaundrous fame

This ſeyde quene right faire of hir viſage
Was firſt brought forth in thilke regions
Where all the worthy of blode and of lynage
Helde their ſcepters and their rich crowns
Throughoute all grece with full poſſeſſions
So that this quene that tyme nere and ferre
Was of bewtye called the lodeſterre

But amonge all hir greate proſpite
Hir youth flourynge in mooſt ſouereyne nobleſſe
Hir ioye was medled with greate aduerſite
Whan philip Macedo to hir greate heuyneſſe
Was mortally wounded in diſtreſſe
In Cythia by a certeyne nacion
Called Trybaloys as made is mencyon

For in that cuntre vpon a certeyne day
Where as he faught and dyd his beſt peyne
To gete a cyte and at a ſiege lay
And for thaſſaut dyd his ſtuff ordeyne
He loſt vnwarly one of his iyen tweyne
That whan the quene behelde his ſodeyne wounde
For ſorowe ſhe fyll euyn plat to the grounde

Another thinge bokys ſpecefye
Troubled hir fame by greate heuineſſe
The ſuſpecte ſclaundre of auoutrye
Wrought by Neptabanus enchauntynge hir fairenes
The light Eclipſinge of hye nobleſſe
By ſwift report for to hindre hir name
What fleeth more ſwift than wyckyd fame

In womanhede as auctoures all wryte
Mooſt thinge commendyd is their chaſt honeſte
Thinge mooſt ſclaundrous their nobleſſe tatwyte
Is whan princeſſys of haſty freelte
Excede the boundes of wiuely chaſtyte
For what auayleth lynage or royall blode
Whan of their lyuynge the report is nat gode

The holy bed diffoiled of mariage
Or onys ſoyled may nat recured be
The voice goth furth ⁊ the froward langage
By many realmes and many great cyte
Sclaundre hath of cuſtum and that is pite
Trewe other fals by contagious ſoun
Onys reyſed it goth not lightly doun

And to more hindringe of olimpiades
Philip awey dyd fram hir declyne
And of the kynge of Epirothes
The wyf he toke to his concubyne
Called Cleopatra pleynly to termyne
And thus in miſcheef tencres of hir trouble
Their fals auoutry gan to wey double

Of this proces write I wyll nomore
Cauſe the mater is abhomynable
For kinge philip the bargeyne bought ſore
As is remembred by cronycles full notable
Slayne on a day ſyttynge at his table
Full ſodeynly or he toke any hede
Panſanias dyd that cruel dede

Of which ſlaughter there folowed a ſtraunge cas
As ye haue herde by panſanias wrought
Olimpiades full glad and mery was
Heuy outwarde hir herte voyde of thought
yet feynyngly ſhe hath out wayes ſought
For him to holde ſolempne and royall
Lyke Grekys rightes a feeſt funerall

After whoos deth wrought of great crueltie
Kynge aliſaundre made no lenger lette
Made Panſanias takyn for to be
And to be hangyd vpon an hye gybet
Vpon whoos hede there was a crowne ſette
Of golde and perle and riche ſtones Inde
By olympiades in ſtory as I finde

For he ſtode greatly in the quenys grace
And as folke demyt of ſuſpection
They mette to gydre in many preuy place
Which greatly turnyd to hir confuſion
For noyſe aroos through all that region
That by thoccaſion of their miſlyuynge
Howe panſanias ſlough philyp the kynge

But ſhe anone in hir malyce feruent
Fro the gybet made him to be take doun
Made his body ſolempnly to be brent
Kept his exequies with great oblacion
After the rightes of that region
Nat left behinde in party nor in all
That apperteyned to feſtys funerall

Vpon kinge philip as it were for the nonys
To do hir lorde a ſhame a deſpite
Solempnly ſhe made brenne the bonys
Of panſanias for a fals appetyte
Vnto no man ſhe had ſo greate deſpite
For which this feeſt was lyke in all thinges
To thexequies of princes and of kynges

She made his ſwerde alſo to be take
With which he ſlough philyp the greate kinge
Offred it vp only for his ſake
Tofore appollo by recorde of writynge
Which to hir was ſclaundre and greate hindringe
Cauſed folke deme in their entent
To ſle kynge philyp howe ſhe was of aſſent

So be cruel was ſet all her pleſaunce
For merciles voyde of all pyte
On cleopatre cauſinge this vengeaunce
That ſhe hir ſilf henge vpon a tre
Murdred hir doughter the ſtory ye mayſe
What malice may if it be declared
Vnto the malyce of wymen be compared

Speke of them that be malicious
And lyſte of cuſtome for to be vengeable
Amonge a thouſaunde one may be vertuous
And in two thouſand ſum one is merciable
But whan they be of rancour vntretable
There is no tigre more cruell doubtles
Recorde I take of Olimpiades

And ſhe of malyce was more ſet of fyre
To execute boldly her vengeaunce
By thoccaſion of the greate empire
Of perce and meede full famous in ſubſtaunce
Which ſtode by conqueſt vndre the gouernaunce
Of aliſaundre wherby ſhe thought hir ſtronge
Tacheue eche thinge whether it be right or wronge

Dempt hir power ſhulde ay contune
By the mene of his high mageſte
God is ſtronger than the quene fortune
Which ſuffred hir ſonne in his mooſt dignite
In babylone poyſened for to be
As is remembred in many olde hiſtories
After his triumphes and his victories

But for to paſſe breuely to the writinge
Touchinge the quene as made is mencion
Whan dede was philip the famous kynge
She had of macedoyne ful poſſeſſion
And gouerned that mighty region
Where like a wulueſſe as auctours of hir write
To ſhede blode ſhe gan hir ſelf delyte

In her tyrannye mooſt feruent and yrous
Reioyſed in ſlaughter and to ſe men blede
For ſerpent none was more malicious
Than was this quene in bokes ye may rede
Yet after all this ſhe receyued hir mede
For though fortune fauoured hir a while
Yit with hir treynes ſhe coude hir wel begyle

The ende of tyrauntes and eke of tyraneſſes
And of murdres be they neuer ſo wode
Of poyſon mongers and enchauntereſſes
Of fals ſupplantours contrary to all gode
And of conſpiratours and them thriſte blode
All theſe muſte haue by goddys purueaunce
Here ſhort life or ſodeyne vengeaunce

In macedoyne this quene was mooſt behatyd
For hir vengeable mortall oppreſſion
And Caſſander agayne hir hath debatyd
And gūne a werre vpon hir region
Which to aliſaundre mynyſtred the poyſon
As ye haue herde to fore of him deuyſed
By antipater mooſt mortally practiſed

She fonde no refute but toke hir to flight
This cruell quene this olympiades
Into a mounteyne that ſtode ferre out of ſight
And of hir kyn there folowed hir a greate pres
Suppoſynge to haue lyued there in pees
For on that hyll ſtode a greate dongeon
Strongly wallyd aboute enuyron

Which that marchyd to a great cyte
Called Epidua ſtondyng in great doubte
Bycauſe Caſſandre of olde enmyte
Had for hir leyde a ſyege aboute
And none was hardy for to iſſue out
Tyll caſſandre of fals compaſſed treſon
Made with theym a compoſicion

His feith was leyde that tyme for hoſtage
By othe aſſured to olimpyades
By couert fraude vnder fayre langage
To ſuffre hir with him to lyue in pees
But of his promys he fals and recheles
For vnder trete as made is mencion
The quene he toke and caſte hir in priſon

But will ye ſe a royall hye corage
Howe boldly delyuered fro priſon
She deſcended imperiall of viſage
With all hir maydens about hir enuiron
Hir enmys preſent wodder than lyon
Seynge hir ſtonde ſo ſtatly of hir face
Whan they were proudeſt lareſte hir and manace

She was of purpoſe arayed for the nones
As ſeyth bochas in mooſt ſtatly wiſe
In rich purpyl golde and precious ſtonys
Lyke an empreſſe in the grekyſſh guyſe
Hir lyſt nat fle the ſtorye doth deuyſe
With cry nor noyſe paſſed nat hir boundes
Whan that hir blode doū rayled from hir woundes

She nat affrayed in all hir mortall ſhoures
Voyde of all fere lyſte nat lowe hir chyne
Make no prayer to hir turmentoures
Nor no tokne of corage feminyne
Upright ſhe ſtode lyſte nat down declyne
Gaue euidences as it is comprehended
Of what lyne and blode ſhe is deſcendyd

For vnto tyme that ſhe gaue vp the breth
Was neuer ſeyne prince nor princeſſe
That more proudly toke their fatall deth
For as I deme hir marciall hardyneſſe
Cam from Bellona of armys cheef goddeſſe
Or ſhe had it by influence of corage
Youe by the goddys to hir and hir lynage

Force is a vertue bokes ſpecefye
Agayne all vices to make reſiſtence
But frowarde rancoure and proude malencolye
Gaue hir a ſpirite of feyned pacience
A fals pretence of hir magnyficence
As ſeaunce ſhe had ben in vertue ſtronge
For trouth to haue endured euery wronge

Contrarious force made hir deſpitous
Stronge in hir errour to endure peyne
Of obſtynate herte ſhe was fell and Irous
In dethys conſtreynt liſt nat to complayne
Counterfet ſuffraunce made hir for to feyne
No thinge of vertue pleynly to termyne
Nor of no mannys that be femynyne

In hir entrayles all malice was encloſyd
And all contagyous venym ſerpentyne
Nat lyke a woman but as a feende diſpoſyd
Able to deſtroye all vertuous diſciplyne
Thus ſhe began thus ſhe dyd fyne
In vicious murdre ſhe dyd hir ay delyte
wherfore of hir me lyſt no more tendyte

## Lenuoye.

Al ye that ſhall this tragedye ſee
Of ruth and mercy haue compaſſion
To ſe a princeſſe from hir Imperiall ſee
So vnwarly by fortune throwe down
Of whoſe myſcheef this was thoccaſion
That in thre thinges was ſet mooſt hir pleſaunce
In vicious life in murdre and vengeaunce

Alas that euer the mortall cruelte
Of blody ſwerde by execuſion
Shulde be appropryd to feminite
Agayne the nature of their condicion
Cauſinge the fynall ſclaundrous confuſion
Of olimpidiades here put in remembraunce
For vicious lif murdre and fals vengeaunce

Under freſſh floures ſote and fayre to ſe
The ſerpent darteth with his couert poyſon
In criſtall waters that calme and ſote be
Are perilous pittes full of deceptyon
Men ſe al day by clere inſpection
In femynynge faces aungelike ſuffiſaunce
Hir vnderneth rancoure and greate vengeaunce

Though ſhe excelled of hir natyf beutye
All other princes of that region
was neuer none feller ſeen than ſhe
To execute like hir opinion
The perilous treynes contreuyd of treſon
And ſpecially in hir pompous greuaunce
where ſhe hated for to do vengeaunce

Noble princes ſet hye in dignite
Do aduertiſe of diſcrecion
In youre mooſt power and largeſt liberte
Be merciable and do remiſſion
Sugre with pyte youre indignacion
Late grace and mercy tempre youre hye puiſſaunce
Of olimpiades eſchuynge the vengeaunce

Exile rigoure ferre oute of cuntre
yeue him with you no Iuriſdiction
To womanhede laugh nat parde
Of cancred rancoure newe execucion
where mercy regneth of grace there is foiſon
Haue this in mynde by longe contynuaunce
Of olimpiades forgetinge the vengeaunce

Late pacience by vertuous plente
within your hertys purchace a mancion
Late youre compaſſion attempre equite
That right excede nat the boundes of reſon
So that youre femynyn humble entencion
Be alweye brydled by prouident ſuffraunce
Voidinge all exceſſys of rigour and of vengeaunce

For it is ſayde of olde auctorytie
To woman longeth by diſpoſicion
Mekeneſſe in langage in port humilite
In all vertue humble ſubiection
Voide of manacis ſtrif and contencion
So that no man in youre attendaunce
Eſpye no tokyn of rancour nor vengeaunce

The ſpeciall mene the parcialite
Shulde of all mercy be deſcripcion
Rebounde to wymen for of antiquyte
The lambe nat vſed to pley the lyon
Nor no meke dowue enuyed the faucon
Nor to youre degre by naturall accordaunce
Sit nouther rigoure nor haſty fell vengeaunce

This ſimple lenuoye receyue it at gre
And haue therof none indignacion
Lowly directe to youre benignite
Only of mekeneſſe and no preſumpcion
Knowynge of kinde youre inclinacion
Diſpoſed is by naturall purueaunce
Unto al mercy and no thinge vnto vengeaunce

## Howe agathodes of lowe birth borne atteyned vnto royall dignite / endyd in pouerte and wretchidneſſe.

I Haue herde ſeyde of full yore agone
A whirlwinde blowynge no thinge ſofte
Was in olde Ingliſſhe callyd a rodion
That reyſeth duſt and ſtrawe full hye alofte
And in thaſcendinge it falleth ſo full ofte
Though it be borne almooſt to the ſkye
Where it becometh there can no man eſpye

Oute of forgys by fyre that ſmythes make
By clere experyence it is full oft I ſeyne
That theſe infernall ougly ſmokys blake
Tranſcende the cop of many greate mounteyne
But oft ſith by a full ſodeyne reyne
All ſuch aſſencions by rage of wynde vp blowe
With vnware turne be reuerſed and brought lowe

And ſemblably to put it at a preef
And execute it by clere experience
One the mooſt contrarious miſcheef
Founde in this erth by notable euidence
Is only this by fortunate violence
When that wretchis churliſſh of nature
Theſtate of princes vnwarly doth recure

A crowne of golde is no thinge accordynge
For to be ſet vpon a knaues hede
A foliſſh clerke for to were a ringe
Acordeth nat who that can take hede
And in this worlde there is no gretter drede
Than power youe if it be well ſought
Vnto ſuch one that firſt roſe vp of nought

There is no maner iuſt conuenience
A royall carboncle rubye or garnet
Nor a chaſt Emeraude of vertuous excellence
Nor Inde ſaphus in coper to be ſet
Their kindly power in foule metall is let
And ſo theſtate of politike puiſſaunce
Is loſt where euer knaues haue gouernaunce

For a tyme they may well vp aſcende
Lyke wyndy ſmokys their boyſtous fumys ſprede
A crownyd aſſe playnly to comprehende
Voyde of diſcrecion is more for to drede
Than is a lyon for that one in dede
Of his nature is mighty and royall
Voyde of diſcrecion that other beſtyall

The gentyll nature of a ſtronge lyon
To proſtrat peple of kinde is merciable
For vnto all that fal afore him down
His royall puiſſaunce can nat be vengeable
But cheriſſhe wikues by rigoure vntretable
And foliſſh aſſys eke of beſtyalite
Faylinge reſon brayde euer on cruelte

None is ſo proude as he that can no goode
The lewder hede the more preſumpcion
Mooſt cruelte and vengeaunce in lowe blode
With malapertneſſe and indiſcrecion
Of churl and gentyll make this diuiſion
Of outher of theym I dare right well report
The ſtok they cam fro therto they wyll reſorte

The roſe is knowe by coloure and ſwetneſſe
And violettys for theyr freſſh corage
The netle rough for his fell ſharpneſſe
Thiſilys breyys prinkinge by greate outrage
And thus conſidred the rote of eche lynage
Frowarde tetchys been euer in churlys founde
Where vnto gentils ay vertue doth rebounde

Late men beware in eſpeciall of one thinge
Howe grete deception is in fals coignage
The plate may be bright in his ſhewynge
The metall fals and ſhewe a fayre vyſage
All is nat golde to ſpeke in pleyne langage
That ſhyneth bright concludinge on reſon
Vnder fayre chere is oft hyd fals poyſon

For as a ſkye or an ougly cloude
Which that aſcendeth lowe oute of the ſee
And with his blakneſſe doth the ſonne ſhrowde
That may nat his greate brightneſſe ſe
Nor haue no confort of his clere beutye
So vicious tetchis I do you well aſſure
Diſface fuloft the gyftys of nature

God vnto ſome hath yeuyn by nature
For to excelle another in fayreneſſe
Yit in vicys by recorde of ſcripture
They were diſclaundryd bochas bereth witneſſe
Outwarde ſugre inwarde bitterneſſe
By which exaumple to purpos I may call
Agathodes fulfylled wyth vices all

In this ſtory he cometh nowe on the ringe
Which of beutye had greate excellence
But to declare the vicious lyuinge
And to diſcryue his outrageous offence
If I ſhulde write in ſentence
Lyke his demeritys hooly the manere
It wolde thrugh perce and blotte my papere

Touchinge his birthe of lowe bedde deſcendyd
Sonne of a potter the ſtory ye may ſe
In no vertue I finde him nat cōmendyd
Except nature gaue him greate beute
Foſtred in myſcheef and greate pouerte
Had eke dyſdeyne I can him nat excuſe
Of hatefull pride his faders craft to vſe

By the mene of his greate fayreneſſe
To hye eſtate he cam from lowe degre
yet in a vice which I wyll nat expreſſe
He diſuſyd curſydly his beutye
Ageyne nature that euyll mut they the
And foyled he was ſhortly to ſpecefye
with all the ſpices of pride and lecherye

Yet nat withſtandinge his fals condicions
God ſuffred him to come to hye eſtate
And to gouerne diuers nacions
I finde a while howe he was fortunate
In his lecherye ay pompous and elate
And in a cyte called cyracuſe
The ſayde vyſes frowardly he gan vſe

And for he had beutye and greate might
To all vices his youth he dyd enclyne
And coude alſo forthre him ſelf aright
Of eloquence expert in the doctryne
And as it is ſayde though he cam of lowe lyne
yet as it is put in remembraunce
An hundred knightes he had in gouernaunce

Of Centuryen he purchaſed an office
And that tyme he toke the order of knight
After choſyn a tribune of greate pryce
And gate greate fauoure in the peple ſight
And in this while it fell ſo anone right
Of Cyracuſys he was made duke and hede
By election by cauſe their lorde was dede

which with Siciliens helde a mortall ſtrif
But agathodes made him victorious
Toke their ducheſſe after to his wyf
By mene wherof he wex full gloryous
And in his glory he grewe right deſpitous
Forgate him ſilf thus growynge in eſtate
wherthrough his cite and he were at debate

His condicion whan they gan eſpye
And ſawe him werke all of preſumpcion
The people anone knowynge his tyrannye
Exiled him oute of their region

In his exyle as made is mencion
He coude finde no better cheuiſaunce
But cam to a cite that callyd was Murgaunce

where by his ſleighty ſubtyll fals auys
He ſo demenyd him in the peple ſight
That of a pretor they gaue him an offis
He meuynge theym in all that euer that he might
Ageyne Ciracuſys to make them ſtronge and fight
Of entent on theym to auenged be
Cauſe for his exyle oute of that cyte

But in his exyle the ſtory ſeyth none other
It was ſo wrought by medyacion
Of duke Amulchar that was his ſworne brother
Ciracuſanus of one entencion
Called home ageyne into their town
And there was reſtoryd to his place
And reconciled to the kinges grace

And vnto him they gaue by greate auys
By aſſent of lordes and all the comonte
Of a Pretor newly an offis
For pretores of cuſtum callyd be
Officers that dwell in the cyte
And haue full charge by dome and Jugementys
To put all gylty to peyne and to tormentys

Than of newe this Agathodes
Bycauſe he had more auctoryte
Caſt for to trouble the quyete and the pes
Of ciracuſis and oute of that cyte
All the Senatours grettest of dignite
Of mortall vengeaunce this tiraunt made anone
without excepcion be ſlayne euerychon

This haſty ſlaughter wrought by tyrannye
Might nat aſſwage nor ſtaunche his fell corage
Tyll he their treſours toke by robbrye
And all Sycile he ſpoyled by pillage
Caſt of pride vpon an hyer ſtage
For to aſſende by ſleighty fals werkinge
Of al that region he toke to be crowned kinge

Made his ſubgettys maugre theym him dredynge
To call him kinge and in eſpeciall
On the mooſt worthy prince tho lyuynge
That ſat in chayre of mageſte royall
Tyll fortune ſhope he muſt haue a fall
For of cartage the duke a worthy knight
Faught with him twyes and put him to flight

Wherthrough he ſtode in miſcheef diſpeired
And of a people he was had in diſdeyne
To Ciracuſe in haſt he is repeired
And to his cite retourned home ageyne
There abydinge in drede and vncerteyne
For whan fortune gan ageyne him take
His frendes olde of newe haue him forſake

In that myſcheef he bode nat longe
As the proceſſe maketh reherſayle
Gadryd people and made him ſelf ſtronge
Only in purpos all affrik taſſayle
With theym of cartage had a greate bataile
Theym diſconfited as fortune lyſt ordeyne
By hye proweſſe of his ſonnes tweyne

Arthagathus I called was that one
Wondre deliuer a man of great might
The ſeconde brother mooſt worthy of echone
Called Eraclida which in that mortal fight
Preued himſelf that day a manly knight
For by their manhode in which there was no lacke
They of cartage were felly put abacke

For though ſo were by fortune of the werre
Agathodes had that day victorie
Fals couetyſe made him for to erre
And eclipſyd the light of his glorie
For as it is remembred in his ſtorie
Like as his birth as it toforne termyned
To all falſnes his corage was enclyned

Cruell of cuſtum of herte merciles
His will was lawe were it wronge or right
Contrarie to accorde frowarde vnto pes
Proude and ſurquedous in his owne ſight
Where his powere ſtretchyd and his might
Lyke a tyraunt naturally diſpoſed
To execute vengeaunce afore purpoſyd

He thought he had power forto bynde
Fortunes whele for to abyde ſtable
Which is a thinge contrarye to her kynde
Whoſe propertie is to be variable
His pride alas was to abhominable
For mortal prince is none that may reſtreyne
Hir vnware turne nor her cours ſodeyne

By influence of the heuenly ſterres
The vncouth cours aboue celeſtiall
By fortune and fauour of the werres
This agathodes of byrth ful rurall
Promotyd was vnto eſtate royall
Tyll pride outrage, and frowarde engendrure
Cauſed in his lordſhip he might nat longe endure

Fortune of kinde is ſo ſlaſkiſable
A monſtruous beeſt departyd manyfolde
A ſlydinge ſerpent turninge and vnſtable
Sliper to gripe on whom there is none holde
As in this boke declaryd is and tolde
His power preuyd on princys rechelees
Recorde with other on agathodes

As ye haue herde reherſyd in ſentence
Simple and bare was his natyuite
Brought vp and foſtred in greate indigence
Oute of a ſtocke ſpringinge of pouerte
Ros to theſtate of royall dignite
Their riſinge vncouth meruelous tatteyne
The fall more greuous bycauſe it was ſodeyne

From Ciracuſe he was exiled twyes
Vengeably of herte where he had might
Of affricans diſconfited twyes
Euer in bataile of cuſtum put to flight
Had an vſaunce to robbe day and night
And lyke a tyraunt ageyne conſcience
To ſpoyle his ſubgettys by raupnous violence

Hindred by fortune wherof he was nat fayne
Hir ſtroke ageyne him ſodeyne and violent
His ſonnes two in affrik were firſt ſlayne
He of his lymmes wery feble and impotent
With a conſumpcion his entrayles brent
And by an ague contynuall of feruence
He was ſupprysed by ſtroke of peſtilence

All his treſoure hath from him take
His proude port and his worldly glorye
His kyn his freendes and his wif hath him forſake
His cōqueſt dyrk and put out of memorye
His name eclipſed of al his olde victorie
And as he gan in pouert and diſtreſſe
So he made an ende in wretchydneſſe

Haſty riſynge and thrift that is ſodeyne
And ſurmountynge by violent raupne
And extort power may for a while atteyne
In riche chayre of lordſhip for to ſhyne
Sodeyne aſcendynge doth ſodenly declyne
And by vntruthe where euer there be encres
Man wayte of cuſtum a ſodeyn diſencres

Of agathodes men may exaumple take
what is the ende of euery fals tyraunt
wronge clymbinge vp doth a foule ende make
For a ſeſon though tirauntys be puiſſaunt
Fortune to theym preueth no lenger graunt
But whan they ſyt on hir whele mooſt royall
By vnware chaunge to haue a ſodeyne fall

Agathodes was firſt a ſimple man
Broughtforth in miſcheef and in pouerte
Sonne of a potter the ſtory tell can
By vicious lyuynge cam to greate dignite
Of all folke hatyd for his cruelte
Clambe fro pouert vp to greate richeſſe
Made pore ageyne dyed in wretchidneſſe

## Lenuoye

This ſtory ſheweth a figure
Both by ſtory and by auctorite
Howe man and beeſt and euery creature
Tarageth the ſtok of his nature
Erbe of the rote and eche frute of his tre
For both of vertue and alſo of outrage
Foloweth ſome tetch or taſt of the lynage

Agathodes by recorde of ſcripture
Borne of lowe bed brought forth in pouerte
yit fortune made him to recure
Vp to hye eſtate from full lowe degre
His reſon blent with ſenſualite
Forgate him ſilf to ſpeke in pleyne langage
Through a fals tatche that cam fro his lynage

There is a differance of colourres in picture
On table or wall as men all day may ſe
Twene golde and golde atwene bys and aſure
All is nat golde that ſhyneth bright parde
Some noble is fals that hath full greate beutye
Late men be ware of counterfet coignage
Tetchis eſchuynge of chorliſſh lowe lynage

Sūme man forthred of ſodeyne auenture
Set in chayre of royall dignite
wenynge his empyre euer ſhulde endure
Neuer to be troubled with none aduerſite
with royall eglys a kyte may nat fle
A Iay may chater in a golden cage
yit euer ſum tetch muſt folowe of his lynage

Gentyll blode of his royall nature
Is euer enclyned to mercy and pyte
where of cuſtum theſe vileyns do their cure
By their vſurped and extort fals pouſte
To be vengeable by mortall cruelte
Through haſty fumys of furious corage
Folowynge the tetchis of their vileyne lynage

O mighty princes youre nobleſſe do aſſure
your paſſions reſt with tranquillite
Se howe there is no mene of meſure
where a tyraunt catchith the ſouereynte
Late agathodes your wordly myrroure be
To eſchue the tracys of his frowarde paſſage
As royall blode requereth of youre lynage

Howe Caſſander ſlough the wif of Aliſaundre/ & Hercules hir ſonne/ And antipater ſlough his moder and of other murders.

he greate myſcheef of fortunys might
t The woful fallys fro hir whele in dede
Of princys princeſſys who ſo loke aright
Ben lamentable and doolful for to rede
But for all that bochas doth procede
In his reherſayle remembringe thus him ſelue
To him apperyd of men and wymen twelue

After the deth of kinge agathodes
There cam tofore him worthy queenys tweyne
The firſt of theym was called Berſanes
And of hir myſcheef gan to him compleyne
wyf of aliſaundre the ſtory liſt nat feyne
The mighty kinge greteſt vnder ſonne
which by conqueſt al this worlde hath wonne

wif to aliſaundre was this Berſanes
By his lyue as made is mencion
which with hir ſonne named hercules
were by Caſſander brought to diſtruction
And of hir deth this was thoccaſion
Caſſandre dred that Berſanes the quene
wolde with hir ſonne on him auengyd ben

For his treſons which he tofore wrought
On aliſaundre and on his lynage
And ſpecially if that ſhe were brought
To macedoyne for hir auauntage
With hir ſonne that was but yonge of age
Caſſander thought and dred as I haue tolde
They wolde auenge his treſons wrought of olde

He caſt afore of malice cauſeles
This Caſſander mooſt falſly werkynge
That if this knight this yonge hercules
Sonne of aliſaundre by recorde of writinge
In macedoyne were take and crowned kinge
Howe that he wolde of equite and right
Hir faders deth auenge lyke a knight

Which thinge to eſchue caſſander gan prouide
And by fals fraude was nat recheles
But on a daye he liſt nat longe abide
Slough firſt the quene this ſeyde Berſanes
And than hir ſonne I called hercules
Thus by caſſander of murdre crop and rote
They murdred were there was none other bote

This cruelte might nat ſuffiſe
Unto alyſaundre by recorde of ſcripture
But lyke a tyraunt in vengeable wyſe
He dyd theym burye by frowarde auenture
Where no man ſhulde knowe their ſepulture
And thus alas which pyte is to rede
He murdryd foure out of one kinrede

To aliſaundre he miniſtred the poyſon
Slough the quene called olimpiades
And of hatrede by full fals treſon
As I haue tolde he ſlough quene berſanes
Wife to aliſaundre moder to hercules
Which in youth by bochas reherſinge
In macedoyne was like to haue be kinge

After all this he coude nat lyue in pes
But euer redy ſome treſon for to do
Slough eke the quene called Royanes
Upon a day and hir yonge ſonne to
And ſhe was wif to aliſaundre alſo
Caſſandre dredinge in his opinion
Lyſt they wolde venge upon his fals treſon

Thus euer he lyued in murdre ſorowe and ſtrif
By way of fraude cam all his encres
And as I finde howe he had a wyf
And ſhe was called Theſalonices

And this ſtory remembreth doutles
A ſonne they had bore atwene theym twayne
To ſle his moder which after dyd his peyne

Shortly to pas myn auctoure writeth none other
Antipater was hir ſonnes name
And by cauſe that ſhe loued his brother
Better than him he to his greate diffame
Compaſſed hir deth the ſtory ſeyth the ſame
Natwithſtandinge tappeſe his cruelte
She aſkyd mercy knelinge on hir kne

Hir breſtys open white and ſoft as ſilke
All bedewed with tyrys hir viſage
Requeryd mekely at reuerence of the milke
With which he was foſtred in yonge age
For to haue mercy and tappeſe his rage
And to accepte goodly hir prayere
To ſaue the lyf of his moder dere

But all for nought herde hir neueradell
He was to hir ſurmountinge al meſure
Lyke his fader vengeable and cruell
I trowe it was youe him of nature
For by recorde of kinde and eke ſcripture
Selde or neuer no braunch that is good
Springeth of cuſtome oute of cruell blode

Of hir deth cauſe there was none other
That antipater ſlough [illegible] moder dere
But for ſhe loued aliſaundre his brother
Better than him the cronicle doth vs lere
Which aliſaundre if ye liſt to here
Had in his ſocoure I finde by wrytinge
Demetrius that was of aſie kinge

Theſalonices was in this while ded
By antipater he mooſt infortunate
Bathed in hir blode hir ſides were made rede
Withoute compaſſion of hir hye eſtate
And hir two ſonnes lyuynge at debate
Tyll liſimachus that prefect was of Trace
Theym reconſiled eche tyll others grace

Whan demetrius knewe of their accorde
God wote the ſoth he no thinge was fayne
But by his fraude the ſtory bereth recorde
That aliſaundre maliciouſly was ſlayne
This while antipater ſtondinge in no certeyne
Tyll he by ſleyght of liſymachus
Was murdryd after the ſtory telleth thus

To write the proceſſe and the maner hough
That Lyſymachus by fraudolent werkinge
His ſonne in lawe antipater thus ſlough
Fals couetyſe was cauſe of all this thinge
And demetrius toke on him to be kinge
Of macedoyne remembred tyme and date
whan both brether were paſſed in to fate

Duringe this murdre & al this mortall ſtryf
In this proceſſe lyke as it is founde
Of antipater Euridice the wif
Doughter of ſelenchus was in cheynes bounde
Caſte in priſon dyrke hidous and profounde
And for a whyle I leue hir there ſoiourne
And to Demetrius I will ageyne retourne

which made him ſilf to be crowned kynge
Of macedoyne through his great puiſſaunce
But to deſtroye his purpos in werkynge
There were thre princis notable in ſubſtaunce
Conſyderate and of alliaunce
Echon aſſentyd for ſhorte concluſion
To brynge Demetrius to deſtruction

One the firſte was worthy tholome
kynge of egypt in armes full famous
Other tweyne the ſtory ye may ſe
Called Seleuchus and next Liſymachus
And of Cypre cam the kynge pirthus
Lorde of prouince as it is eke founde
They made theym ſtronge demetrius to cōfounde

Shortly to tell with their apparayles
Of macedoyne they dyd him firſt depryue
Cam vpon him with force ſtronge batayles
That he was neuer ſo ouerſet in his lyue
Take of Lyſymachus the ſtory doth deſcryue
Cheyned in priſon of his lyf in doubte
For I nat fynde that euer he iſſued oute

### Of the two prefectis/ Peneſtes and a Amantas

Ext in ordre Peneſtes dyd appere
n Whylom prefect of greate Babilon
And with him cam amantas eke I fere
Another prefect as made is mencion
which Battrye had in his ſuſpection
A greate prouince youe him by iugement
Myd of Aſia towarde the occident

These ſayde tweyne for their worthyneſſe
And for their manhode in actes marciall
Aſſigned were by diligent beſineſſe
To write and kepe in eſpeciall
Vpon the mageſte in his eſtate roiall
Of alyſaundre for truſt as chamberleyns
Agayne thaſſaulte and drede of all foreyns

After whoos deth for ſinguler guerdon
Made prefecte both they were in dede
As ye haue herde that one in Babilon
That other in Battrye the ſtory ye may rede
yet in quiete they might him nat poſſede
For ſeleuchus gan a werre agayne them make
That they were fayne their lordſhips to forſake

### Howe ſandrodoctus borne of lowe degre cheriſſhed robbours and theues

Other prefectis there were alſo I finde
which helde the peple in full greate ſeruage
In macedoyne and in outher ynde
Tyll ſandrodoctus a man of lowe lynage
Caſt he wolde redreſſe their outrage
Of entent pore peple to reſtore
To their fraunchiſes that playned on them ſore

Sandrodoctus auctoure of this werkinge
Behight the peple throughoute all cuntrees
whan he by ſleyght was crowned kynge
Them to reſtore to their liberties
But whan he had receyued theſe dignitees
All his beheſtis made with him a fayre viſage
Turned as they fonde to thraldom and ſeruage

Thus whan a wretche is ſet in hye eſtate
Or a begger brought vp to dignite
There is none ſo proude pompous nor elate
None ſo vengeable nor full of cruelte
Voide of diſcretion mercy and pyte
For churliſſhe blode ſeelde doth recure
To be gentyll by weye of his nature

He may diſſimule and for a tyme feyne
Counterfete with a fayre viſage
Out of one hoode ſhewe faces tweyne
Contrarye of herte double of his langage
Styll of his porte ſmothe of his paſſage
Vnder floures lyke a ſerpent dare
Tyll he may ſtynge and he wyll nat ſpare

And euer lyke of his condicions
Was Sandrodoctus ſetup in hye eſtate
Veyyd peple troubled Regions
Set citees and toūs at greate debate
Whoos gouernaunce was infortunate
As it was ſeen and ſounde at all preuys
Cheriſſhed no man but robbours and theuys

And to declare howe he caught hardyneſſe
And occaſion people to gouerne
By a pronoſtyke which I ſhall expreſſe
Right meruelous and vncouth to diſcerne
Which was this as I ſhall tell as pryue
Right wonderfull and vncouth for to here
And it was this if ye liſt to lere

There was a man called procatales
Borne in ynde which of his lyuynge
Was wondre pore cam but ſelde in prees
Bycauſe he had treſpaced in one thinge.
Agayne Beriandrus that was that tyme kinge
Cōmaundynge to ſle him anone right
But he eſcapyd the ſtory ſeith by flyght

God had youe him of fete ſwyftneſſe
By mene wherof he ſauyd him from daungere
Through longe trauayle fyll in weryneſſe
And refreſſh him beſide a well clere
He laye ſlepynge that face and al his chere
Dropped of ſote a lyon cam forby
Lyckyd his face as ſeith the ſtory

With which affray the man anon woke
And ſodenly lyft vp his viſage
The lyon roſe ſoftly the wey toke
Towarde the foreſt dyd him no damage
Forgate his felnes and his cruel rage
Of which pronoſtyke gan thoccaſion
Wherof Sandrodoctus toke an oppynyon

Caſt and thought in his fantaſie
Sith that the lyon is beeſt mooſt royall
Which nat dyſdeyned him ſilf to applie
To lycke the face of a man rurall
In his nature to ſhewe him beſtyall
He dempt well that it was ſittinge
To take on him theſtate to be a kinge

His oppinion of reſon was right nought
For where the lyon left his cruelte
He in contrarye wey proude in hert and thought
Voyde of mercy barayne of pite

For whan that he was ſet in dignite
Brought from a wretche to dominacion
Agayne nature he pleyed the lyon

Sumtyme a lyon forgetteth all felneſſe
Where as a wulue wyll naturally deuoure
So royall blode hath ruth on gentylneſſe
On pore pleyntifs to helpe theym and ſocoure
Where as a tyraunt of nature doth laboure
Whan he hath powere catchynge auauntage
To robbe ſubiectis and ſpoyle theym by pyllage

Sandrodoctus thus borne of lowe kynrede
In hye eſtate by fortune whan he ſtode
Gan make him ſtronge and vengeable in dede
With noumbre of robbours furious and wode
Caſte him deſtroye al the gentyl blode
That was in ynde and by his ordynaunce
Sle all the prefectys that had gouernaunce

And with the cōmons whan he was made ſtronge
And gan the manere of their deth diuyſe
Lyke a fals tyraunt all though he dyd wronge
Agayne his lordys whan he gan ariſe
An Olifaunt cam in full vncouth wyſe
Him obeyed which was a great wondre
Whan their batayles were nat ferre aſondre

Though he was wylde the ſtorye ſeith the ſame
Sandrodoctus lept vpon his ſyde
And on his backe as on a beeſt tame
Towarde the batayle anone he gan to ryde
Was their capteyne that day and their guyde
With his robbours as it is made mynde
Slough all the prefectys and gentyll blode of ynde

## Howe Seleuchus the mighty prince was ſlayne by the great tholome kynge of egypt

Than cam Seleuchus to bochas cōpleynyng
A mighty prince and a manly knight
Sōne of anthiochus the grete famous kyng
Was mooſt fauoured in aliſaunders ſight
With Seleuchus for wiſdom and for myght
Borne of a princeſſe the cronycle ye may ſeen
Called Leodice the great famous quene

The birth of him ſtraunge and merueilous
For his moder vpon the ſame night
That ſhe conceyued drempt and thought thus
As it ſemyd pleynly in hir ſight
Of greate apollo the heuynly god mooſt bright
Howe ſhe the tyme of hir conceyuinge
Receyued that night of golde a rich rynge

In which ringe was ſet a precious ſtone
youe vnto hir for a greate guerdon
Graue with ankre hir cōmaundyng anon
After the byrth without dilacion
To yeue the ringe of hool affection
To Seleuchus wherby in eſpeciall
He ſhulde excell in actys marcyall

The ſame morowe after the childe was borne
within hir bed was founde a rich ringe
with all the tokyns reherſed here toforne
The ankre graue lyke in euery thinge
which that the quene toke in hir kepynge
And of entent for hir auauntage
Kept it ſecret tyll he cam to age

Another merueyle fyll alſo withall
This ſeleuchus which was a wondre thinge
Had enprented eke in eſpeciall
Vpon his thigh an ankyr and a ringe
So had all by recorde of writynge
Such caracters the ſtory doth determyne
That after him were borne of that lyne

whan ſeleuchus as made is mencion
The tendre yeres had of his age ronne
And cam to yerys of diſcrecion
He by this ringe full many londe hath wonne
whoos knightly fame ſhone ſhene as ſonne
He wel aryſed herdy of great might
Tyme of Aliſaundre holde one the beſt knight

In werre and armes he his tyme hath ſpent
Brought all ynde to ſubiection
Gate all the kingdoms nye of the oryent
Helde theym longe in his poſſeſſion
But here alas bochas maketh mencion
All his victoryes that dyd in honour ſhyne
with ſodeyne chaunge were tourned vnto ruyne

For whan ſeleuchus was mooſt victorious
Had all ynde conquered in ſubſtaunce
Atwene him and kinge Lyſymachus
Of whom tofore is made remembraunce
Began a werre and a great diſtaunce
And as they met with their apparayles
In a great felde ordeyned their batayles

On Lyſymachus fyll the diſconfiture
wherof Seleuchus glad in eſpeciall
Dempt his wynnynge cam nat of nature
But by influence verey celeſtiall
Gan wax prowde in his eſtate royall
Nat ſupposinge in his victorious ſtall
Of his meſcheues that ſhuld after fall

For as the proceſſe declareth vnto vs
Howe of Egipt the greate Tholome
Brother in lawe to Lyſymachus
Fyll on ſeleuchus by ful great cruelte
Slough him at miſcheef the ſtory ye may ſe
Loſt his lif as made is mencion
In Macedoyne the mighty region

And it is knowe of antiquite
By reherſayle of the olde auctours
That this forſeyde greate Tholome
was to aliſaundre one of the enheritoures
Kynge of egipt there regnynge in his flours
After whoos name deſcendynge down by grees
were all the kynges called tholomees

As I finde touchinge his lynage
By procreacion he had children thre
The firſt of them to ſpeke in playne langage
Inamed was Ceraunyus tholome
Next philadelphus a doughter arcynoe
That weddyd was by hir faders conſentinge
To liſymachus of macedoyne kynge

## Howe the two ſonnys of quene arcynoe were by ther moders brother traitouſly ſlayne and ſhe exiled

Nd thus remembryd in bokys olde
a Deth of Seleuchus wrought by tholome
Vnwarely ſlayne tofore as I haue tolde
Next in ordre cam Arcynoe
To Iohn bochas by greate aduerſite
All with terys bedewed hir viſage
And gan compleyne the conſtreynt of hir rage

This mighty quene this ſayde Arcynoe
Had ſonnys tweyne full famous of renown
The tone Lyſymachus excellinge of beute
That tothyr philip as made is mencion
And hir ioye and delectacion
In wordly blyſſe there is nomore to ſeyne
was hooly ſet vpon theſe children tweyne

For by thoccaſion of their greate fayreneſſe
Men deſired greatly theym to ſe
Namely wymen the ſtory doth expreſſe
And their moder this quene Arcen oe
Stode in greate hope that they ſhuld be
Mighty kingis by iuſt ſucceſſion
In macedoyne the mighty reg ion

Only by the title of their faders right
which to hir herte gaue full greate gladneſſe
For ſhe dempt that none other wight
To ſuccede ſhulde haue none intereſſe
But fortune the blinde fals goddeſſe
Diſpoſyd ſo for their children tweyne
That none of theym purp os ſhulde atteyne

For whan their fader Lyſymachus was ſlayne
The ſayde quene called arcynoe
To ſaue hir lif coude none other ga yne
But with hir ſonnys feerfully to fle
Into Caſſander a mighty ſtronge cyte
Only for drede of one antigonus
which theym purſued the ſtory telleth thus

But the brother of quene Arcyn oe
Called Cerampus reſcued hir partye
Ageyne antigonus ye may the ſtory ſe
yit in his herte he had greate enuye
Albe that they were nere of one allye
That hir two ſonnys ſhulde kinges be
Of Macedoyne and regne in that cuntre

For he was ſette only of couetiſe
To be crowned in macedoyne kinge
And of his fals treſon the ſtory doth diuiſe
Theym to deſceyue this was his werkinge
Firſt to the quene full humbly knelinge
He made promys vnder great ſurete
In macedoyne ſhe ſhulde crowned be

And hir children ſo faire of their viſage
Shulde be kept vnder gouernaunce
Vnto tyme that they come to age
And for to put hir in more aſſuraunce
Ceramius ſwore god yeue him ſory chaunce
He purpoſed for all his fals werkinge
To crowne hir quene and make hir ſonnes kinges

Toke all the goddys there vnto witneſſe
And ſwore ageyne with a pleyne viſage
Vnto the quene of fraude and doubleneſſe
His purpos was to haue hir in mariage
Crowne hir quene to hir greate auauntage
Thus he was ſworne all though he was hir brother
yit in herte god wote he thought another

Vnder coloure of this aſſuraunce
She lete him entre Caſſandre the cyte
Cam ageyne him to do him more pleſaunce
With all hir lordes of hye and lowe degre
Made the ſtretys hangyd for to be
With clothis of golde and in ſolempne wyſe
To all their goddys dyd ſacrifiſe

And thus he was receyued ſolempnly
The day was halowed and holde feſtyuall
The quene for ioye ordeyned richely
Hir two ſonnys that were ſo faire in all
To be crowned with crownes full royall
Goo afore hir in the maiſter ſtrete
Glorouſly their vncle for to mete

With felonous herte vnder a frendly face
This Ceramus rote of all treſon
Gan his Coſyns benignly embrace
Him purpoſinge by fals colluſion
To procede to their deſtruction
And finally firſt he dyd his peyne
The quene to exyle and ſle hir children twyne

But of this treſon was brout to a preef
Whan the quene apperceyued his falſneſſe
And ſawe hir ſonnys brought to ſuch miſcheef
She coniured him in hir mortall diſtreſſe
To haue pyte of naturall gentyleneſſe
Spare his coſyns afore him where they ſtode
Of royall mercy ſo nere borne of his blode

And with a crye paſſynge lamentable
She fyll afore him ſwownynge vnto grounde
Lyke as ſhe had be verely coupable
Seynge hir ſonnys bledynge with many wounde
But all for nought there was no mercy founde
For with their blode this ſtory is nat feyned
Hir garnement was doolfully deſteyned

Hir face faire was ſoyled with ordure
Hir golden here was all to torne and rent
And like a thrall this woofull creature
With mortall wepynge had hir ſight blent
And after that I fynde howe ſhe was ſent
To burye hir children for there was no ſpace
Into an yle called Samontrace

Is any ſtory which maketh mencion
That a princeſſe of ſo hye degre
Fonde ſo greate cauſe of lamentacion
She beynge doughter to greate Tholome
Hir children ſlayne by vengeable cruelte
And to beholde the deth mooſt dolorous
Of hir huſbonde called Lyſymachus

She after banyſſhed in exile made hir ende
With ſorowfull compleynt hir lif thus drawe alonge
Tyll into fate hir ſprite dyd wende
It is no drede hir peynes were full ſtronge
And if I ſhulde reherce all the wronge
That ſhe ſuffred it wolde greue ſore
Therfore of hir nowe I write nomore

### Lenuoye.

This tragedye ſheweth an apparence
And a likeneſſe of feithfull aſſuraunce
Excite men to yeue fals credence
Unto fortunes fals variaunce
Which caſt hir baytis and angles of pleſaunce
An hoke hyd vnder of vengeable cruelte
As this chapter put in remembraunce
Of lyſymachus and of of Arcynoe

Is there any gretter euidence
Of worldly trouble of worldly conſtaunce
Then ſe princes from their magnificence
And from their mighty royall puiſſaunce
Unwarly brought by fortune to miſchaunce
And ouerwhelmed from their tranquilite
Se here a myrroure full notable in ſubſtaunce
Of lyſymachus and quene arcynoe

The kinge the ankyr of greate excellence
Youe to Seleuchus for marciall ſuffiſaunce
Whan appollo by heuenly influence
Lyſt with his moder make his alliaunce
Sende him theſe reliques of ſinguler acquentaunce
To ſet his manhode in more ſuerte
But in all ſuch quaueringe acquentaunce
Thinke on lyſymachus and arcynoe

The vncouth treſoure the golde nor the diſpence
Of theym that haue this world in gouernaunce
Nor all the ſubgettys vp reſeruyd in ſentence
Nor all the regions vnder their obeiſaunce
Princys princeſſys with all their attendaunce
May ageyne fortune yeue theym no liberte
Who nat knoweth hir vnſure gery chaūce
Thinke on Lyſymachus and Arcynoe

Hir children and ſhe ſlayne by violence
Of Ceramnus god yeue him ſory ſchaunce
That by fals coloure dyd hir reuerence
And pretendyd a maner obſeruaunce
The treſon cloos of venymous purueaunce
Purpoſed afore to outray theym all thre
The children ſlayne which knewe no cheuyſaunce
The moder exiled callyd Arcynoe

Noble princis by ware of hye prudence
Amonge youre ſilf that there be no diſtaunce
Hyde no rancoure of hatfull violence
Under a curteyne of double daliaunce
Lyke youre herte ſhewe out your countenaunce
Vayde of diſſimulinge and duplicite
Wyſely wey this chaptre in balaunce
Of lyſymachus and quene arcynoe

Howe Ceramnus of macedoyne kinge that murdryd
his coſyns was ſlayne in batayle by thē of fraunce

t
he noble poete John bochas in his booke
Proceedinge forth compleyneth of pyte
With quaking hande whā he his pen toke
And gan to write the woful deſtenye
As ye haue herde of quene Arcynoe
And howe Cerampus the ſtory maketh mynde
Was to hir fals traytoure and vnkinde

Of whoos treſon is made a greate proceſſe
And howe he after was ſlayne in batayle
Punyſſhed by vengeaunce for his greate falſneſſe
Lyke as his ſtory maketh reherſayle
Which to remembre I caſt me nat to fayle
Folowynge myn auctoure and procede in writynge
Howe Cerampus was ſlayne whan he was kynge

For while that he by his fals werkynge
In macedoyne had the gouernayle
Thre hundryd thouſande accounted by wrytinge
Went oute of fraunce to conquere Itayle
The hoſt departyd in many ſtronge batayle
Gate by conqueſt through their hye renoun
Full many prouince and many a region

And as they rode through many greate cuntre
This people of Gaule in ſtele armyd clene
They founded caſtels and many ſtronge cyte
Towarde rome they bilded Mylan and Bene
Vpon Talpies their armoure ſhone full ſhene
And ſūme of theym vp to rome went
By very force and the cyte brent

Sūme partyd vp to the grekiſſh ſe
Had a cuſtum to cheſe their dwellinge place
By augurie as briddys dyd fle
Folowynge their flight they gan after trace
Holdynge their wey within a lytyll ſpace
With mighty hande the boke doth ſpecefie
They cam to a cuntre callyd pannonie

This folke of gaule which is called fraunce
To conquere londys put theym ſilf in prees
As mooſt notable peple of puiſſaunce
Folowynge the exaumple of their knightly encres
In their rydynge of worthy hercules
Which was worſhiped in their actis marcyall
Lyke as a god and callyd immortall

Through grace of fortune in their chyualries
Conqueryd cuntrees as they forth ridinge
Theym ſilf departinge in dyuers cōpanies
Who theym withſtode they cōſumed by brennynge
Cam to Macedoyne where Ceraun was kinge
Of preſumpcion wenynge it ſhulde auayle
Oute of ordenaunce he met theym in batayle

This Ceraunyus of outrage and of pride
Dempt him able to mete with theym of fraunce
But for he was thrugh murdre an homicide
He lackyd grace and power in ſubſtaunce
Yit they of Gaule by prudent gouernaunce
Offred vnto him though he was recheles
With macedonyes for to trete of pes

But for preſumpcion and malencolye
Ageyne his enmyes he the feelde hath take
And diſconfited anone was his partye
His men gan flee and haue their lorde forſake
His hede ſmet of and ſet vpon a ſtake
But all his miſcheef was to lyte in dede
To recompence his fraude and his falſhede

Ther is no peyne ageyne ſo greate offence
May be deuiſed in no boke that men rede
Equiualent murdre to recompence
Duly to puniſſh ſo outraious a dede
Of him that made yonge children blede
As dyd Ceraun which of fals couetiſe
His coſyns ſlough as ye haue herde deuiſe

To thinke on murdre it is to foule a thinge
To god and man hatfull and terrible
The infernall fraude the deueliſſh compaſſinge
To eche creature of nature is odible
Which to redreſſe is an Impoſſible
O curſed Ceraun I leue thy ſtory here
Thy name nomore ſhall blot my papere

How the prince Belgius was diſconfited / and brought vnto nought

After this tyraunt as ye haue herde the cas
Slayne in batayle this traytoure odious
Anon in ordre cam to Iohn Bochas
A mighty prynce called Belgius
Dedly pale with face furious
Which compleynyd amonge this woful prees
His diſconfiture done by quene ſoſtenes

This ſodeyne miſcheef greuyd his herte ſore
For all the folke that were in his batayle
Were put to flight Bochas write nomore
Of his knighthode nor of his apparayle
Saue only this he maketh rehersayle
Of the french hoſt he telleth in certeyne
Howe he was choſyn for a cheef capteyne

And howe he cam into the rich londe
Of macedoyne with his peple of fraunce
Tyll Soſtenes the quene with mighty honde
Diſconfyted him brought him to miſchaunce
Of whom I finde none other remembraunce
Saue whan he wende to haue ben moſte glorious
He was outrayed by force of Brennyus

## Howe Duke Brennyus delitinge to robbe/ and ſtele miſcheuouſly endyd

t
his Brennyus full knightly in werkynge
Which by conqueſt gate many great cyte
And as I rede of dens he was kinge
Deſpoiled regions and many greate citee
Robbed peple of hye and lowe degre
Spary d no goddys but by violence
Toke their treſours dyd theym no reuerence

There was a temple greate and meruelous
Bilt on a rocke and on an hyll of ſtone
Sacryd to appollo called Delphius
In all grece ſo greate a god was none
And oft ſith the people wolde gone
Vp to a Theatre which that ſtode withoute
To haue anſwere of that they ſtode in doubte

Their truſt their hope was to that god applyed
Hauinge to him ſinguler affection
As though he might haue holpe and magnefied
And done to theym greate conſolacion
For by a ſprite of fals deceptcion
He gaue anſwere of ſundry queſtions
To folke that cam from diuers regions

Kynge Brennyus had no fantaſie
In their temples after their paynymguyſe
Nouther to worſhip nor to magnefie
Their Grekyſſhe goddys to do theym ſacrifyſe
For in his herte he gan theym to deſpyſe
Caught a roſe with all his fals robboures
Theym to deſpoyle and robbe of their treſours

Behight his men and ſeyde in playne langage
That his deſyre and his entencion
Was to be boty with theym of ſuche pillage
As goddys had in their poſſeſſion
And parte with them for ſinguler guerdon
For their laboure and great trauayles
That they had had with him in batayles

He gaue his peple a manere hardynes
Made them truſt in great multytude
Hauynge deſpite of thynnocent ſimplenes
Of his enmyes bycauſe they were but rude
I mene tho folke ſhortly to conclude
Which had in kepynge the Iuels precious
Of greate appollo called delphicus

The peple alſo which was with brennyus
Had all the day drunke mighty wynes
To fyll their paunches they were ſo deſyrous
That they forgate their marciall doctrynes
Taſcende the mounteyne feble were their cheynes
Their hedys toſtye and their brayne gan fayle
The temple aloft to ſpoyle or to aſſayle

In their aſſendynge by weyes that they ches
Vpon the rocke they were bete doun
Preſtys of the temple put theym ſilf in prees
One bare a ſtanderd another a great penoun
Clad in cheſiples for hye deuocion
And with their other vncouth apparailes
Both on the roch and lowe in their batayles

The people of brennyus was incomparable
Spred all the felde the ſtorye bereth wytnes
But it is ſayde of olde and is no fable
That no diffence is drunkenes
And wyſdom fayle where is great exces
And in a ſtrende playnly to conclude
Victorye alway ſtandeth nat in multitude

For they were ſet as bochas doth deuyſe
Nat to knighthode but to fals outrage
To ſpoyle and robbe by gredy couetiſe
And ſtuf their ſomers with outraious pillage
Furious raupne hath brought them in a rage
And farewell knighthode and marciall nobleſſe
Where couetiſe is lady and mayſtreſſe

Two mighty dukes were with brennyus
Which that were cheef of his counſayle
Emanus that one that other theſalorus
Which as they thought to their greate auayle
Began apurpos and it was diſauayle
To robbe the peple the cuntre and eche toun
Which turned after to their confuſioun

Thus auaryce with ſtomak vnſtauncheable
Hath ſtrangled the power of many a worthy knight
And couetiſe hir ſuſter vntretable
Hath of hye nobleſſe fuloft queynt the light
Where tantalus regneth a lyon hath no might
This to mene hungre and couetouſneſſe
Turneth all nobleſſe into cowardneſſe

margret [illegible]

For by the counſayle of theſe dukes twayne
Brennyus ſet all his opinion
To ſpoyle and robbe dyd his beſy peyne
To pille the cites of all that region
But in this while as made is mencion
Myd their batayles Bochas doth me lere
The god appollo and pallas dyd apere

Appollo firſt ſhewyd his preſence
Freſſh yonge and luſty as any ſonne ſhene
Armyd all with golde and with greate violence
Entred the feeld as it was well ſeen
And Diana cam with hir arowes kene
And Mynerua in a bright habitioun
which in their comynge made aterrible ſoun

The noyſe was herde of their bright armure
which made their enmyes for fere almoſte to raue
That they might afore theym nat endure
Fled the felde for drede theym ſilf to ſaue
And there was herde an hidous erthquaue
And from heuen in this mortall batayle
Of colde conſtreynynge grete ſtonys gan doun haile

Their aduerſaries bete doun and grounded
And afore them durſt nat abyde
And Brennyus ſo mortaly was woundyd
Both breeſt and hede and hurte through outher ſyde
Loo here the ende of couetyſe and pryde
For Brennyus for conſtreynt of his ſmerte
Roue with a dagger him ſilf to the herte

This was his ende vengeable and merueylous
And his dukys ſleyne both tweyne
Called Emanus and Theſalonus
The grekiſſh Goddys gan at him ſo diſdeyne
Of ſacrilege ſe here the greuous peyne
For to goddys who lyſt do no obſeruaunce
Shall vnwarly be punyſſhed with vengeaunce

It is nat holſum with goddys to pleye
Nor their puiſſaunce preſumptuouſly to attame
For where as they by vengeaunce liſt werrey
who liſt aſſay ſhall finde it no game
For his preſumpcion Brennyus fonde the ſame
For appollo diana and mynerue
For his outrage vnwarely made him ſterue

Lenuoye.

This tragedye declareth who liſt here
Of duke Brennyus many greate batayle
his extort conqueſt and holy the manere
Howe by force rode through all Itayle
After howe he the romayns dyd aſſayle
His fall in grece by vengeable violence
For he to goddys wolde do no reuerence

Toke all the treſours and Iuels mooſt entere
Oute of their temples and richeſt apparayle
Golde and perle and all that I fere
To his encrees which that might auaile
The rich he robbed oppreſſed the poraile
Of very pompe and frowarde inſolence
And liſt to goddys do no reuerence

This mighty tyraunt moſte ſurquedous of chere
With couetiſe brent in his entrayle
whoos gredy fret there might no meſure ſtere
Tyll that fortune at miſcheef dyd him faile
He lackyd might hir variaunt whele to nayle
Agein whoos fall ther was no reſiſtence
For he to goddys liſte do no reuerence

Noble princys conceyue and do lere
The fall of Brennyus for miſgouernayle
And prudently peyſynge this matere
Vertue is ſtrenger than outher plate or mayle
Afore conſidred whan Brennyus doth counſayle
Cheef preſeruatyf of your magnificence
Is to god to do due reuerence

## Howe Pirrus kinge of pyrothe liſt nat lyue in pees but of pride and preſumpcion in werre cam vnto myſchaunce

N bochas boke next folowyng on the ring
i Cam yonge pirrus ſonne of Gacides
Born by diſcent to regne and be kinge
And to enherite the londe of pyrothes
yit in his youth and his tendre encrees
The frowarde peple dwellynge in that place
withoute his gilte gan his deth purchace

But to preſerue him as made is mencion
He was cōmytted and take in keppynge
Certeyne yerys for his ſauacion
To one Glaucus Illirie kinge
whoos wyf was coſyn by recorde of writynge
To the ſeyde famous gacides
And ſhe in ſtory callyd Beronices

Liber quartus et [illegible]

He nye of blode to this noble quene
Both twayne borne of one lynage
Wonder gracious to all that dyd him ſene
And well fauoured of fetures and viſage
And in the whyle of his tendre age
One Caſſander of macedoyne kinge
Compaſſed his deth by ſubtyll fals werkynge

And his purpos for to brynge aboute
He ſent for him by fals colluſion
Puttinge Glaucus pleynly oute of doubte
But if he cam lyke his entencion
He wolde werke to his diſtruccion
Sadre peple both nye and ferre
And on Glaucus gynne a mortal werre

But kinge glaucus toke herof none hede
Hauinge to pirrus ſo great affeccion
Of him receyued vertuely in dede
To be his ſonne by adopcion
Purpoſinge of hool entencion
To make pirrus pleynly if he may
To be his heyre and regne after his day

Pyrrus alwey vpgrowynge by encres
Full amyable both of chere and face
And in this while the peple of pirothes
Knowynge that he ſtode in glaucus grace
Chaungyd their hertys caſt theym in ſhort ſpace
For to reſtore all of one corage
The ſeyde pirrus to his heritage

Thus by aſſent he was crowned kynge
Yonge freſſh and luſty and ſemely therwithall
Wonder wele thewed in his vpgrowynge
Like his lynage of corage wey royall
The which was cauſe in eſpeciall
He was byloued of frendes aboute
And of his enmyes greatly had in doute

The name of him gan to ſprede ferre
Through all grece aboute in eche cuntre
The londe of tarent gan in his tyme werre
Agayne the romaynes as ye may ſe
Requerynge Pirrus that he wolde be
Fauourable and helpynge of entent
To the partye of them of tarente

To their requeſt he can condeſcende
And of purpos caſt him nat to fayle
If that fortune wold him grace ſende
With myghty honde and marciall apparaile
For to be lorde and conquere all Ytayle
As dyd his vncle whilom doutles
Kynge aliſaundre called of Epirothes

First he began his conqueſt in Itayle
Towarde heraclye a myghty greate cyte
Where with Brennyus he had a great batayle
Conſull of rome and lorde of that cuntre
And to the encres of his felicite
As is remembryd in his ſtorye
Vpon romaynes he gate that victorye

[illegible] that [illegible]

The oliſauntys with caſtels on their bak
Cauſyd pirrus the yonge manly knight
With his wyſdom wherin there was no lacke
To put his enmyes that day to the flight
And in this while it happed forthright
The Seciſians bochas bereth recorde
Amonge them ſilf were at diſcorde

There was atwene them great dyuyſion
Eche to other contrary in werkinge
But to reforme their fals deſcencion
They prayed pirrus to come and be their kynge
To whoos requeſte he fully aſſentynge
By theym made ſtronge liſt nat to differre
Agayne the romayns to gynne a werre

Beſyde a caſtell called Eſculus
Within Poile his baners he gan ſplaye
The ſame day nat happy nor vrous
Contrarious fortune his power gan affraye
Wounded to the deth gan gretly him diſmaye
By which occaſion this pirrus anon right
Lept on his courſer and toke him vnto flight

A ſonne he had called Helenus
Borne of the doughter of kynge agathodes
Whom he ordeyned myn auctour telleth thus
For to be crowned to his greate encres
Of Seciliens to regne there in pees
Wenynge therby to haue had auauntage
And in this while cam to him a meſſage

Oute of Tarent which ſtode in auenture
For his abſence oute of that region
If he nat cam they might nat endure
Agayne the powere of them of rome toun
Which of aſſent were deſcendyd doun
Agayns theym they ſtondynge in deſpeire
Saue in abydynge vpon his repeyre

Pirrus this while ſtode in full herde poynte
Weyt abaſſhed and dull in his corage
Atwene tweyne hangynge in diſioynte
Werreyed of romaynes hatyd in Cartage
Had a batayle to his fynall dammage
Within a felde called aruſius
There put to flight by one fabrycius

Deſtitute by fortune and appeyred
Voyde of ſocoure bareyne of richeſſe
Lyke a man of hope diſpeyred
Towarde Epire in haſte he gan him dreſſe
Where he was firſt his ſtory doth expreſſe
As ye haue herde reherſed by writinge
By ſucceſſion whilom lorde and kynge

But he cam to Epire the cyte
He gan of newe ageyne antigonus
Kinge of macedoyne a full ſtronge cuntre
Him to werrey he was ſo deſirous
And by conqueſte the ſtorye telleth thus
Within a whyle there was no great lettynge
By helpe of fortune he was crowned kynge

But at ſeuen monethes regnynge in quiete
By lyſimachus maugre all his might
He was put doun and remeuyd from his ſete
Yet of preſumpcion though there was no right
He toke on him to gynne a newe fight
Ageyne lacedomoyns and fully them werrey
Only by cauſe they wolde him nat obeye

Whoos preſumpcion whan that they toke hede
Both of prudence and polycie
Wymen were armed to make a large felde
With multitude to oppreſſe his partye
For comon profite put theym in Iupartye
And fynally ſuch was their ordynaunce
That ſeyde pirrus was brought to miſchaunce

His ſonne there ſlayne called Tholome
And many other loſt there their lyues
And for all that of pryde and cruelte
He gan a werre ageyne the argyues
And at the ende of his mortall ſtryues
For concluſion this was his laſt fall
Sleyne with a ſton as he cam to their wall

His hede ſmet of in the ſame place
And therof made an oblacion
To antigonus for a greate ſolace
Thus liſt fortune quite his preſumpcion
After his werres with many region
Loo here the ende of folkes recheles
That folowed werre and lyſt nat lyue in pes

## Howe the tiraunt Ariſtotyn by trecherous werkinge ſet aſyde the right lyne was crowned kinge of Epyrothes and after ſlayne

f

Orth procedynge folowynge Iohn bochas
I wyll reherce in full pleyne langage
Howe ariſtotyn a tyraunt this the cas
Caſt and compaſſed by ful greate outrage
Hauynge no title of right nor heritage
Of Epirothes by trecherous werkinge
Voydynge the lyne there to be crownyd kynge

Leuynge two children the ſtory telleth thus
Borne by diſcent to regne in that cite
The eldeſt of them called was pyrrus
And the ſeconde named tholome
And bothe tweyne by the cruelte
Of aryſtotyn were falſly ſet aſyde
He made kynge this tyraunt through his pryde

And whyle that he thus gan occupye
Lyke a tyraunt cruell and vengeable
Of fals rancoure and malencolye
Slough all the Cytezyns that were mooſt notable
And exylyd this ſtory is no fable
Only of malyce within his herte cloos
All that were contrary vnto his porpos

Unto the wymen by fraudolent ſentence
He made ordeyne after that anon
Of feyned pite gaue to theym lycence
To their frendys frely for to gone
With their richeſſes but they were euerichon
By his byddynge and by his fals treſon
Take by the weye and ſetyd in priſon

Or they were ware was ſet on them a reeſt
And after that of vengeable cruelte
The children ſlayne ſoukinge at their breeſt
Maydyns oppreſſed of their virginite
But in this whiſe at Cypre the cyte
There was a knight paſſynge of great age
Which caſt of purpos tauenge his outrage

The ſame knight myn auctour telleth thus
In the ſtory playnly as I rede
was in greke tunge called Ballanicus
Right wyſe and manly both in werre and dede
And thinges tweyne put him oute of drede
To execute his purpos in certeyne
Maugre all tho that wolde be him ageyne

For comon profyte he drad nat to be dede
A cauſe was this for he was fall in age
And a nother that put him oute of drede
For he no children had of his lynage
His quarell rightfull gaue him auauntage
And herupon gadred him of newe
Such as he knewe that manly were and true

This purpoſe holde with circūſpecte auys
And theron made full prudent ordynaunce
This Bellanicus olde hardy and right wys
Afore prouided by knightly puruеaunce
The ſayde tyraunt brought vnto miſchaunce
By helpe of them that were to him aſſentyd
Unwarly ſlayne whoos deth was nat repentyd

## Howe quene Arcynoe for the auoutry done wᵗ Demetrius huſbonde of hir doughter Beronyces ended in ſorowe.

a Fter this ſtory bochas gan applye
To turne his penne like as ye ſhall here
To wryte and telle the frowarde lecherye
Of Arcynoe pleſaũt of loke and chere
Which of hir porte and eke of hir manere
Was in hir dayes like as it is founde
For crafte and beutye called Venus the ſecounde

For hir faireneſſe youen in mariage
To noble agas of Cyrenes kinge
Atwene them while they were yonge of age
They had a doughter by recorde of writynge
Called Beronices the kinge at his endynge
In his teſtament bad that ſhe ſhulde be
wedded to the ſonne of kynge tholome

And this was done of entencion
To ceſe the werrys that had endured longe
Atwene Egypt as made is mencion
And the Cyrenes bothe realmes ſtronge
By this mariage that he might vnderſonge
In his dyinge to ſet a ſmall pes
Twene theſe two realmes for their both encres

After whos deth thus the mater ſtode
Quene arcynoe mooſt ſubtyll in werkynge
Ageyne this mater ſo cruell was and wode
Maryed hir doughter withoute more lettinge
Called Beronices ageyns the byddynge
Of hir fader that called was agas
As here tofore reherſed is the cas

She maried hir to one demetrius
That brother was by bochas reherſinge
Unto the mighty greate antigonus
Beynge in grece of macedoyne kinge
But unfortunate was after hir weddynge
As in this ſtory ſuynge ye ſhall ſe
By the fals werkynge of quene Arcynoe

And to conclude ſhortly this matere
whan this quene this double arcynoe
Sawe of demetrius the viſage and the chere
His loke his coloure his langage and beute
His manly porte and his liberalyte
She was enamored of hir fleſſhly fals pleſaunce
Lyke hir deſire to haue his aqueyntaunce

Of hir nature ſhe was moſte lecherous
And of hir frowarde inclynacion
She brought aboute that Demetryus
Aſſentyd was by hir ſuggeſtion
For to accompliſſh lyke hir opynyon
All hir deſyres of fleſſhly appetyte
Thus of acorde there folowed their delite

Left his wyf called Beronyces
The quenes doughter and ageyne all right
In a place ſecret out of prees
They lay togedre almooſt euery night
Takinge no hede of god nor of no wight
Tyll of fortune the cas is ſo befall
That he was hated of his knightes all

Deſpyte they had of arcynoe
The dede horrible whan they dyd eſpye
His wyf Beronices eke whan ſhe dyd ſe
Holy the manere of their rebaudie
In herte ſhe caught a greate malencolye
Ordeyned knightys in ſtele armyd bright
In their auoutrye to take them on a night

Lyenge abed ſlept and obe noo kepe
After fals luſtys which they had vſed
They fyll vpon theym euyn whan they ſlepe
The dede open might nat be excuſed
To all the worlde thus they were accuſed
With ſwerdys drawe the knightes thilke night
To ſlee theym both were purpoſed anone right

Oute on Beronices crieth John Bochas
Bycauſe ſhe bad ſpare Arcynoe
Grounde rote and gynnynge of this horrible cas
Seyde hir mercy was very cruelte
To ſaue ſuchon it was a fals pite
As ſeith myn auctour a thinge contrarious
Hir to preſerue and ſle Demetrius

O Beronices ſmale is thy diſcrecion
To ſaue the quene that hath thy treſon founde
Firſt to Demetrius ſhe gaue occaſion
For which ſhe ſhulde haue had the firſt wounde
Take for theym both and in cheynes bounde
And after that this fals Arcynoe
To exaumple of other ſhulde haue puniſſhed be

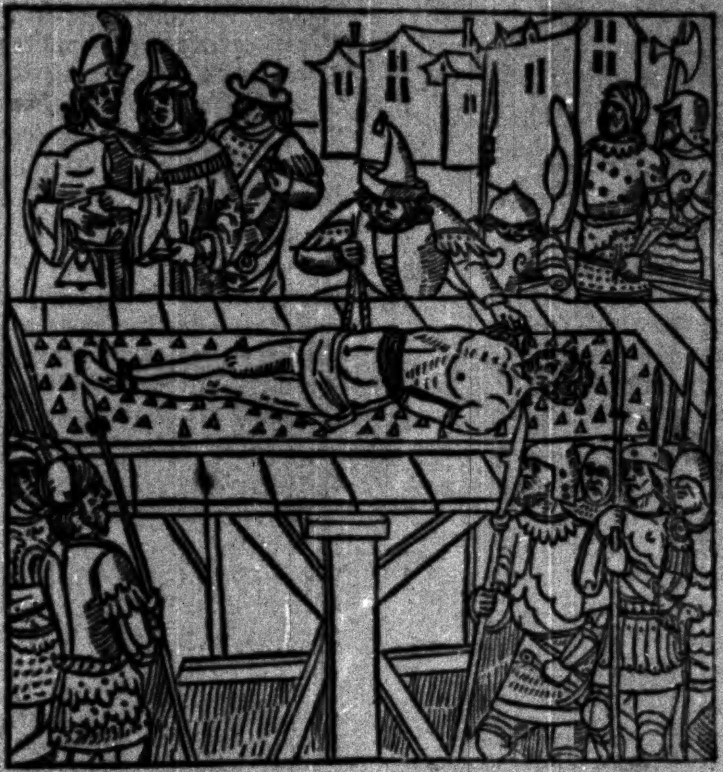
And while they were takyn thus in cloos
The ſayde arcynoe made no delay
But fro hir bedde anon ſhe vp aroſe
Without clothys nakyd as ſhe lay
Ran to their ſwerdys in all their greate affray
Went atwene theym dyd hir beſy peyne
To bere of ſtrokys with hir armys tweyne

To ſaue demetrius nakyd as ſhe ſtode
Voyde of all drede dyd hir beſy cure
Hir whyte bodye al beſpreynt with blode
Gan to crye out on euery creature
Alas quod ſhe late me alone endure
Deth by myſilf ye be to deſpitous
To ſaue my lyf and ſle demetrius

To the erthe anone ſhe fyll adoun
To ſtonde vp right ſhe might nat ſuſtene
Dede pale and wan with many pytous ſoun
Deth of demetrius gan wofully by mene
Enbraſinge him with all his woundys grene
And in hir armys albe that he lay dede
She kyſſed his mouth colde blewe and nothinge rede

In ſorowe, and compleynt thus ſhe made an ende
I write nomore of this arcynoe
But to Beronices ageyne I wyll nowe wende
For bochas ſeith in the ſtorye ye may ſe
She after weddyd to worthy tholome
Lyke as it was hir faders firſt entent
Whan he dyed and made his teſtament

Finis libri quarti



## Incipit liber quintus

Here Bochas write ayenſt theym that delite in beutye and ſemelyneſſe/ callinge to purpos howe a man borne in Tuſcan which excelled in beutye and fairneſſe: and for his beutye ſhulde nat geue other occaſion to ſynne he diſſigured his viſage and body/ with many a greate wounde and ſpot

Ere John bochas ſcorneth ⁊ hath diſdeyn
h Of thre maner folke he dyd ſe
In this worlde which that in certeyne
Set al their ioye and al their felicite
For to excelle in faireneſſe and beutye
Nat withſtandynge as ye well tell can
It hath vndone full many a worthy man

Recorde he taketh of demetrius
Which in his tyme was faireſt in certeyne
Which caused him to be contrarious
To all vertue his ſtory ye haue ſeyne
But of tho folke Bochas hath mooſt diſdeyne
That beſy been to conquere and recure
Beute by craft which cometh nat of nature

The thrid is he that grutcheth ageyne kinde
For lacke of ſtature and of ſemelyneſſe
And all theſe Thre been ignorant and blynde
And ageyne reſon their corages they vp dreſſe
yit aboue beutye vertue is mayſtreſſe
And lytyll worth is fayreneſſe in certeyne
In a perſone where no vertue is ſeyne

Vnto purpos he telleth of a man
That excelled all other in faireneſſe
Callyd Spurnya and borne was in tuſcan
And folke had ioye and greate gladneſſe
To beholde him for his ſemelyneſſe
Whoos beutye brought wymen in dotage
Whan they caſt hir loke on his viſage

Wyues maydyns dwellynge in that cuntre
Preſyd faſt on him to beholde
By thoccaſion of his greate beutye
Nat only yonge but ſume that were olde
With louys axceſſe nowe were they hote nowe colde
Thus was his beutye to many creature
Founde in effect a perilous ſure

Huſbondys olde caught a fantaſye
And had a maner ſuſpection
Steryd by the ſerpent of fals Jeloſye
Towarde ſpurina as made is mencion
But for to auoyde all cruell occaſion
Of any peple that ſuch matis thought
Ye ſhall here howe wyſly that he wrought

To put awaye fals diſect acion
And all occaſions of Cupidis rage
He of prudence and diſcreſcion
With many wounde diffaced his viſage
For he dempte it was greate damage
That by thenchoſon of excellent beutye
Any creature hindred ſhulde be

Philoſophers and poetes that were wyſe
Gaue vnto him a greate commendacion
That he coude ſo notably diuiſe
To fynde away within his reaſon
To ſette aſyde all occaſion
Of ſuch vnlefull fleſſhly fantaſie
That might ſtere woman to lecherye

He knewe afore and ſawe by experience
That all beaute ſhall waſte away and fade
Lyke ſomerfloures in their mooſt excellence
That growe on hylles and lowe doun on the ſhade
The roſe the lyllye whan they be mooſt glade
Vpon their ſtalkes their prys is dayly ſeyn
Been betyn doun with a ſtormy reyne

And ſemblably in euery creature
Of lowe degre or of hye eſtate
Beutye abyde nat nor lenger doth endure
Than youthys ceſon with age is full chekmate
Who thinketh heron I holde him fortunate
And can afore in his reſon caſte
No wordly beutye in erth may alwey laſt

## Lenuoye.

E wordly folke that reioyſe in beaute
y Se with the eyen of your aduertence
Howe with a ſmall ſodeyne infirmyte
Whan deth & age liſt ſhewe their preſence
Diſtreyne all freſſhneſſe with vnware violence
Ageyne whoos might there is none other grace
Proceſſe of yerys all beutye doth defface

Though demetrius was faire vpon to ſe
As ye haue herde reherſed in ſentence
Geyne lawe and right he louyd arcynoe
Thoccaſion founde by hir fals inſolence
Bycauſe reſon made no reſiſtence
Nat aduertinge howe euery houre and ſpace
Proceſſe of yerys all beutye doth difface

Full horrible was their iniquite
And tofore god hatefull their offence
For through fals luſt and cenſualite
Loſt was the bridell of inwarde prouidence
Sharpe mortall ſwerde made the recompence
Drownyd in terys whan ſhe dyd him enbrace
With blody woundis diſſigured all his face

O noble princys late this ſtory be
A clere myrrour to youre magnificence
Therin conſidred the fals fragilite
Of wordly faireneſſe which is but apparence
And tranſitory but ſo be that prudence
Gouerne the paſſage vicious luſt to enchace
Proceſſe of yerys all beutye doth difface

## Howe the two brethre Seleuchꝰ & antiochꝰ eche deſyrous to excelle other/ fil at diſcorde endid in miſchef

There is no man that can in ſtory rede
Of more miſcheef nor of more debate
That of debate that is atwene kinrede
Twene blode and blode geyne kinde infortunate
Namely in ꝑſones which been of hye eſtate
As it fyll onys the ſtorye beryth recorde
Atwene two brether that were at diſcorde

That one ſeleuchus antiochus the tother
As the ſtory heraftir ſhall diuiſe
Eche deſyrous for to excelle other
And wordly worſhip and wonderly they were wyſe
And both blent by wordly couetiſe
For to clymbe vp to hye eſtate
Which cauſed them to be at debate

Both mighty kinges bochas maketh mencion
And of one wombe ſoothly they were borne
Vndre a curſed fell conſtellacion
Of frowarde ſede may growe no gode corne
And through couetiſe both they were lorne
And deſtroyed by the mortall werre
That was atwene them in aſie nye and ferre

It is to me very contagious
To rede the batayles and diſſencions
The fals promyſes of anthiochus
With the deſceytes and conſpiracions
Bretheꝛn of birth and of condicions
Contrarious weys euer they dyd wende
Frowarde their gynnyng frowarde was their ende

Their moder was called Leodices
And in Aſia Seleuchus was regnynge
Euer at werre coude nat lyue in pes
And in ſurry anthiochus was kynge
And amonge robbours they made theyr endinge
Where euer they faught in wronge or in right
Neuer they bode but toke them to flight

Though ſeleuchus was at his gynnynge
Shynynge in glorye and in hye prowesse
And of aſie he was lorde and kynge
With great diffame was dyrked his nobleſſe
By cauſe that he of great vnkyndneſſe
Full falſly ſlough without Iugement
His yonger brother that was Innocent

And by the byddynge of leodyces
Which was his modre of hatfull cruelte
Falſly to murdre the quene Beronices
Wife to the kynge called Tholome
Regnynge in egypt but it ſtode ſo that he
For all his power fayled of his praye
Bycauſe that ſhe was ware and fled away

Yit afterwarde of olde hate and enuie
This Seleuchus by full fals treſon
Murdred Beronices by conſpiracie
Hir ſonne alſo as made is mencion
The ſclaundre aroſe thrugh many a region
And was reported vnto his diffame
Where through he loſt his worſhip and his name

And on this murdre auenged for to be
For the orryble great abuſion
The kinge of Egipt the ſayde tholome
Gan make him ſtronge and cam with people down
But for ther was ſo great diſcencion
Through all his londe the ſtory ſeith certeyne
He was cōſtreyned to retourne home ageyne

Seleuchus than made a ſtronge armie
Gadred ſhippes ſtuffed them with vitayle
Towarde aſie he takyn hath the ſe
But ſuch tempeſt gan his people aſſayle
That hertes and power of them gan fayle
With thundrynge lightnynge vengeably diſtreyned
To take the londe of nede he was conſtreyned

The people of aſie ſeynge this myſcheef
Had of ſeleuchus great compaſſion
And there ſocoure to ſet at a preef
They him receyued into that region
Though it ſtode as made is mencion
That afore tyme for his cruell dede
They had his ꝑſone in full greate hatrede

And for he fonde fortune fauourable
Nat conſidrynge her mutabylite
He caſt of rancoure for to be vengeable
And gynne a werre ageyne tholome
His men outraged he was made to fle
Knewe no refute nor ſocour of none other
But for greate myſcheef ſent to his brother

I mene his brother called antiochus
Beſechynge him for to croune him kynge
Of all aſie his ſtory telleth thus
Toke truſe this while by ſubtyll fals werkynge
With tholome for ten yere endurynge
And whan his brother cam with his powere
Falſed his promys double of herte and chere

Thus of newe they fyl at debate
Eche gan other mightyly werreye
Fals couetiſe to encres their eſtate
Cauſed that nouther lyſt other obeye
Met in a felde there is no more to ſeye
Faught hande for hande their hoſtys both two
Seleuchus fled as he was wont to do

Thus a fals werre of hatred fraternall
Agayne nature ſet them at diſcorde
Eche bely was in eſpeciall
As their ſtory remembreth by recorde
Neuer their lyf to be at one accorde
But whan Seleuchus was thus put to flight
The people of ſurrye gan deme anone right

That he that day was outher take or dede
And Gallogreis a peple of greate pouſte
Of couetiſe gan haſt theym full greate ſpede
To entre aſie and ſpoyle all that cuntre
To antiochus they had elſe enuyte
That he was fayne for his ſaluacon
To pay to them a ful great raunſon

Their herte was yove only to pillage
Takinge of him of golde greate quantite
And he ſeynge of robbynge the outrage
Drough to the pyllours and one of them was he
And through all aſie they robbed eche contre
For Seleuchus they gan ſo purchace
That he nat durſt abyde in no place

Than Antiochus drough to Tholome
Voyde of ſaufconduyt or any aſſuraunce
Though that atwene theym was greate couple
For a ſeſon as made is remembraunce
To haue founde ſocoure in his great greuaunce
But all for nought for in concluſion
Tholome him toke and caſt in derke priſon

There conſtreyned of neceſſite
Knowynge no mene to make his raunſoun
By a woman that lyued in pouerte
He was holpe out of that derke priſoun
Lo here of fortune a fals condicion
That coude make a thinge without were
Of woman to ſtonde in daungere

To proude folke this may be a mirroure
To ſe a prince thus ſodenly brought lowe
That ſhone in riches lyke an emperoure
Whiche of diſdeyne lyſt no man to knowe
Nowe is he caſt nowe is he ouerthrowe
Nowe hath he cauſe to pleyne wepe and mourne
Knowynge no frende for ſocour him to tourne

He was afferd to holde his paſſage
By hye weyes or for to come in ſight
Fyll amonge theuys and they by greate outrage
All merciles they ſlough him anone right
And his brother for all his greate might
Called Seleuchus which was a greate wonder
Fyl from his courſer and brake his necke aſonder

Howe the noble quene Leodomya was in the temple ſlayne: and vengeaunce take vpon him that ſlough hir.

Syue of eſtates princis and princeſſys
Shewyd them Bochas pitouſly pleynynge
To him, declarynge their mortall heuyneſſys
And firſt of all there cam to him weppynge
The noble quene hir ſorowe reherſinge
Called Leodomya which with full heuy chere
Compleynyd the miſcheef of hir ſuſtre dere

Called Nereis yonge and tendre of age
That weddyd was of Cecile the kinge
And on the day of that great mariage
There fyll a ſtryf and a great meuynge
Amonge the comons by a menus riſinge
That whan the quene therof had a ſight
To Dianis temple anon ſhe toke hir flight

The people was ply and roſe agayne the kynge
For which rumoure and ſodeyne ſtrife
Leodomya ful ferfully quakynge
Ran to the temple for to ſaue hir life
Suppoſinge in hir Imaginatif
That for the temples chaſte reuerence
Men wolde ſpare to do their violence

But there was one by whom the ſtrife began
And was firſt grounde of this greate mocion
Called Milo a fals cecilian
Voide of all reuerence and deuocion
Ran to the temple feerſer than lyon
And where the quene the aulter dyd enbrace
With a ſherpe ſwerde ſlough hir in the place

This ſacrilege was puniſſhed by vengeaunce
Goddys were wroth through this greate offence
And Diana by full greate diſpleſaunce
Made in the court a ſoden peſtilence
And Milo was by vnware violence
Turned beſtyall made wode in that affray
And ſlough him ſilf ſiþynge the twelue day

Howe Cleomenes kynge of Macedoyne was ſlayne with his wyf and chyldren

After this vengeaunce takyn on Miſo
Cam Cleomenes of Macedoyne kynge
And to Bochas gan ſhewe his dedly woo
His greate Iniuries of enmyes aſſaylinge
His hye empriſes his kyngdom defendynge
And alderlaſt howe he in his cite
Was by the ſonne ſlayne of Tholome

Firſt in his cuntre the ſtory doth deuiſe
Agaynſt his ennemyes he had a greate batayle
Of his people defendinge the fraunchiſe
Of knightly proweſſe as he that liſte nat feyle
For his right to fight in plate and mayle
His lieges echon beynge of one aſſent
To lyue and dye with him in their entent

Men and women and children yonge of age
Were in one herte as in that manere
Which made them ſtronge and gaue great auauntage
That undeuyded they ſtode echon I fere
Of one corage of one wyll and of one chere
Stably aſſured in their opinyon
Bycauſe amonge them was no diuiſion

Their comon profyte they dyd more preferre
Than they dyd treſoure lyf or gode
For their fredom ay redy to the werre
Nat aferde to ſpende their owne blode
And fynally ſo to gydre they ſtode
That of one thought eche gan him redy make
To lyue and dye for his brothers ſake

That had an enmy borne of that region
The name of whom was antigonus
And he had weddyd the boke maketh mencion
The olde quene of kinge demetryus
And had hir ſonne the ſtory telleth thus
Called philip for youth in his kepynge
Therby pretendynge a tytle to be kynge

Of Lacedomonoys cleymed agayne right
There to regne and take poſſeſſion
Lyke a tyraunt vſurpynge of great might
For to be crowned in that region
But for all his fals preſumpcion
He was put of and Iſet aferre
Though he with them helde a mortall werre

And Cleomenes that was rightfull kinge
Was in the felde armyd euery day
Hardy as lyon dred him nothinge
Geyn his enmyes he ſtode ſo at a bay
That fro the felde he made them fle away
His dredefull ſwerde grounde was ſo kene
That to abyde him they might nat ſuſtene

And on a day deſcendynge his cyte
Helde in the felde a full ſtronge batayle
With lytyll peple made his fone to flee
Retournynge home full wery of trauayle
Thought in his herte that it ſhulde auayle
To ſtynte the werre hangynge in no certeyne
Tyll that his people refreſſhed were agayne

Set ordenaunce through all the cuntre
Geyn all enmyes to make reſiſtence
And in to Egipt he goth to tholome
With wif and children withdrawynge his preſence
There receyued with great beneuolence
Lyke his eſtate out of care and drede
And there abode tyll tholome was dede

But the ſonne of kinge tholome
Which regnyd after by ſucceſſion
Of fals enuye and vengeable crueltie
Slough Cleomenes in that region
His wife his children voyde of compaſſion
Alas it was to ſtraunge a cruell thinge
Within a kyngdome to murdre ſo a kynge

## Of kinge Nero Cornelye and Hanibal

After whoos deth than wrought by violence
The ſtory remembreth procedynge
Forth cam nero and ſhewed his preſence
Of Siracuſe the mighty ſtronge kynge
To [illegible] bochas full pitouſly pleynynge
Beſechinge him with a full pitous chere
Of his miſchees to wryte the manere

The which nero wylfull and furious
Lyſt to preſume of fals rebellyon
For to debate with appius Claudius
And to maligne agayne rome toun
But he anon for his preſumpcioun
Conſtreyned was in all his mooſt pride
Lyke a cowarde to fle and nat abyde

Nomore of him myn auctoure writeth here
But in his boke as he doth procede
There cam Cornelye of rome a conſulere
Him ſilf compleynynge of the greate falſhede
Which vnto him accompliſſhed was in dede
By aſſuraunce broke of hanyball
Which of cartage was chef admirall

To this cornelie hanyball was ſworne
With the Affricanes by a maner flaterye
To forſake him as we haue tolde to forne
With the romaynes to holde vp his partye
But whan they met the boke doth ſpecefie
Cornelye was take and fetred in pryſon
At miſcheef dyed there gayned no raunſon

Than hanyball entred of entent
With his knyghtes into a greate cyte
Of Cecile called Agrigent
Where Iulius Silua of olde enmyte
Layde a ſiege with a great meyne
That he conſtreyned the ſeyde hanyball
For very hungre to lepe ouer the wall

By a poſterne he toke him to the flight
Gadred ſhippes and toke the large ſee
And Iulius Sylua like a manly knight
Faught with him and made him for to flee
Vpon the water anon after he
Was of his knyghtes ſtoned to the deth
And ſo conſtreyned he yeldyd vp the breth

### Of the Duke zantipas caſt into the ſe

After that hanyball was ſlayne thus
And put to flight as made is mencion
Tofore Bochas cam worthy zantipus
A famous duke full notable of renoun
And he was lorde of the ſtronge region
Lacedomoyne and was come aferre
In to cartage to help them in the werre

By whoos prowesſe to his encres of glorye
The proude romayns were put to flight
Cartaginenſis had of them victorye
And there was take the wyſe manly knight
Marchus Regulus and brought anone right
Into Cartage and led as pryſonere
By zantipus as Bochas writeth here

This noble duke for all his hye prowesſe
Done in cartage and ſhewed to their town
And for all his notable kindneſſe
They mooſt vnkyndly quyt him his guerdoun
For ſeylynge home towarde his region
In a ſhip ſtuffed of their cuntre
Of fals enuye they caſt him in the ſe

To his nobleſſe and famous chiualrye
Whan he of knighthode ſat hyeſt in his floures
They of cartage by hatred and enuye
Maligned agayn him cheef ſonne of their ſocours
Eclipſyd his light but theragayne auctours
Haue by writinge perpetuelly ſet his name
And it regeſtred in the hous of fame

### How Marchus regulus of his fre wyll dyed for the comon wele

Who can tell or reherce the grounde of werrys
The firſt cauſe of ſuch mortall outrage
Where it began by influence of ſterrys
Atwene man and man or of wylfull rage
Atwene romaynes and folkes of cartage
To great hindrynge conſidred the manere
Of both ptyes as bokys doth vs lere

Italiens therwith were greuyd oft
Namly whan fortune was their aduerſarie
And Affricans felt full vnſoft
Whan ſhe to theym liſt be contrarye
Whoos cours of cuſtom ſtoundemele doth varie
By experience it hath be proued well
In the ouerwhelmynge of hir vntruſty whele

The mooſt worthy and the mooſt famous
Afore remembred vpon eche partie
Fortune to day made them victorious
And to morowe ſhe dyd their might diffye
Now vp now down all ſtode in Iupardye
Lyke as ſhe liſte them fauour nye or ferre
Their loſſe their wynnynge called fortune of werre

To ſume well wylled happy and eurous
To ſume alſo full ſtraunge of aqueyntaunce
Rekne amonge other Marchus Regulus
On romayn partye a prince of greate ſubſtaunce
To be preferred and put in remembraunce
One the moſte worthy and true founde in dede
Of knightly polycie that I can of rede

To comon profite was ay his aduertence
Atwene loue and hate ſtondynge ſo vpright
To nouther ſyde declyned the balaunce
Of his domys for fauour of no wight
Tyll that the iye of his inwarde ſight
Conceyued had where the trouth ſtode
Than gaue he ſentence and theron he abode

In all this worlde there was no better knight
Better named and borne of good lynage
A ſemely perſone deſyuer and of great might
Hardy as lyon right manly of viſage
Wall of the romayns ſharpe yerde to corage
Demure nat haſty ſeynge all thinge to forne
And in papinia I fynde that he was borne

And for he had ſo great diſcrecion
This worthy knight this marcus regulus
Choſyn he was a conſull of the town
And had a felowe called manlius
In armes manly wyſe and vertuous
Which for their notable expert hye conſtaunce
Of romayn werrys had the gouernaunce

Their ſhippes ſtuffed made a great arme
Full prudently with knightly apparayle
Theſe princis twayne taken haue the ſe
Firſt with Sicilians had a greate batayle
Diſconfyted them and their arriuayle
Outraged Amulchar the ſtory is no fable
That was of affryk capteyne and cunſtable

That in that cuntre caſtellys many one
Toke priſoners ſtuf and great richeſſe
And all that partye to rome he ſent anone
By Manlius the ſtory bereth wytneſſe
And the romaynes for his worthyneſſe
All of aſſent by cauſe he was ſo wys
Prolongyd haue the terme of his offis

Of knightly nobleſſe was none to him lyke
Nouther in armes nor pollitik ordynaunce
And for the conqueſt of cartage and affrike
To him they gaue of both the gouernaunce
Brought cites touns to his obeyſaunce
Of the romayns this noble worthy knight
Where euer he rode maugre their foos might

By his feithfull laborious diligence
Gate all the cuntrees to Cartage town
Tyll tidinges cam vnto his preſence
Beſide a ryuer there was a greate dragon
So orryble as made is mencion
That all the cuntre of him ſtode in ſuch doute
No man durſt neigh him ferre aboute

An hundred fete and twayne was his length
Lyke as writeth titus ſeruius
Was none ſo hardy man nor of ſuch ſtrength
That durſt approch he was ſo venymous

But by the manhode of marchus regulus
Slayne was this monſtruous ſerpent
And for a merueyle the ſkyn to rome ſent

Thus in conqueſt while he dyd his peyne
To gete caſtels and mighty ſtronge tours
Agayn him were ſent aſtrubalkys twayne
Called of affrik the hardy champions
With all the power of their regions
But as the ſtory maketh reherſayle
They were diſconfyted both in batayle

Amulchar after cam with ſpere and ſhelde
In diffence of affrik and cartage
And he was alſo diſtreſſed in the felde
With all his oſte maugre his viſage
Thus marchus had alway the vauntage
Makynge the romayns this knight mooſt vertuous
Through his prowesſe to be victorious

And where that he in his tendre age
Lyſt do laboure and tylle his owne londe
For exercise and vertuous auauntage
To holde the plough and lede it with his honde
Auoydynge ſlouth as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
Nowe through all affrik with many worthy knight
In ſtele and mayles he rideth armyd bright

Thus noble marke what euer he had ado
He was in armes ſoueraygne ſyngulere
And in the temple at rome of appollo
For him was kept a crowne of freſſh laurere
Forged of golde fret full of ſtones clere
And in the temple of Iouis was reſerued
A robe of victorye which he hath deſerued

To theſe goddys who can conſidre well
Of olde cuſtom the rightes to mayntene
As for a thinge beynge perpetuell
Which fadeth neuer of nature thus I mene
I ſacryd is the freſſh laurer grene
For cauſes twayne graunted to conquerours
In marciall actes by conqueſt made victours

For the nobleſſe of this tre dyuyne
Sheweth his odoure in wiſdom and excellence
By the greneſſe which neuer doth declyne
Longe abydynge of vertuous prudence
The rounde crowne betokeneth prouidence
In ſigne only of knightly gouernaunce
Taketh his guerdon of longe continuaunce

Their ſtrength only graunted them nat the crown
Nor a proude gynnynge ſtabliſſheth nat their glorye
But perſyueraunce who liſt muſe and rown
Graunteth to them and putteth in memorye
The triumphe and palme of their victorye
The crowne of laurer in ſtory it is tolde
And of Iupiter the rich crowne of golde

Who can diſcerne of all theſe gyftes thre
Moſte apperteyneth vnto chiualrye
Manly proweſſe wiſdom anone late ſe
Strength hardyneſſe conqueſt policie
For the romaynes caught a fantaſie
For his merytes notable and glorious
To magnefie this Marchus regulus

For this marchus durynge his luſty yeres
Prince of the werres gayn affrik and cartage
Toke all their yonge knyghtes pryſonerys
Sent them to rome for comon auauntage
But o alas whan he was fall in age
The gery goddes amonge hir chaunges all
Ageyne this prince hir fauour made appall

For to withſtonde the proweſſe of this knight
In helpe of affrik as made is mencion
Cam zantipus of whom I ſpake nowe right
A mighty duke the which was ſent down
Fro Lacedomoyne which through his hye renown
Whan the powere of marchus gan to fayle
His meny ſlayn toke him in batayle

Vnto Cartage ſent him pryſonere
And there he lay in ſtronge cheynes bounde
Loo howe fortune chaunge can hir chere
Falſeſt of truſte whan ſhe is mooſt iocounde
Firſt fauourable after frowarde founde
This hir maner with hir double face
Folke that ſyt hyeſt to chaunge them fro their place

For he that whilom had in ſubiection
Almoſt all affrik and Cartage the cite
Nowe lyeth he bounde and fettred in priſon
Whilom in glorye nowe in aduerſite
Caſt in myſerie from hye proſpite
Fortunes be made who loke wele
Of brotyll glas rather than of ſtele

Thys manly knight albe that he lay cheyned
Which had brought rome to ſo hye encres
That they of affrik and cartage were conſtreyned
Vnto romayne to purſue for a pes
And for taccompliſſh this mater doutles
Vnder aſſuraunce made in cartage toun
They toke marchus anon out of priſon

Bounde by his oth there is nomore to ſeyne
He to be chaungyd for affrik pryſonerys
There for to abyde and they to cume ageyn
The yonge knyghtes freſſh luſty of their cherys
So that Marchus feble and olde of yerys
By affricans were to rome ſent
Both aſſured to accomplyſſh their entent

For the romaynes had in ſuch deynte
This noble marke for manhode and prudence
And for the furtherynge of their comonte
They had his perſone for wyſdom in reuerence
Called in that toun their wall and their diffence
Had in more cheerte for knighthode in that age
Than all their pryſoners of affryk and cartage

Romayns greatly reioyſed of his cũmynge
And ſpecially for his delyueraunce
All atonys of herte and true menynge
Sayde welcom home oure ioye and oure ſuffiſaunce
Welcũme merour of knightly gouernaunce
This was their vois and this was their langage
At his repaire fro affryk and cartage

And thus receyued lyke to his eſtate
And conueyed through all the cite
Nobly preſentyd vnto the Senate
Began his tale anone as ye ſhall ſe
As he that had more in cherte
The comon profyte than his delyueraunce
Sayde vnto them theſe wordys in ſubſtaunce

Syres by the auys of you echon preſent
Firſt by the eſtatys next by the comonte
As prince and conſull to affryk I was ſent
And as ye knowe ſeuyn yere there I haue be
To chaſtyſe rebelles of that cuntre
And by the fauour and helpe of goddys might
To your cyte aquyte me lyke a knight

In this matere it nedeth nat to tarye
Ye knowe youre ſelf I am nowe wexen olde
And fortune is to me contrarye
Wherby your enmyes in affrik be made bolde
And they deſire me for to be ſolde
In eſchaunge by ſhort concluſion
For priſoners which they haue in the toun

And by the fauoure of goddys hye in heuene
And by felowes wyſe mediacion
Cuntrees and prouincys more than fyve ⁊ ſeuene
I haue in affryk made ſubiect to this town
Maugre their might and their rebellion
And theym conſtreyned like as deſire
For to obey vnto your empyre

To make your empyre more ſtately glorious
And to encres the boundes of youre cyte
whilom by grace I was victoryous
Venquyſſhed your enmyes where euer I dyd them ſe
Nowe through fortunes mutabylite
Made vnhappy and deſolate of chere
Sumtyme a prince and nowe a priſonere

Afore my power by fortune was fraunchiſed
Nowe am I thrall and fetryd in priſon
Myn olde triumphes be newly nowe diſguyſed
And victories oppreſſed and borne down
with this conſidred the tranſmutacion
Of youth paſſed and myn vnweldy age
Lytyll wondyr though dull be my corage

Yit there is a thinge that draweth alength my lyf
which in my herte hath ſet great gladneſſe
To your encres howe this mortall ſtrif
By my laboure and knightly beſyneſſe
The marciall princis famous in worthineſſe
with all the knightes mooſt ſouereyne of renown
Sought through affryk be nowe in your pryſon

By whoos abſence feblyd is Cartage
The cuntre pouriſſhed brought to diſencres
Seynge that I am dull and fall in age
Seyne affricans to put my ſilf in prees
Caſtynge your enmyes purſue for the pes
By eſchaunce of me that may but ſmall auayle
For affrik knightys mooſt expert in batayle

They ſtonde in hope of their delyueraunce
By eſchaunge of me nowe ſent out of priſon
Of entent to encres their puiſſaunce
Of newe to gynne a werre vpon your town
Nowe take gode hede and diſcrecion
Peyſe of prudence this thinge that I haue tolde
Their youth conſidred and I am feble and olde

I am conſumpd and weryd in the werrys
Fortune contrarie I feble to bere armure
They luſty freſſh their name ſpred ful ferre is
And in the felde they able to endure
I vnweldy and lyke a creature
More ſemble to drawe home to my graue
Than be armed this cite for to ſaue

And in effect I haue more cherte
Of very feyth withoute variaunce
Vnto the profyte of your comonte
Than to the matere of my delyueraunce
To thinges peyſyd and weyed in balaunce
Of affrik knightes expert worthyneſſe
In me the conſtreynt of agys febleneſſe

And to conclude vpon this matere
I might neuer as ſemeth vnto me
As of knighthode deſerue the laurere
Nor the triumphe in this famous cite
Better than dye ſeneteer the comonte
And thus auiſed of herte and hole corage
yelde vp the ſpirite of myn vnweldy age

In this purpos he ſtedfaſt as a wall
Of one wyll and one pſeueraunce
Hym ſilf commendynge to goddys Immortall
Chaſe for to dye of poſityk conſtaunce
And to preferre by notable purueaunce
The comon profite this was his motyf
Set aſyde gode his treſour and his lyf

Ryght well chered ſtable of his viſage
Of perfite loue he had vnto the town
He is repayred ayen vnto Cartage
The articles kept and the condicion
At the departynge from affrik region
This to ſey teyplete their luſt certeyne
Or priſoner he for to reſorte ageyne

At his departynge the romayn ſenatours
Gan wex pale of compaſſion
To ſe the pauys of all their old ſocours
As priſoner depart out of the town
Princeſſis ladyes fyll a ſwone down
Children wept and cryed for pyte
Farwell vpholder chef wall of their cyte

was euer founde any truer knight
which of his owne feithfull mocion
where he was fre and had power and might
To haue ſtonde at large by his eleccion
To kepe his promyſe repeyred to priſon
what ſhall I write of his nobles or ſhewe
To finde one like hym I rede but afewe

And whan he cam ageyne with his meſſage
Knowynge thentent of this worthy knight
Mooſt furiouſly the peple of cartage
In the preſence of euery maner wight
Ordeynyd haue to turment anone right
Fyrſt the ledys of his iyen twayne
They cut them of to encreace his payne

That he nat ſhulde ſlepe in pryſon
But euer watche with peyne intollerable
And for the conſtreynt of his paſſyon
Crye and compleyn with ſighes lamentable
And after this toke a playne table
Fret full of nayles ſharpe whet and grounde
And therupon nakyd they hym bounde

Another table they layde on hym aloft
Nayled alſo and atwene theſe tweyne
They couchyd hym this bed was full ſofte
Moſte importable ſo hidous was the peyne
The blode ran oute of euery ſenowe and veyne
This was his turment alas a cruell deth
Of worthy marchus tyll he yelde vp the breth

Who red in bokes or euer dyd ſe
Of any princis ſo ſtedfaſt and ſo ſtable
As whilom were in Rome the cyte
Or in their conqueſt ſo longe perdurable
Of vertue founde of corage vnſtauncheable
Rekne vp all that euere were in that town
And to this marchus make no compariſon

Rekne kamillis papyres ſcipions
Notable worthy for many great victorie
Rekne vp all the worthy champions
Curſius Fabricus famous of memorye
But this regulus eclipſith all ther glorie
And ſurmounteth by reporte of renoun
All theſe forſayde in compariſon

Rekne vp the foure that whilom were ſo ryche
The firſt of theym callyd Lucius
Other tweyne of condicion liche
As was Staurus and gaius delius
And forgete nat the great Emelius
But for all their greate poſſeſſion
Make to marchus no compariſon

Remembre of craſſus of whom it is tolde
The aſſirens to ſtaunche his couetiſe
Poryd in his throte ſtranglyd him with golde
So he dyed the ſtory doth deuyſe
And though theſe foure wende haue be wyſe
Greatly commendyd through fals opinyon
Of theym to Marchus make no compariſon

Touchinge this marke let men beholde and ſe
He left his treſoure fredom and richeſſe
And for the profite of the comonte
Forſoke his frendys Bochas bereth witneſſe
To fordre his town dyed in diſtreſſe
To kepe his feith reſorted to priſon
Make of none other to him compariſon

Myn auctour here put in remembraunce
Sūme that had golde ſtonys and perre
Sūme that had of richeſſe habundaunce
And of other that ſtode in dignite
And ſūme that had worldly proſperite
Set all aſyde and conclude of reſon
Twene them and marchus is no compariſon

Prynces may lyue after their ententys
After their luſtes and their delices
Of golde and purpur were rich garmentes
After their power frowardly in vices
Graunt their Miniſtres greate offices
Twene all their pompe and vayne ambycion
And atwene marke make no compariſon

All theſe thinges remembryd in certeyne
Well conſideryd and I put in mynde
There was in rome but fewe ſuch ſeyn
To comon profyte that founde was ſo kynde
And tyll I may ſuch another finde
In all this boke turnynge vp ſo down
I wyll to him make no compariſon

### Lenuoye

This tragedye who that can take hede
Is entermedlyd with wo and gladneſſe
Joye for worſhip and ſinguler manhede
That was in marke by exellente nobleſſe
To rede his fall it is greate heuyneſſe
Which chaſe to dye where as he ſtode fre
Only for profite of the comonte

To kepe his othe playnly as I rede
Made in Cartage there beinge in diſtreſſe
This noble prince conſtreyned of no nede
But of frewyll myn auctour doth expreſſe
Fro rome agayne thydre gan him dreſſe
To ſuffre turment of his fre volunte
Only for profyte of the comonte

This ſtory ſhulde crowned be in dede
With golden letters for to bere witneſſe
Howe ſeyde mark hauynge of deth no drede
To ſette rome fro werre in ſekyrneſſe
Whoos hye renoũ mooſt ſouereyne of prowesſe
May neuir eclipſe by none antiquite
Which chaſe to dye to forther the comonte

He deſeruyd for to haue the mede
Of triumphe and marciall worthineſſe
And of Jupiter to were the purpyll wede
Fret full of ſtonys mooſt heuynly of brightneſſe
The laureat crowne conſeruynge his greneſſe
Graunted to victours who liſte conſidre and ſe
Which chaſe to dye for the comonte

Noble princis which that gouerne and lede
All wordly people take hede in youre hyneſſe
To this ſtorye true as is the crede
Takinge exaumple do your beſyneſſe
Ay to ſupporte and mayntene right wiſneſſe
And late Marchus to you a myrrour be
Which chaſe to dye to furthre the comonte

### Howe Tholome kinge of Egipt callyd Phylopater ſlough fader and moder and his wif in lecherie ſpente his life and miſcheuouſly endyd

n Exte in order to bochas compleynynge
Vicious of lyf ther cam tholome
Callyd phelopater and was of egipt kyng
In tendre age by horryble cruelte
Slough fader moder and ſuſter ye may ſe
He to be crowned it is made mencion
To regne alone in that region

He was diſpoſyd vnto euery vice
Frowarde to vertue and to all doctrine
Slough his wif callyd Erudice
Lete his ſpouſe take a concubyne
Waſted his lyf gan him ſilf enclyne
To all riot ſurfet and outrage
And in this wiſe he ſpent his yonge age

Thus was diſclaundryd his royall mageſte
In lecherous luſtys watchid all night
Abed tyll noone ageyn all honeſte
Of fals exceſſe ſhope him anone right
Whan he aros to drinke ageyne might
Gorge vpon gorge to afforce his lecherye
The longe daye he ſpente in glotonye

I weye wery the proceſſe for to wryte
Of this tyraunt vicious and wode
It is contagious the proces to endyte
Bycauſe the exaumple doth harme and no gode
And of vengeaunce thus with him it ſtode
Of ſodeyne myſcheef I rede he dyd fyne
Embraced in armes of his concubyne

Agathodia playnly was hir name
And had a ſonne called agathodes
Vicious both and ſclaundryd by diffame
Noyſed by reporte they were ſo recheles
Both at onys take in a ſodeyn pres
With their allyes all atonys ſet
And by Juſt dome ledde to the gybet

### Howe Abithomarus and Viridomarus Dukys of fraũce after greate batayles by romayns ſlayne

Nexte Philopater called tholome
Ther cam in ordre a worthy duke of fraunce
Nabytomarus and oute of that cuntre
Rode into Grece with a greate puiſſaunce
And firſt he gan to make his ordenaunce
Ageyne romayns alle they were ferre
Proudly with them for to gynne a werre

But they of rome to their confuſion
By their buſſhoppes and preſtys gan deuyſe
To vſe a curſyd fals ſupſticion
Vnto their goddys in full cruell wyſe
To offre vp men by a newe ſacrifiſe
To bury them quik in bochas thus I rede
By a fals hope they better for to ſpede

Of fraunce and grece they toke ten in noumbre
Half men and wymen to gedre tweyne and tweyne
And by fals murdre they dyd them encoumbre
Buryed theym quyk theyr deth was full ſodeyne
At this ſacrefyſe the goddys gan diſdeyn
And to the ramayns wey contraryous
For their fals rightys ſuperſticious

And by recorde of olde croniculeers
The yere fyue hundre fro their fundacion
And one and twenty tho beynge conſulers
Thre in noumbre as made is mencion
Which gouerned and rulyd all the toun
The firſt called Lucius Emilius
And the ſeconde catulus gaius

Actilius regulus the thrid conſulere
By all the Senate ordeyned were theſe thre
As I haue tolde the ſelue ſame yere
For to gouerne and rule the Cyte
And to preſerue them from all aduerſite
Ageyn two peples of gaule and lumberdye
Which than werred of malyce and enuye

Of which werre the romayns ſtode in doute
The ſenatours and all the citeſeyns
Bycauſe ageynſt them there cam ſo great a route
Of lumbardys by this halfe the mounteyns
Ioyned togedre with many fell foreyns
Which ſtode departed as made is remembraunce
Fro them of rome and their obeyſaunce

The people rude beſtyall and vnſtable
Togedre aſſemblyd wode and furious
Of multitude very innumerable
Vengeable of herte of corage deſpytous
Voyde of all reſon ſodeynly furious
As ſeyth bochas I can no ferther gone
Their ſoudiours bare giſarmys euerychon

And gyſarmes of giſarmes they were called
Towarde rome them haſtinge day by day
Of g[illegible]e laboure the fotemen ſore appallyd
But ay their truſte on multitude lay

Of whoos comynge rome ſtode in affray
And ſpecially the conſuleers thre
That out were ſent to fight for the cite

Foure ſcore thouſand as write the cronicleere
Mighty to ſtonde at diffence
In his felawſhip had eche conſulere
And of the giſarmes in noumbre in ſentence
Thre hundred thouſande by ſturdy violence
Goynge on fote I finde that they had
Eight thouſand ouer that all the feeld ſpred

I rekne nat them that rode on horſbak
Which ſix and thretty thouſand were in noumbre
Syue hundryd ouer purpoſed for the wrak
Fynally the romayns to encoumbre
The ſhadowe of them gaue ſo great an vmbre
That on the ſoyle which tofore was grene
There was vnneth any ſonne ſhene

Their capteyne was Abitomarus
A manly man and a full worthy knight
And with them went Viridomarus
Another capteyne in ſtele armyd bright
Twene them and romayns longe laſt the fight
But on the party of rome the cite
Was ſlayne a conſull one of the thre

After whoos deth of fortune anone right
On the party of them of rome toun
Eyght hundred thouſande toke them to the flight
And thus began the fame and the renoun
Of abithomarus as made is mencion
Of which victorye his herte was made fayne
And on his partye were thre thouſand ſlayne

But the romayns reſorted be agayn
And after that had a ſtronge batale
And in the feeld ſo manly they were ſeyne
And ſo proudly their enmyes dyd aſſayle
That as myn auctour maketh reherſayle
Of the Gyſarmys longe or it were night
Fourty thauſand were ſlayne in that fight

The thrydde tyme with help of them of fraunce
Ioyned to lumbardes and folke of gaule alſo
They faught ageyne all oute of ordenaunce
Beſide the ryuere that callyd is the Poo
Where both batayles togydre had adoo
And as I fynde conſuleers tweyne
To romayn ſheltrouns knightly dyd ordeyne

Manlius Torquat called was that one
Flamynus Flakkus was with hym Ifere
And with the romayns forth to gydre they gon
Towarde that ryuere with a full manly chere
In which batayle the ſtory doth vs lere
Nyne and fourty thouſand ſlayne on that day
Of their enmyes that none ne went away

Abythomarus was takyn pryſonere
In tokne of tryumphe brought to rome toun
To the capytolye with a full pale chere
Led bounde in chenys there gayned no raunſon
Thus hath fortune appallyd his hye renoun
And in tokne of his diſconfiture
Offred to goddys was his cote armure

Thus lacheſis his lyues threde gan drawe
Tyll Antropos it brak with full greate peyne
Viridomarus that was his felawe
Slayn in the felde by romayns in certeyne
And of theſe worthy princes tweyne
This was the ende and the mortall fall
The feeſt accompliſſhid callyd funerall

And in the tyme of theſe mortall werres
Atwene theſe dukes and them of rome toun
Many toknes were ſhewed in the ſterres
Meruaylous lightnynges fro the heuen doun
And many an vncouth conſtellacion
Sondry Cometes dyd in the walkinge appere
Who ſeth their ſtoryes may the trouth lere

The water pyrene that renneth in Itayle
Which in that cuntre is a famous flode
The ſame houre and tyme of their batayle
As ſeith the ſtory was turned in to blode
Fyres in the heyre mooſt furious and wode
That mighty toures were with the flamys brent
Thre monys apperinge in the Orient

The peple for fere fled in to lowe caues
For drede wex pale and dedly of their chere
And in thre dayes were thre erth quakys
Duringe this werres and in the ſame yere
Of great appollo fyll doun the pyllere
Of marbyll white large and of great ſtrength
That ſyxty Cubites accounted was the lengthe

And in that tyme the ſtory ſayth nat nay
Of rome a conſull with a great puiſſaunce
Callyd claudius ſlough vpon a day
Thretty thouſand and brought to miſchaunce
Of the ſoudiours that ran out of fraunce
And there was ſlayne with many a captayn lorne
Virydomarus of whom I ſpak toforne

To his greate ſhame and confuſion
As it is remembryd by ſcripture
The romayns made a great oblacion
Vp to Iupiter of his cote armure
And in tokne of his diſconfiture
Within that temple of golde bettyn clere
To his deſpyte they henge vp his banere

### Howe Siphay of Munedye kinge was take and dyed in priſon

HEre bochas breuely for a remembraunce
Wryteth werres debates and batayles
That were that tyme in Itayle and fraunce
In ſpayne chāpayne with marciall apparayles
And amonge other in his reherſayles
He telleth in affrik the great diſſencion
Atwene hanyball and worthy Scipion

He toucheth their names and abydeth nat longe
Vpon their ſtoryes he byde nat but a whyle
Here nat reherſinge their mighty werrys ſtronge
Nor of their ſtryues he doth nat here compyle
But doun deſſendynge dyrecteth furth his ſtyle
For to reherce and tell by wrytynge
The fall of Siphay in Munedye kinge

This ſaide Siphay batayles had tweyne
One with kinge Gabba he of very might
Had eke an other in which he dyd his payne
To mete maſiniſſa after anon right
And both kinges he put to the flight
And of Meſſulie I fynde by writinge
Howe Maſiniſſa was gouernour and kynge

This ſayd ſiphay thrugh his chiualrye
Made Maſinyſſa to fle his region
Conſtreynyd him to lyue by robbrye
To walke in foreſtys with beſtys vp and doun
And for diffaute as made is mencion
To ſaue his lyf he fonde no better refute
But fed him ſilf on rotys and on fruite

Oute of his realme maſinyſſa was enchaſyd
And conſtreyned to fle fro his cuntre
Fro mynde of folke his name was out raced
For no man wyſte where he ſhulde be
His lyege men and folke of his cyte
Through all affryk knewe no better rede
Of his perſone but dempt that he was dede

Thus of kynge Syphay encrece gan the glorye
Which by force two kynges hath outrayed
And vpon them wonne the victorye
Put them to flight and the peple affrayed
That rome and cartage were of hym diſmayed
And eche of theym dyd their laboure
Of their werrys to make hym gouernoure

Unto Syphay out of rome town
As it is wretyn for a memoriall
To Numedye was ſent ſcipion
For this mater in eſpeciall
Out of cartage was ſent haſtruball
And at the caſtell where Syphay lay
Both tweyne arryued at one day

And by pleyne writinge as I haue conceyued
And as the ſtory remembreth in ſentence
At their cūmynge both were receyued
Of kinge Syphay with greate reuerence
And through his notable manly diligence
As it is wretyn by gode recorde
He made theſe capteyns hertely of acorde

That they to geder lay the ſame night
They had of Syphay ſo greate ſuerte
By promyſe made as he was true knight
That nouther of them ſhulde deceyuyd be
But there was founde greate duplycyte
Folowynge after who ſo can take hede
Lyke as this ſtorye ſhall deuyſe in dede

For by the fraude and falſnes moſte mortall
Compaſſed beforn it is thus befall
That by the ſleight of this haſtruball
As affricans be nye double all
Under ſuger can hide well their gall
So haſtruball by fals decepcion
Under fayre there deſceyued Scipion

He brought in ſiphay by fals ſubtylte
And by his ſleyght peyntyd fayre langage
That he ſhulde with hym allyed be
By full aſſente to haue in mariage

Sophaniſba a maydyn of cartage
Which was doughter yonge and faire withall
As ſeyth bochas to this haſtruball

The which thinge by craft was brought aboute
And accompliſſhed verely in dede
And by this mene pleynly out of doute
There firſt began rancoure and hatrede
Symulacion feynyd and falſhede
That atwene ſiphay and haſtruball alas
Scipion was deceyued in this cas

And after that done was this mariage
Syphay full enmye to this Scipion
With haſtruball rode in to cartage
And gan werraye agayn rome town
And in this while as made is mencion
Kynge maſinyſſa out of wilderneſſe
Towarde Scipion in all haſte gan hym dreſſe

With his peple gan to make hym ſtronge
Through helpe of ſcipion and of lellius
Went ageyne ſyphay and abode nat longe
His herte ageyne hym was ſo enuyous
And on a day the ſtory telleth thus
With affricans and folkys of Cartage
Siphay the romayns met in the viſage

Of maſinyſſa the peple were ſo wode
Upon Siphay auengyd for to be
Through their batayles cam to hym there he ſtode
And maugre hym and his cruelte
Of very manhode ſpace was none to fle
They brought hym home thrugh their hye renown
In to the hondys of worthy Scipion

Siphay was take thus or he was ware
Under his baner maugre all his might
And into rome led afore the chare
Of ſcipion the noble worthy knight
That wan the triumphe graunted hym of right
And Siphoniſba afore to Syphay wif
Wed to maſinyſſe at the ende of all this ſtrif

Loo howe fortune chaunge can hir tydes
To one this day ſhe can be fauorable
Make capteyns and theſe greate guydes
Which wend haue founde hir whele ſtable
But that ſhe is ay frowarde and chaungeable
Frendly to day tomorowe at diſcorde
If this be true Siphay can bere recorde

This Shiphay was ſent out of the town
In chepnes bounde without more taryinge
And at tyburny lay fetred in priſon
Dyed at miſcheef made ther his endynge
And for bycauſe that he was a kinge
The romayns made of marciall ryte
Him to be buried within their cite

How Nabyn hauyng no title but by tyrannye to ke on him to be kinge of macedoyne was ſlayne

n Lyt cam Nabyn full pytouſly wepynge
Tofore Iohn bochas which by tyrannye
Of macedoyne toke on him to be kinge
Hauynge no title ſaue title of robbrye
Only by force him ſilf to magnefye
Which with ſtronge honde toke full poſſeſſion
For to be crownyd in thilke region

This macedoyne as by olde writinges
Whilom was had in full great reuerence
Bycauſe only it floured in two thinges
Both in knighthode and ſouereyne ſapience
Mars there by manhode Pallas by prudence
And while theſe tweyne had gouernaunce
Of all welfare they had ſuffiſaunce

And while nobleſſe of theſe thinges tweyne
That is to ſey the floure of hye clergye
The hye renown moſt famous and ſouereyne
Of marciall prowelle and of chiualrye
Gouerned that londe by newe pollicie
Than ſtode that kingdom auctours reherce kōne
Amonge the grekys lyke an heuenly ſonne

But at the laſte eclipſed was the lighte
Both of knighthode and philoſophye
Whan couetiſe gan entre agayne right
For to vſurpe vpon the regalye
But intruſion of fals tyrannye
And by extort force made their entringes
Hauynge no title there to regne as kinges

This was cheef cauſe for ſhorte concluſion
That the nobleſſe of grece was brought baas
And macedoyne brought to confuſion
By couetiſe that ſet theym in ſuch caas

Therby their knighthode fully tranſlated was
And their policye in cronycles ye may ſe
Out of grece to rome the cyte

And amonge other by clere remembraunce
Of ſuch tyrauntys by ordre reherſinge
Nabyn was one that had gouernaunce
In macedoyne and was ther crownyd kynge
Without tytle there falſly regnynge
And for his frowarde contagious crueltie
He was behatyd of rome the cyte

The romayns ſent a mighty conſulere
Titus flaminius of their werres guide
To Macedoyne he gan to approch nere
Towarde argos where Nabyn dyd abyde
Of entente for to abate his pryde
But while Nabyn ſtode hyeſt in eſtate
Of grece his lieges with him were at debate

A Duke I callyd Pilopomones
With the people that dwelled in grece londe
To ſtryue with nabyn put him ſilf in pres
Diſconfited him fightinge honde of honde
And at greate miſcheef ye ſhall vnderſtond
Alexamenes a knight of that cuntre
Slough this nabyn the cronicle ye may ſe

Here Bochas reherceth the mortall werrys betwene Romayns and Affricans

After this Nabyn bochas doth procede
To tell the warrys and the mortal ſtryues
Twene romayns and affricans in dede
Wherby full many loſte there their lyues
Cauſyd wedowes maydyns and eke wyues
To wepe and weyle in ſuch diſioynt they ſtode
On outher party to ſe the loſſe of blode

For the party of them of rome town
Were made capteyns and diuers officeers
Which into affrik with peple were ſent down
And ſpecially ther were two conſuleers
Notable in armys and famous in tho yeres
Marcus manlius borne of the romayn lyne
That other called Lucius cenſoryne

With theym was ſent a tribune full notable
Of whom tofore I made mencion
For the werres mooſt worthy and mooſt able
I mene of rome proude Scipion
Which of their cite was cheueſt champion
Of entent the affricans tanoye
And ſpecially Cartage to deſtroye

And nye by cartage ther was a cyte ſtronge
Mightely bilded and ſtode vpon the ſe
The wallys thicke rounde ſquare and longe
Chief diffence callyd of that cuntre
To ſaue and kepe them from aduerſite
And fourty cubites with creſtys marciall
Lyke as I fynde of hight was the wall

And the fronte reyſed for the werre
Of ſtonys ſquare was an hye dungeon
Called birſa fro which wonder ferre
Men might beholde the cuntrees enuiron
And as I rede for their ſaluacion
The affricans of purpos dyd ordeyne
For their capteynes haſtruballys tweyne

The ſayde dungeon mightely batayled
Agaynca ll ſautys to ſtonde and endure
But worthy ſcipion for all that hath nat fayled
For to approch and do by beſy cure
withe his engynes mighty ſtronge and ſure
So that by force this knight mooſt marciall
A great quantite brake doun of the wall

And Lucius called Senſoryne
Deptyd is with marchus maulius
And by the counſayle of ſcipion and doctrine
Both of aſſente in armys vertuous
They toke their wey myn auctour telleth thus
with haſtruball ſothely and they might
where as he laye that ſame day to fight

These conſulers aſſayled the cyte
Called cirte and bete doun the wall
Slough fourty thouſande the cronycle ye may ſe
Of affricanys by vengeaunce full mortall
And their cunſtable called haſtruball
was ſlayne that day by him it is no doute
That he mooſt truſtyd and next were him aboute

And this while mooſt manly of corage
The worthy trybune Publius Scipion
By verrey force is entred in cartage
And ſix dayes as made is mencion
He and his knightes conſtreyned ſo the toun
That deſpeyryd with their dedely cherys
They of the toun yelded them priſoneris

Mekely requeringe vnto Scipion
To receyue him in this mortall rage
That men and wymen dwellyng in that toun
with the citeſyns yonge and olde of age
Might abide and lyue in ſeruage
Vnder the romayns there was no better refute
And yere by yere pay them a tribute

And of affryk that other haſtruball
which amonge theym afore was crowned kinge
Left his eſtate and his powere royall
yeldyd him priſonere humbly knelyng
And his wif mooſt pitouſly wepynge
whan that ſhe ſawe hir lorde take ſo
Ran in to fyre and brente hir ſilf for wo

Six and twenty thouſande as I finde
were led of wymen into captyuyte
Thretty thouſande of men cam byhynde
Take priſoners in great aduerſite
And ſeuentene dayes brent that cyte
That in their wallys was none ſo harde ſtone
But in to poudre it was brente anon

And this was done breuely to conclude
By the proweſſe of Publius Scipion
Solde in ſeruage was a great multitude
Their olde lordes led fetred to priſon
This was of cartage fynall deſtruccion
To write their complayntes bochas abideth no while
But in to grece turneth ageyn his ſtyle

## Howe kynge perſeus by romayns outrayed and after take.

IN Lacedomoyne remembringe on a kinge
Called perſeus a full proude werroure
Claymynge a title vpon him vſurpynge
For to ſuccede as true enheritoure
To great aliſaundre mooſt mighty conquerour
Fully afferminge ageyn a certeyn day
He wyll be crowned maugre who ſeyth nay

And his name to put in memorye
Caſt in his pſone to renewe the proweſſe
Of kynge alyſaundre and to encrece his glorie
To folowe his traces in knighthode and nobles
And firſt of all of haſty wilfulneſſe
That his conqueſt might ſprede ferre
Gan of purpoſe with romaynes to haue ⁊ werre

But after this he was better auyſed
whan he perceyued the marcyall apparyle
Of the romayns wherof he was agryſed
wey aferde their nobles to aſſayle
which ay were founde victorious in batayle
And where afore he had ben recheles
Sent ambaſſatours with theym to trete of pes

They had perceyued his preſumpcion
And howe he was proude and ſurquedous
Sent a Conſull with a greate power down
The name of whom was Sulpicius
which dedly hatyd the ſayd perſeus
Thrugh hertly rancour agayn him wey ſoleyne
Of his ambaſſet hauynge but dyſdeyne

And their ptye for to fortefye
with the ſayde Conſull Sulpicius
They ſent another expert in chiualrye
A conſull alſo paulus Emylius
Amonge romayns notable and famous
And folowynge after the ſilf ſame night
The mone eclipſed fully of his might

A clere tokne as made is mencion
That kinge pſeus ſhulde haue a ſharp ſhoure
And that his lordſhip and his region
Shulde be oppreſſed voide of all ſocour
And that Macedonoys ſhulde haue no fauoure
Agayne the romayns to gedre whan they met
with rounde ſperys and ſwerdes ſharpe whet

The day of batayle to his encres of glorye
for the pty of them of rome town
There was a knight that cauſed the victorye
yonge freſſh and luſty that called was caton
which brought their enmyes to confuſion
for Macedonoys through his greate myght
Outrayed were and perceus put to flight

But Emylius the noble Conſulere
Sent a Capteyne called Octauius
To purſue after in cooſtys ferre and nere
The proude kinge the ſeyde perſeus
And he was take for ther was no reſcus
with his ſonnes that were in noumbre tweyne
Philip and aliſaundre the ſtory is certeyne

Myn auctour telleth here of kinges manye
Thretty in noumbre the firſt Geramus
which haue regned within macedone
And laſte of all was this perſeus
The noumbre of yeres bochas writeth thus
was nyne hundred as I remembred here
Space of their regnynge with foure and twenty yere

After tranſlated was the region
with all their yles vnto the obeyſaunce
Of theym of rome without exception
To greate lordys that were of mooſt puiſſaunce
Abode ther longe vnder gouernaunce
Of perſeus diſconſolat of chere
Durynge his lif abode there pryſonere

## Howe the people of Achaia with their cheef cyte Corinthe by romaynes was deſtroyed

Thus the lordſhip weryd out and ſpent
Of Macedoyne as made is mencion
The two cuntrees therto adiacent
That one Achaia a lytyll region
And ſpatanoys goynge enuyron
Mighty of people and of greate ſubſtaunce
In one confederat and of one alliaunce

They were conioyned and both made al one
By a manere feithfull conuencion
And whan the romayns knewe theym for their fone
Hauynge their frenſhip in ſuſpection
They caſte to make a diſiunction
Bytwene theſe londes in brede and eke in length
For thinge diſſeueryd is menuſed of his ſtrength

Ordeyned cytes and townes here and yonder
wheron the romaynes gan make a decre
That their lordſhippes ſhulde be ſet aſſonder
which made the people in euery greate Cyte
whan they knewe their ſubtilte
To ryſe at onys mooſt cruell of their cheris
And wolde haue ſlayne the romayn meſſagerys

And fynally by this occaſion
Romayns ageyn them gan weye furious
Toke herdynes of their diuyſion
And a conſull called Mumius
A manly knight in armys full famous
Into Achaya was from rome ſent
It to deſtroye by great auiſement

They of Achaia by their negligence
And by their frowarde wylfull recheleſneſſe
Of very pryde liſt make no diffence
Thought them ſilf without auyſeneſſe
Of power able and ſtrenger in ſothneſſe
Than were romayns verely in dede
Thus were they ſtroyed afore or they toke hede

They ſtode in hope in their ſturdyneſſe
By that batayle to haue had greate pillage
Of the romayns to haue wonne full greate rycheſſe
And for a pompe of wylfull fals dotage
They toke their wyues and wymen yonge of age
And ſet them vpon an hye mounteyne
That their manhode might in the felde be ſeyne

Whan the romayns met them in batayle
They diſpurueyed and out of ordynaunce
Slayne lyke beſtys their power gan to fayle
Of frowarde pryde and recheles gouernaunce
That achaia was brought to myſchaunce
Wymen and children for ſorowe almoſte mad
To lyue in ſeruage were to rome lad

Corinthe that tyme was their cheef cite
Deſtroyed by romaynes and brought to ruine
Which amonge Cytees in Bochas ye may ſee
Aboue all other dyd in honoure ſhyne
Of all ſciences there floured the doctryne
And of craftis artifycers mooſt wyſe
Rekne all the worlde there was cheef marchaundyſe

Thus vnwarly in their mooſt nobleſſe
Sittynge of fortune in the ſtage
They were deſtroyed of treſoure and richeſſe
Brought to nought by ſlaughter and pyllage
Their walles broke in that cruell rage
And in that brennynge bochas ſeith the leuene
Raught a greate part vpwarde to the heuene

Lleyne with the erth the wallys broke doun
The peple ſlayne merciles yonge and olde
And there was made a greate dyuiſion
Sūme led in ſeruage and ſūme of them were ſolde

Imagys of copir of ſiluer and of golde
Were ſodenly in all that violence
Togydre molte ſo hote was the feruence

Of which metall thus after it is fall
Golde ſiluer copir medlyd into one
Copre of corynthe men did it call
Through all the worlde of cuſtom euerichone
Fame of which metall is ſo ferre gone
That the veſſels forgyd of the ſame
Corinthoiſe callyd is the name

After Corynth was thus brent to nought
A prince called Philip Philermene
To John bochas hath his cōpleynt brought
In whoos face and chere it was well ſene
The wofull conſtreynt of his mortall tene
And he was whilom bochas doth ſpecefie
Lorde of a cite called Vallaquie

Marchus actiſius toke him priſonere
Brought him to rome liſt him nat reſpyte
Next to Bochas with an heuy chere
Apperyd a knight called domortite
Of Ethalis myn auctour doth ſo write
He was cheef lorde but he and his cuntre
Tranſlatyd were into rome the cyte

This duke was caſte and cheyned in priſon
Eſcapyd onys in ſtory as I fynde
Take ageyne throwe in a derke dungeon
There for ſorowe went oute of his mynde
Slough him ſilf at miſcheef ageyne kynde
Loo howe theſe princis proude and recheles
Haue ſhamefull ende which can nat lyue in pes

## Howe greate antiochus vſinge riot and vicious lyuynge by Marchus actilius was outraped and dyed ſodenly

t
Ouching the ſtorye mundre here folowyng
Of Selenchus and great antiochus
Of his moder Leodices and the kinge
With other tokues and ſignes merueylous
And howe alſo the ſame ſelenchus
Had in his thigh as wretin is toforne
Prynt of an ankyr the day whan he was borne

And all the children by ſucceſſion
Had by diſcent borne of his lynage
Prynte of an ankyr as made is mencion
The fourth boke with all the ſurpluſage
Of other toknes there told playne langage
And of the ſeyde ſame Seleuchus
Cam by diſcente the ſeyd antiochus

Whoos herte was ſette of hye coueytyſe
To folowe his luſtys and dilectacion
And ſpecially he caſt gan and deuiſe
To wynne in grece dyuers regions
And of the peple he caught occaſions
By their fauoure to conquere their cuntre
And rebbell ageyne rome the cyte

With multitude and great apparayle
He gate in grece caſtelles and eke touns
Longynge to rome conqueryd by batayle
Toke vpon hym in his preſumpcions
Falſly to folowe the inclinacions
Of his byrth while he dyd abyde
In a cyte that callyd was Calcide

For cauſe of ſlouth he lefte his chiualrye
Forſoke mars and toke hym to cupide
Reſtynge the wynter he ſpent in lecherye
In wetch and ryot chaſe Venus to hys guyde
Senſualite made reſon ſtonde aſyde
And by theſe menys for ſhorte concluſion
He was conueyed to his deſtruction

And whan that wynter with his froſtys colde
Paſſyd was and all his ſtormes kene
In riot ſpent and waſtyd as I tolde
And Ver cam in with his newe grene
And freſſh flora which is of floures quene
Of cuſtom gynneth hir molles out dreſſe
In which ſeſon as auctours all expreſſe

Kynges princis with marciall apparayle
Tyme whan phebus in the ram doth ſhyne
They them diſpoſe to go out to batayle
For exercyſe of marcyall diſciplyne
And down from rome expert in that doctryne
Deſcended is marchus actilius
Ageyne this vicious proude antiochus

This noble marke preuyd in armys wele
Which in his tyme was ſo gode a knight
With all his oſte armed in bright ſtele
Ageyn antiochus cam to the feeld down right
Vpon a morowe whan phebus ſhone full bright
Set his wardeyns by capteyns that he ches
Vpon a hyll called termophiles

Antiochus vpon that other ſyde
Whom glotonye and riot dyd oppreſſe
And drunken bachus which with hym dyd abyde
With morpheus wyf of ſlombyr chef goddes
Which cauſed hym through ſlouth and Idelneſſe
That prouidence oute of his court was gone
Cauſynge that day the ſlaughter of many one

Whan the Conſull marchus the worthy
His aduerſaries proudly gan aſſayle
They vnpuruayed toke them to the flight
Diſarayed they might nat auayle
Thus antiochus fled oute of batayle
For ageyne romayns he might nat endure
Therfore on hym fyll the diſconfiture

Thus rebukyd fled to Epheſie
Ferre in Grece and there to dwell he ches
Sent to romaynes a great ambaſſiatrye
With the ſeyde marchus for to trete of pes
But in this ambaſſet this very douteles
Whan they atteyned of Marchus the preſence
Were refuſed and had none audience

Of which antiochus greatly was aſhamyd
Caſt ageyne rome of hate and enuye
To ryſe a power and hath of newe attamyd
To gadre ſhippes and make a great arme
Gynne a werre ageyn them on the ſee
Hauynge an hope vnder a cowarde drede
Better on the water than on the londe to ſpede

Made his ſhippes be ſtuffed with vitayle
And his capteynes hath the londe forſake
But whan the romayns of newe gan hym aſſayle
His ſhippes brent and all his ſtuf was take
And lyke myn auctour compendyouſly doth make
Thyſe on the ſe the romaynes werraynge
He was outrayed the ſtory witneſſinge

Yit eft ageyne to his confuſion
Vpon the londe he gan make hym ſtronge
Met with conſele called ſcipion
With waynes cartes made for the werre ſtronge
Shod with harde yron ſharpe ſithes ſet amonge
In trauers wiſe by greate ordenaunce
But for all that he was brought to miſchaunce

With Oliſauntys and caſtels on the bak
That day was ſlayne many a worthy knight
Vpon his oſte ſo cruell was the wrak
That he conſtreyned toke him to the flight
Forſoke the cuntre fled oute of mennys ſight
To the romayns he coude it nat delaye
Eche yere conſtreyned a tribute for to paye

But he of fraude bycauſe of his tribute
For couetiſe feyned ſore pouerte
Gadred robbours and by fals purſute
Oppreſſed marchauntes ſpoyled the cuntre
Robbed temples of hatefull crueltie
And fro Iupiter called dodanian
Toke all the relykes the ſtory tell can

Dyd ſacrilege and entryd in that clos
Withoute reuerence or any obſeruaunce
For which the tempyl ageyn him roos
And as it is put in remembraunce
By the goddys there fyll a greate vengeaunce
Vpon this tyraunt quakinge in his drede
All ſodenly he fyll to grounde dede

Lenuoye

t his tragedye of Antiochus
Who liſt in ordre his frowarde ſtory ſe
Firſt to all vertue he was contrarious
And rebell euer to rome the cite
Iuſtly accuſed of vicious thinges thre
Of pride ſlouth and of glotonye
And of diſordynat ſuperfluite
Of night exceſſe riot and lecherie

On him the romayns were victorious
Twyes on the londe onys on the ſe
He was nat hardy but malicious
In euery batayle his cuſtom was to fle
There vices regne there may no grace be
To all ſurfetys his luſt he dyd applye
Noyſed and deſclaundred throughout his cuntre
Of night exceſſe riot and lecherie

Amonge his lyegis wode and deſpitous
And for a cowarde knowe in the felde was he
The pore to oppreſſe a wulfe moſt furious
And by diſceit a fox for ſubtylite
Noman more frowarde of hye nor lowe degre
Nor more delitinge in falſhede nor flaterye
What was his ende a ſodeyne deth parde
For his outrages of pryde and lecherye

Noble princis of prudence full famous
In all youre grettest royall mageſte
Remembre pleynly if ye be vertuous
Ye ſhall perſeuere in longe proſpyte
Where the contrarie cauſeth aduerſite
As this ſtorye afore doth ſpecifye
Of antiochus caſt from his dignite
For his great pride riot and lecherie

How Ieronimus kinge of Ciracuſe was ſlayne & howe Scipio affrican that laboured for comon wele of romayns was exiled by them & ſo dyed

After the deth of this antiochus
There cam a prince to bochas compleynyng
Which that was called Ieronimus
Of Cyracuſe whilom lorde and kinge
Which of his liegis he nothinge treſpaſſynge
Slayne was with his thre ſuſters dere
Of hatrede myn auctour writeth here

Cyracuſanis had a condicion
Through chaunges newe ay to be vnſtable
Of wilfull malice voide of all reſon
On their kinges for to be vengeable
They louyd nat to haue them ꝑdurable
But euerye yere of cuſtom this is trewe
Them to gouerne to haue a prince newe

And for their chaunges and their vncouthe ſtryues
With variaunce of their condicions
Bycauſe no frute is found in their lyues
Nor in their ſtories nor in their ſucceſſions
I wyll paſſe ouer and ſpeke of Scipions
And firſt to write of the worthy man
Called in his tyme ſcipio affrican

A famous knight in all nacions
For his conqueſt ſhortly to conclude
Which had brought full many regions
More by wyſdom than by multitude
To obeye the romayns but for ingratitude
Which that he fonde in theym as I rede
Howe he wrought to tell I wyll procede

It is remembred of his worthyneſſe
While that he was flouring in yonge age
Howe rome was made lady and maiſtreſſe
Of many a londe to their auauntage
And ſpecialy all affrike and Cartage
By his proweſſe as made is mencion
Were brought of romaynes vnder ſubiection

But they agenewarde were to him vnkinde
By accuſacions found out by their falſneſſe
Seyde ageyne him as it is put in mynde
By recorde of many falſe witneſſis
That he ſhulde haue beſiled the richeſſis
Of Cartage and affryk the cuntre
Which apperteyned to rome the cyte

But ageynwarde this noble affrican
Proudly gaue anſwere to his accuſours
He neuer withhelde fro tyme that he began
Toward him ſilf no port of their treſours
Haue as the manere is of conquerours
For to conſerue his worſhip and his name
Almoſte was profyte to the towns fame

This is to mene playnly and nat tarye
He neuer accrochyd treſour nere nor ferre
Towarde him ſilf but that was neceſſarye
For their worſhip to mayntene with their werre
And yit that tyme he was their lodeſterre
To encreſe their boundys and fully his delyte
Was all hole ſet to the comon profyte

He toke none hede of all the ſurpluſage
Of their treſours nor their great richeſſe
The name reſerued of affrik and cartage
To his knighthode and his hye nobleſſe
But their malicious expert vnkindneſſe
Was in cauſe breuely to compyle
His body fro them perpetually to exile

Caſte him neuer within rome town
After that day amonge them to be ſeyne
Vnkindneſſe gaue him occaſion
To abſente his perſone and of hye diſdeyn
To exile him ſilf and neuer to cūme ageyn
But for tabyde in a ſmall village
Callyd Lynterne whan he was fall in age

And for men ſhulde mynde vpon him haue
By a manere of indignacion
An Epitaphie he ſet vpon his graue
Which ſayde thus to theym of rome town
O peple vnkynde vnkynde ageyn reſon
My funerall aſſhes nor my bones dede
In thy wallys thou ſhalt neuer poſſede

In thyn vnkynde frowarde territorye
My bonys ſhalnat reſte nor abyde
But thyn vnkindneſſe to put in memorye
To remembraunce ſhalbe red full wyde
Of theſe letters graue on euery ſyde
By reporte only of this ſmall ſcripture
Which here is ſet vpon my ſepulture

To here the cauſe by brief deſcripcion
Set on my graue for a memoriall
Why that my bonys out of rome town
Be buried here lowe vnder this wall
In euil holde my feeſt funerall
Vnkyndneſſe me droue oute of that cyte
That wrought ſo moch for the comonte

## Howe Scipio Aſian lorde of Aſye that labored euer for the comon wele was murdred

After the ende of this affrican
Called in his tyme worthy ſcipion
Lam next his brother Scipio Aſyan
Which in Aſie had domynacion
Gayn whom was made an accuſacion
To all the ſenat that vntruly ſholde
Certeyne treſours towarde him ſilf withholde

Which that he in aſie had wonne
In his conqueſt by many ſtronge batayle
Which accuſacion falſly was begonne
Of olde enuye cauſeles this no faile
Whoos worthyneſſe full moch dyd auayle
To comon profyte by theſe two conquerours
Ey greate richeſſe encreſinge their treſours

The tone in affrik as ye haue herde me telle
By his wiſdom and his chyualrye
That other in aſia which dyd excelle
In hye proweſſe as bokes ſpecefye
Falſly hyndryd of hatrede and enuye
By compaſſinge of one antiochus
Him to deſtroy he was ſo deſyrous

Nat withſtondynge theſe tweyne ſcipions
Had in their tyme by manyfolde batayles
Brought into rome ſo many ragions
To obey their cite with marciall apparayles
And euermore to their great auayles
Brought in treſours to encreſe with their town
Yit haue they wrought to their deſtruccion

The tone in exile as made is mencion
Dyed alas whan that he was olde
The ſeconde was murdryd in priſon
Their bothe ſtoryes remembred here and tolde
To yeue exaumple to princys many folde
That who that labourith for a comonte
Leſith oft his thanke by ſcipions ye may ſe

### Howe the duke philopomones was take put in pryſon after dranke poyſon and ſo dyed.

After the proceſſe of theſe two ſcipions
Atwene two peoples wilfull and rechcles
Began in grece newe diſſencions
Atwene Achoois and Etholois doutles
And a greate duke Philopomones
A prynce that tyme of full great puiſſaunce
Had of Meſſoneis holy the gouernaunce

This ſayde prince philopomones
Ledynge his ooſt vpon a full fayre pleyne
As he rode armyd and put him ſilf in prees
Myd his people as gouernoure and wardeyne
Folke oute of rule for to call ageyne
Vpon his ſtede as he gan theym ſette
In due ordre his wardes for to ſette

And theſe princys of porte moſte marciall
In the purſuit which that he gan make
Amonge his enmyes he had a ſodeyn fall
Voyde of all reſcus vnwarly he was take
Of all his frendys lyke a man forſake
Amonge his enmyes brought into pryſon
There made an ende by drynkynge of poyſon

Of philopomones this was the fatall cas
Oute of gouernaunce his peple diſolate
Except a capteyn called ligorias
Which in the werres was wondre fortunat
Of acheoys toke on him theſtate
Theym to gouerne and the people lede
Of him nomore in bochas I do rede

### Of the thrid Scipion Naſica that euer wrought moch for the comonte.

m My auctour here maketh a digreſſion
And rehereth for a memoryall
Of the thred worthy ſcipion
Called naſica which in eſpeciall
By diſpoſicion very naturall
Holde amonge romayns by reporte of langage
Paſſynge all other in wyſdom and corage

Olde of diſcretion and nat but yonge of yerys
For a myracle myn auctour doth expreſſe
Whan ſenatours ſent meſſangerys
In to frigia by great auyſeneſſe
For Beroſynthya mooſt famous goddeſſe
Whan ſhe was brought by them that dyd hir gyyde
In hous nor temple ſhe wolde nat abyde

Saue in the paleys of this ſcipion
To put his name more in remembraunce
The which alſo thorugh his hye renown
Gallobois he brought to vttraunce
A peple of grece ferre out of gouernaunce
But Scipion gan them ſo werrey
Maugre their malyce the romayns for tobeye

Wherby his name was put in memorye
And full grete thanke he hath in rome deſerued
Bycauſe only of his greate victorye
For which the triumph was to him reſeruyd
But atte laſte full falſly he was ſerued
Of the romayns after their olde manere
In this tragedye anone as ye ſhall here

After he had augmented their treſours
Conqueryd in aſie many regions
Cauſed of their fone that they were victours
Appeſed of Graccus the fals accaſions
Compaſſed of malyce by newe diſcencion
Atwene the peple and alſo the ſenat
He of hye wyſdome hath ſtint all that debate

Truſtynge the romayns ſcipion was begyled
Loſte their fauour and offendyd nought
By theym vnwarly banyſſhed and exyled
Clene forgotyn put oute of their thought
For comon profyte all that he hath wrought
The guerdon loſte though princys can nat ſe
Of all that done for any comonte

Lyke a blaſe for a while lyght
Which ſhewith clere and is neuer after ſeyne
Or lyke a ſonne for a maument bryght
Unwarly ſhrouded with a ſhroude of reyn
Right ſo the wyndy fauour bloweth in veyne
May reſemble for a mutabilite
Of them that do for any comonte

The peple foloweth their owne opinions
In their conceitis they be ſo wonderfull
Wyll holde the brydel of their diſcrecions
Their haſty demynge ſo beſtiall is and dull
Of blynde bayarde they brayde at a pull
To quite the guerdons of marcyall bountye
Of theym that done for any comonte

This day a prince ſtande in the peplis grace
Lyke as they wolde his name deifye
Aboue the ſterrys in Jupiters place
With mars and phebus his name to ſtellefie
But by to morowe there commeth a ſoden ſkye
Shewynge there is a full feynt ſurete
Of them that do for any comonte

And for taſſerme that is trulye ſo
Call thre Scipions to remembraunce
Firſte of affryk and aſie both two
Note in cronicles their knyghtly gouernaunce
Their reſtles labours romayns for tauaunce
Rekne ageynwarde howe theſe princis thre
Were full vngoodly quit by the comonte

Lenuoye

This tragedye of thre Scipions
So worthy in knyghthode and eke notable
Made ſo many famous regions
Subiect to rome this ſtory is no fable
Where the the romayns double and deceyuable
Shewed ageynwarde to theſe princis thre
The thanke loſte and guyrdon couenable
Of him that doth for any comonte

Rekne vp in affrik the cyties and the tours
Greate Cartage with caſtels defenſable
Rekne in aſ[illegible] the great poſſeſſions
With tenementys very Innumerable
Rekne their tryumphes of prys incomparable
Which conſidred ye may a myrrour ſe
Howe the guyrdounes be fals and flaſkyſable
Of them that do for any comonte

They were whilom the romayn champions
Of ſenatours to ſet the honour ſtable
To auoyde diſcorde and all diſſencions
Atwene the comons and ſtatys honourable
But ſhe that is of cuſtom ay chaungeable
Fortune in whom may be no ſurete
Sheweth in her whele the guyrdons mutable
Of theym that done for any comonte

Noble princis peyſe in your reſons
All wordly thynge in erth is tranſmutable
Feynt and vnſure youre dompnacions
Charite is there none to make theym ꝑdurable
Sorowe at departynge your bodyes corrumpable
A thinge raſſemblynge that neuer had be
Recorde on Scipions by guerdons raſſemblable
Of them that done for any comonte

Truſt neuer in youre oppinions
But that your power is eche day remuable
Be nat made blinde in your diſcrecions
But conſidre by exaumples reſonable
They of fortune lyke haſarde retournable
With ſodeyne chaunge of fals felicite
Unto the guerdons daily comparable
Of theym that done for any comonte

Howe duke hanyball after many victorious dedys murdred him ſilf with poyſon.

Next to Bochas as I rede
Oute of affryk and cartage therwithall
There cam a duke that had mooſt hatrede
Agayn the romayns in eſpeciall
This famous prince called hanyball
By whoos prowesse as it is well knowe
The ſeyd romayns were daunted and brought lowe

And amonge other worthy dukys all
As olde cronicles maketh mencion
Of hanyball the fate is ſo befall
At his byrth by diſpoſicion
That of his naturall conſtellacion
Set in the heuene that he ſhulde be
Perpetually enmye to rome the cite

As the ſtory of him doth deuiſe
While his fader duke whilom of cartage
Called amulchar dyd ones ſacrifice
To his goddys and he nyne yere of age
Swore and auowed of herte and of corage
Durynge his lif without excepcion
Euer to be enmye vnto rome town

This martis childe this luſty yonge knight
Was to cartage the ſtronge mighty wall
Which ſuccedyd in his faders right
After the deth of worthy haſtruball
Firſt he made a werre full mortall
Geyn Saguntynois as it is ſpecefyed
Cauſe with romayns that they were alyed

A dreme he had and was thus in ſentence
That he ſhulde conquere in batayle
Maugre all tho that ſtonde at diffence
Two mighty cuntres firſt ſpayne and than Itayle
Down deſcendynge with greate apparayle
Paſſinge the famous ryuere Iberyus
And where he rode away victorious

With him of affryk many cheueteyns
Rode through Gaule fonde no reſiſtence
Of Pyrenes by the hye mounteyns
To ſhewe the rigour of his magnyficence
Ouer the alpies by ſturdy violence
Natwithſtandynge the paſſage was full wykke
Of ſlidinge froſtys and of ſnowys thykke

A great partye of his people loſte
By the conſtreynt of that fell paſſage
Hors Olifauntys that many beſaunt coſt
Fonde great daungere of them in his cariage
Aſſaut of brygauntes whan they fonde auauntage
And as bochas put in remembraunce
Felt greate loſſe of all his ordenaunce

The alpyes paſſed with trauaile and greate woo
This hanyball with all his chiualrye
Aprochyd is the ryuere of the poo
Cam to a town that callyd is Curſye
Which ſtandeth vpon the cite of pauye
Where a conſull called ſcipion
Gaue him batayle euyn afore the town

The ſame conſull Gueus Scipion
Which by proceſſe of manly hanyball
Was deſconfyted as made is mencion
Tofore pauye had a right foule fall
The firſt victorie in eſpeciall
That he had beyonde the mountayns
Whan he purſued taſſeyle the romayns

Sempronyus a nother conſulere
That was felawe to ſayde Scipion
Sent eke fro rome with a full proude chere
Geyn hanyball but in his cūmynge down
Tofore Treſbye a large mighty town
Outrayed was by fatall auenture
And after neuer his fall might recure

Of two conſulers this was the wofull fyne
Sempronyus and Gueus Scipion
Ouer the mounteyne callyd Appenyne
Went hanyball thrugh his great renown
To great damage and great confuſion
Of his people that paſſyd the mounteyns
Deſtroyed with colde ſnowe and hidous reyns

Loſte his knightys his treſours and his godys
There might as tho be made no diffence
His greate ſtedys drownyd in the flodys
By the waters mighty violence
Fonde for the tyme no better reſiſtence
Saue he eſcaped fro that ſoden wrak
Of an Olifaunte he ridinge on the bak

So Importable was his greuous peyne
Only borne vp of marciall corage
Yit there he loſte one of his yen tweyne
Kept of knighthode one chere and one viſage
Through Itayle held alwey his paſſage
Slough a conſull called flaminyus
Thus in thre batayles he was victorious

But in thys while as ſaith myn auctoure
Quintus fabius ſubtyll and deceyuable
Which was in rome a famous dictatour
And he apperceyued by lokes full notable
No romayn capteyn was in tho dayes able
As it was ſhewyd by experience
Geyn hanyball to make reſiſtence

Yit in his conceit he ſubtylly gyn ſerche
To fynde a weye he dyd his beſy peyne
Day by day gan fully theron werche
Outher by fraude or ſume compaſſed treyne
To lye in wayte and ſecretly ordeyne
Embuſſhmentis to his auauntages
Of hanyball to ſtop the paſſages

But all his traynes ſerued him of nought
For hanyball this worthy affrican
In his conqueſt ſo proudly hath wrought
So lyke a prince and a knightly man
For thilke tyme that he werrys gan
Ageyn the romayns both on ſo and londe
That they were feble his power to withſtonde

This quintus fabius kept him alwey clos
Lyinge awayte to fall on hanyball
And of aſſente elſe to his purpos
There was one Varo manly and wyſe withall
And theſe twayne in eſpeciall
within Poyle a large great cuntre
Faught with hanyball at Cannas the cite

As the ſtory maketh reherſayle
The romayn partye of worthy werreours
were fourty thouſande ſlayne in batayle
Emylyus paulus thretty ſenatours
Twenty in noumbre that had been pretours
And thre hundred capteyns of eſtate
Slayn by hanyball in that mortall debate

And by the ſlaughter of Emilius
The noble conſull Romayns diſeſpeired
And hanyball that day victorious
To his lodgynge is ageyn repeyred
His foon outrayed and mortally appeyred
Knewe no refute ageyne this manly knight
But at myſcheef toke them to the flight

The which day if that hanyball
Had them folowed proudly to the town
By the counſeyle of one marthaball
A manly knight a prince of hye renoun
He ſhulde haue had full poſſeſſion
That day of rome lyke to his entent
But I ſuppoſe fortune lyſt nat aſſent

In this proceſſe playnly as I rede
This hanyball wex proude and right pompous
Of foure victoryes dempt him ſilf in dede
Aboue all other to be mooſt gloryous
Of his corage mooſt inly ſurquedous
But o alas a lytyll ſlouth and pryde
For lak of purſute his conqueſte ſet aſyde

Yit in his conqueſt of knightys that lay dede
Of conſulers olde and yonge of age
with ſenatours the proceſſe who liſt rede
Slayn in the felde in that mortall rage
Duke hanyball ſent vnto cartage
Of clene golde by recorde of writinges
Out of the felde thre buſſhell ful of rynges

After foure victoryes here remembred
By and by the proceſſe who liſt ſe
In which many worthy were diſmembred
Both of affryk and rome the cite

Abate gan the great proſperite
Of hanyball by frowarde auenture
Set onys bak fortune hadde to recure

After the floures of his felycite
His nobleſſe drewe to declinacion
To Capue he went a mighty ſtronge cite
There to ſoiourne as made is mencion
At the tyme of wynter colde ceſon
where to his luſt and bodely pleſaunce
Of all vitayle fonde great habundaunce

which made his knightes ſlowe to the werre
For wyne wymen and plente of vitayle
Full oft ſith cauſe men to erre
Make theym feble their enmyes taſſaile
Gorges agroteied emboſed their entrayle
Deſpoſeth men rather to reſte and ſlepe
Than of their enmyes for to take kepe

But whan wynter with his froſtys colde
was ouergone in thilke region
Hanyball gan his purpoſe holde
To ley a ſiege vnto rome town
But ſo great raynes fyll fro heuene down
So great tempeſte vpon euery ſyde
For the conſtreynt he might nat abyde

To fortefye the ſeyde hanyball
Ageyne his enmyes where he had adoo
Sent lettres vnto haſtruball
In right great haſte for to cūme him to
But fortune hir whele hath turned ſoo
That haſtruball where he was loth or fayn
By Salynator venqueſſhed was and ſlayn

Of which miſcheef and diſconfyture
Hanyball gan dull in his corage
Compleyned ſore of his myſauenture
Knewe no refute ageyn this mortall rage
Herde eke ſay that affrik and cartage
were of newe to his confuſion
Strongly werreyed by worthy Scipion

Siphax alſo of numedye kynge
which ageyn romayns gan a werre make
Maugre his might and all his fell werkinge
was by force of Scipion itake
wherthrugh his corage greatly gan aſlake
And howe cartage cheef of that region
Beſegyd was alſo by Scipion

Thus hanyball conſtreyned was of nede
Home to repayre for reſcus of cartage
And was alſo in bokys as I rede
The ſame tyme full ferre in age
And at myſcheef and greate diſauauntage
Agayne Scipion full lytyll might auayle
By whom he was ſconfyted in batayle

Cartage conſtreyned of neceſſite
Them to ſubmitte vnto rome town
And for their more harde aduerſite
Gueus geminius was fro rome ſent down
Only of purpos for this concluſion
For to procure in eſpeciall
Fynall deſtruction and deth of hanyball

After all his marciall labours
His olde felicite wex frowarde and vnmete
In holowe ymages put all his treſours
Toke his paſſage in to the londe of crete
And fortune contrarie and vnſwete
Made officers kepe his richeſſe
In the temple of dyane the goddeſſe

Sūwhat for truſte and perell eke for drede
To fynde ſocour he went to the kynge
Of Bythenye to helpe him in his nede
Called Pruſias but of his comynge
The ſleighty romayns had knowlegynge
To bethenye down their letters ſent
If hanyball eſcape echon ye ſhall repent

The letters red the kinge the ſame daye
Made his peple byſiege the dongeon
Where duke hanyball of truſte alone lay
All deſtitute whan he knewe this treſon
Teſcape his enmyes dranke wylfully poyſon
Chaſe rather ſo other eſcape was noon
Than in the hondes to fall of his foon

Before his deth ſeyde this oriſon
To all the goddys deuoutly down knelinge
That they wolde of this fals treſon
Take vengeaunce of pruſias the kynge
Which was cauſe by his fals werkinge
Of the deſtruction and deth fynall
Of this famous worthy hanyball

Lenuoye.

This tragedye frowarde to write or rede
Of this forſeide manly hanyball
My penne quoke my herte I felt blede
For to beholde the wofull pitous fall
Of him that was the diffenſable wall
Of Cartage the mighty ſtronge town
Whiche ſlough him ſilf by drynkynge of poyſon

It was to him he thought more manhede
To ſle him ſilf by vengeaunce mooſt mortall
Than his enmyes by conſtreynt ſhuld him lede
In cheynes bounde he to be thrall
So greate deſpight he had of them atall
That leuer he had than byde in their priſon
To mordre him ſilf by drynkynge of poyſon

As me ſemeth in this horrible dede
He raſſembled the furies infernall
Of cruell pluta I trowe he toke his mede
Voyde of all reſon bycam beſtyall
At whoos terrible feſt funerall
Goddeſſe proſerpyna cam with manes down
The ſame tyme whan he dranke poyſon

Noble princes conſydre and take hede
Leuynge the ſurplus his dedys marcyall
Knightly remembre and haue in herte hatrede
Of his enpoyſonynge in eſpeciall
Abhomynable to god and man withall
That a prince ſo famous of renown
Shulde murdre him ſilf by drinkinge of poyſon

## Howe Pruſias kynge of bethenye betrayed hanyball and wolde haue diſheryted his ſonne and heyre went abeggynge in ſtraunge londys.

f
Olowynge in ordre there cam to Bochas
Of Bethenye the great mighty kinge
Which in his tyme was called pruſias
Gretly ſclaundred & noyſed of one thynge
That he was fals and double in werkinge
Agayne the nobleſſe of his eſtate royall
Bycauſe that he betraiſſhed hanyball

This diffaute derkyd the brightneſſe
Of his fame and his knightly renown
And eclipſed his paſſyd olde proweſſe
By reporte in many a region
Alas that euer the condicion
Of doubleneſſe by falſneſſe or feynynge
Shulde be founde and namely in a kinge

Of this pruſias ferther to procede
which geyn hanyball wrought this treſon
A ſonne he had called Nichomede
Borne to be heire by iuſt ſucceſſion
But his fadre by fals colluſion
Purpoſyd him for he was yonge of age
To put him out of his heritage

In this matere there grue vp a great ſtryf
By pruſias geyn this Nycomede
Cauſe that he by his ſoconde wyf
had a yonge ſonne in bokys thus I rede
whom he purpoſed to preferre in dede
For which he caſte by ſhorte concluſion
Of Nychomede the deſtruction

And for tacompliſſh this froward fals matere
By full great deliberacion
kynge pruſias gan ſhewe heuy chere
Geyne nychomede ſekinge accaſion
To depryue him of poſſeſſion
After this day by ſubtyll fals werkynge
In bethenye he ſhall nat regne as kynge

The peple ſeynge this greate iniquite
wrought by the kinge geyne gode conſcience
Thrugh all the londe of hye and lowe degre
To nychomede al of one ſentence
Gaue their gode wyll and their benyuolence
For euery lorde and euery greate baron
Stode hole with him thrugh all the region

Thus by iuſt tytle he was crowned kynge
Pruſias for ſhame and heuyneſſe
In ſtraūge cuntrees lyued by beggynge
All diſſolate cryed for almeſſe
Loo here the ende of treſon and falſneſſe
Left at myſcheef myn auctour ſeyth the ſame
Of pouerte forſo be his owne name

Se here two thinges and take right god hede
Of pruſias the vnware ſoden miſchaunce
The diſheritynge done to nychomede
After folowynge on him the great vengeaunce
As the ſtory put in remembraunce
For treſon done odyble and mortall
Agayne the forſeyde famous hanyball

How Perſa of macedoyne kynge that enpoyſoned his brother was by Emylyus outraged and dyed in pryſon.

Beſprent with terys pitouſly wepinge
As Bochas ſat in his ſtody alone
Next cam Perſa of Macedoyne kinge
And mortally he gan ſigh and grone
And furiouſly for to make his mone
That he whilom was of ſo great renown
Conſtreyned after to dye in priſon

This ſeyde Perſa of nature was frowarde
Euyll diſpoſyd eke of his condicion
Though he of byrth was but a baſterde
He compaſſyd by fals colluſion
After his fader to haue poſſeſſion
As myn auctoure remembreth by wrytynge
Of macedoyn to be crowned kynge

His fader philip the ſtory telleth thus
Had a ſonne which was yonge of age
wys and redy called demetrius
Borne and begete truly in mariage
But Perſa caſt by furious outrage
Him to deſtroye and murdre by poyſon
He of that kyngdom to haue poſſeſſion

Falſly compaſſyd to his auauntage
In his entent demetrius to depryue
Of macedoyne which was his heritage
And therupon he lettres gan contryue
To preue him traytour whyle he was alyue
wherof kinge philip greatly was anoyed
That he and perſa ſhulde be deſtroyed

By demetrius that thought no damage
Ment no [illegible] in his opynyon
yet his fader ſuſpecious of corage
And Perſa gaue him fals informacion
Made him be ſlayn by drynkynge of poyſon
Vpon a day a thinge abhomynable
Sittinge at mete at his faders table

Kynge philip after whan he knewe the trouth
Had of his deth great compaſſion
But all to late and that was great routh
which cauſed after his owne deſtruction
For ſorowe dyed and of preſumpcion
Perſa after falſly vſurpynge
In macedoyne was crownyd kinge

With dyuerſe cuntrees made his alyaunce
In grece and trace gate frendys nere and ferre
And of pryde and wylfull gouernaunce
Caſt with romayns for to holde werre
Vngrace and youth made hym for to erre
Tyll a conſull ſent fro rome town
Brought this perſa vnto deſtruction

Called Emelius was this conſulere
Sent ageyne Perſa to haue a great batayle
Seynge his doughter heuy of hir chere
Whan he went out his enmyes to aſſayle
Made vnto hir this vncouth apposayle
Why wepe ye ſo what thinge doth you agreue
At my departynge takynge of me leue

Fadre quod ſhe and ye take hede
A whelpe I had that dyd great pleſaunce
Called perſa the which rightnowe is dede
And this cheef cauſe only of my greuaunce
Hir fadre than gan chaunge countenaunce
This as tokne to myn encres of glorye
That I of ꝑſa ſhall haue the victorye

In macedoyne he and perſa mette
And quyt hym there lyke a manly knight
Conquereth the londe none might hym withſet
And manly put perſa to the flight
After to trace he toke the way right
Of which conqueſt ſhorte proceſſe to make
With his two ſonnes ꝑſa was there take

Emilius after this victorye
Aſketh the triumphe to his guerdoun
And as it is remembred in his ſtorye
Perſa foloweth after his chare through rome town
Condempned after to dye in pryſon
The which deth he dyd well deſerue
For he by poyſon made his brother ſterue

Thus can fortune erly and eke late
Down from hir whele and hye ſtage
Of proude princes the ſurquedye abate
Whan to hir luſt ſhe ſeth mooſt auauntage
She frowardly can tourne hir viſage
And ſodenly theſtate of theym conſume
Aboue their offyce that wrongly lyſt preſume

Amonges which a kinge of Iſraell
Ageyne the precept and lawe of moyſes
Called Ozias the byble can well tell
Of preſumption wylfull and recheles
To ſacrifiſe put hym ſilf in pres
Lyke a biſſhop in the temple arrayed
But or he paſſyd greatly he was affrayed

Loſte his ſpech ſmet with meſelrye
Durynge his lyf loo here a great vengeaunce
Of his crowne and his regalye
Impotent to vſe the gouernaunce
Peryll for pryde and diſobeyſaunce
For lyſt nat mekely the lawe obeye
For which at myſcheef he dyd a lepre deye

### Howe Amonyus a Prince of antyoch delytynge in pyllage and robberye/ with other vicious lyuynge/ fledde in womans clothinge / after takyn and ſlayne.

NExt in ordre cōpleynynge his diſtreſſe
Cam Amonyus a notable werriour
To John bochas to ſhewe his heuyneſſe
In antioche prince and gouernour
Of which cuntre while he was poſſeſſoure
Had a cuſtum and this was his trauayle
To robbe the rich and ſpoyle the porayle

Spared nouther olde nor yonge of age
Toke fro marchauntys treſour and richeſſe
And in delytes of lecherous outrages
Was all his luſt with watch and dronkeneſſe
Wyll in his court of reſon was maiſtreſſe
Cauſinge the people through all the region
To riſe ageyne hym by rebellyon

Contrarye he was to all gode diſciplyne
The people aroſe ageyn hym on a day
And he for fere in habyte femenyne
Lyke a wretche fled cowardly away
Take at myſcheef there was made no delay
Falſly confeſſinge hirynge many a man
Ageyn nature that he was a woman

The trouth knowe and the ſclaundre ryf
All of aſſent the peple antiochene
Roſe atonys and ſo he loſt his lif
They were ſo wode ageyn hym in their tene
Thus of fortune the chaunge is alway ſene
Fro better to were ſhe can ſo well tranſmue
Theſtate of them that wyll no vertue ſue

## Howe Andriſcus of lowe birth borne hauynge no tytle of macedoyne kynge / was take and dyed in priſon

But of one thinge fortune is to blame
That ſhe is ſo chaungeable of corage
To ſet a boye vnknowe of byrth and fame
By fals errour vpon a royall ſtage
For one Andriſcus by ſurquedous outrage
without title by ſubtyll compaſſinge
Of macedoyne toke on him to be kynge

Colour was none his clayme to make ſtable
Except that he of chere and of viſage
was to kinge philip of fetures mooſt ſemblable
wherby the peple in their furious rage
Caught opynyon of wylfull fals dotage
Agayne reſon bochas doth deſcryue
That kinge philip was riſyn fro deth to lyue

whilom fadre of perſa as I tolde
And for andriſcus brought vp in wretchydneſſe
In preſence both of yonge and olde
was bolde to cleyme by title of rightwiſneſſe
Shewynge no grounde but perſonell lykneſſe
Mockynge the peple which by their fauoure
Of royall dignite receyueth the honoure

Thus he that was foſtred as a wretch
In myſerye and eke in pouerte
Fro pore bed his hornys dyd vp ſtretch
To holde a ſceptre of kingly dignite
And by the ſupport of the comonte
And gan weye pompous and elate
Brought vp of nought whan he ſtode in eſtate

No thinge more cruel nor nothinge more vengeable
Nor more haſty to do execucion
Nor more deynous nor more vntretable
Than whan a begger hath dompnacion
A curre more frowarde than a ſtronge lyon
And ſemblably none ſo great cruelte
As whan a wretch is ſet in dignite

This andriſcus in his royall chaier
To execute his hatefull cruelte
Gadred peple in cuntrees ferre and nere
In macedoyne and of olde enmyte
Began maligne ageyne rome the cite
But to withſet his frowarde fals entent
One Iuuencius a pretor was doun ſent

But by cauſe that he was necligent
And of deſpight toke of him none hede
He was outrayed and by andriſcus ſhent
with all the peple that he dyd lede
But the romayns of hope better to ſpede
Haue ſent Metellus a full manly knight
To macedoyne to mete anone right

This worthy man lyſt nat longe to tarye
Set proudly on in hope it ſhulde auayle
Made macedoyne to rome tributarye
Toke andriſcus manly in batayle
Brought him to rome with mighty apparayle
And made him lye fettred in priſon
For his outragious fals preſumpcion

Thus for his frowarde vſurpacion
That was haute in his proſperite
Knewe nat him ſilf by fals abuſion
Blent with a myſt of blynde felicite
Lyſt nat remembre of his firſt pouerte
whom to chaſtiſe fortune brought him lowe
Bycauſe he liſt nat him ſilf for to knowe

## Howe aliſaundre ballas kynge of ſurrie for extorcion pride & vnkyndneſſe dyed at miſcheef.

Thus can this lady pleye hir pagent
By a maner of deynous mockerye
Hir entermys forth ſerue them of entent
To folke that truſt hir only of foly
And to purpoſe whilom of ſurrie
There was a kynge lyke as write bochas
Called aliſaundre whoos ſurname was ballas

Of which ballas to tell the proceſſe
Firſt of his ryſynge and after of his fall
Antiochus the ſtory bereth witneſſe
Called Eupater which in eſpeciall
Cleymyd tytle to theſtate royall
After his fadre named antiochus
Epiphanes the ſtory telleth thus

After whoos deth the kyngdom of ſurrie
Shulde longe by ſucceſſion
To Eupater and eke for his partye
Demetrius hoſtage in rome toun
Cleymed a tytle in that region
Of ſurrie by cauſe epiphanes
Was brought to him the ſtory is no les

Demetrius fro rome is come doun
In to ſurrie to cleyme his heritage
Receyued the crowne toke poſſeſſion
Gan wex proude preſumptuous of corage
Thus Eupater was but yonge of age
Excluded was in ſurrie to ſuccede
Of demetrius ferther thus I rede

Outraious he was aboue meſure
Right vengeable and full of cruelte
Hateful allſo to euery creature
And heuy borne of worthy kynges thre
First in egipte of worthy Tholome
And of attilius in aſye tho regnynge
And ariaratches in capedoce kynge

All of aſſente ageyn him haue conſpired
Fonde a wey demetrius to depryue
His vndoynge ſo ſore they haue deſired
And their entent to execute blyue
They gan a fable of purpoſe to contryue
As ye ſhall here togydre as they went
To which all Surre atonys dyd aſſent

They toke a galaunt borne of lowe lynage
Called Ballas of their aqueyntaunce
And affermyd all of one corage
Howe he was ſonne and iuſt heire in ſubſtaunce
To Epiphanes and next heire in alyaunce
To ſuccede by tokens affermynge
Next in Surrye to be crownyd kinge

Aliſaundre of purpos they him call
Bycauſe they thought of perſone he was able
Set him vp in his royall ſtall
Maugre Demetrius cruell and vengeable
And fortune was to them fauourable
Made their purpoſe fynally to auayle
With whom demetrius had a great batayle

This aliſaundre which named was ballas
By Demetrius as put is in memorye
First ouercome and after fyll this cas
He of demetrius had the victorye
And to encres of his royall glorye
Of fortune by ſodeyne auenture
Ballus the felde dyd of him recure

Thus by promocion of theſe kynges thre
Whan he was crownyd kinge of all Surrye
To fals extorcion and hatefull cruelte
This aliſaundre dyd his wyttes applye
To robbynge pyllage and eke tyrannye
And deſpiſed ſhortly to conclude
The ſeyde kinges of Ingratitude

He had forget his ſtate of pouerte
Knewe nat him ſilf of fals ambicion
Weddyd the doughter of worthy tholome
Called Cleopatra as made is mencion
And all his laboure in concluſion
Was only this in Bochas as I rede
All the kyngdom about him to poſſede

Who all coueteth ſomtyme all doth leſe
One ageyne all ſelde hath ſouereynte
And for Ballas frowardly gan cheſe
To holde werre with kynge tholome
And with the forſayde worthy kynges thre
All of aſſent haue ſuch weyes ſought
That by their werkynge he was brought to nought

First tholome fro him toke his wyf
Cleopatra and toke hir in mariage
To one demetrye cauſing full great ſtrife
For he that tyme was but yonge of age
But ballas after by full great outrage
With all his power gadred nye and ferre
Ageyne demetrye gan to hold werre

Togedre met proudly in batayle
Ballas conſtreyned cowardly to fle
And whan he ſawe his power dyd fayle
In arabye a mighty ſtronge cuntre
Zabydus a prince of greate pouſtye
Toke him by force quakinge in his drede
To kynge tholome ſent anon his hede

Men may two thinges conſidre in this cas
Pryde punyſſhyd and vnkyndneſſe
And preſumpcion in this man ballas
Without tytle or cleyme of rightwyſneſſe
Made kynge of ſurry ſet in great worthyneſſe
What was his ende ye gete nomore of me
His hede ſmet of and ſent to tholome

Lenuoye
His tragedye doth naturally compleyne
Upon this vice callyd vnkyndneſſe
Which to punyſſh is torment none ne peyne
Rygour condygne flagell nor dureſſe
Empriſonynge nor none erthely diſtreſſe
That may ſuffiſe trewly to conclude
Ageyn the vice of ingratitude

All creatures on this vice compleyne
Lawe nature decres rightwiſneſſe
This monſtre in kinde doth the light diſteyne
Of euery vertue dyrketh the brightneſſe
Aliſaundre can bere herof witneſſe
Which to his furtherers he of his tetchis rude
Shewyd ageynwarde greate ingratude

Of herberus thynfernall treble cheyne
Nor of tantalus hungre nor thruſtneſſe
Of Ixion or Ticius both tweyne
Rekne the turment remembre the ſharpneſſe
All to lytyll to chaſtyſe or redreſſe
The hatefull vice of them that can delude
Their frendys olde by fals ingratitude

Noble princes which in your demeyne
Haue gouernaunce of all wordly richeſſe
Seyn folke vnkynde loke that ye diſdeyne
Suffre them nat haue none intereſſe
For taproche to your hye nobleſſe
For there is no vice more hatefull to conclude
Than is the vice of ingratitude

Here bochas writeth of the Rebellions / and Sedycions in Rome betwene Tribunys & Comons.

Folowyng myn auctor in ſtories merueilous
I muſt nowe wryte the ſtronge rebellions
Of Gaius firſt and of Tiberius
And of the greate hatefull ſedicions
Meued in rome twene tribunys and comons
And by their ſtryues howe they gan conſpyre
For tatteyne falſly to the Empyre

The yere fyue hundred by computacion
Seyns graccus made tribune in that age
After the cytees firſt fundacion
Which turned after to full great damage
Of comon profite for by their mortall rage
Tumulte and noyſe of comons in the town
Caused a great part of their deſtruction

For in departinge of champayne heritages
Atwene the worthy and pore of the cite
By egall porcions graccus with fayre langage
Had greatly meuyd all their comonte
By which occaſion in ſtory men may ſe
Another graccus called the ſeconde
Was ſlayne in rome and lowe leyde in grounde

After this deth of Graccus as I rede
Was choſyn a trybune called Munycyus
Which fordyd the lawes all in dede
Of olde graccus callyd Gayus
But he that was named Tyberius
With helpe of flaccus Tribunys of eſtate
In the capytoyle began a great debate

They were ſupported by the comonte
The boys of people the worde of noman knowe
For Graccus partye hye vpon a tre
A trumpet ſtode and proudly gan to blowe
Which ſlayne was and fro the tre down throwe
By which ſlaughter the boke maketh reherſayle
Flaccus weyke feble his party gan to fayle

For drede he fled into the teritorye
Of Janus temple ran vp to a toure
Whan Tyberius as put is in memorye
Sawe in the cyte he had no fauoure
Deſpeyred knewe no better ſocoure
Swerde ſet at breeſt preſence of inpuetue
Fully purpoſed afore hir for to ſterue

There ſtode one by and drewe his hande abak
Fro that purpoſe made him to declyne
Thus graccus party goth day by day to wrak
And Flaccus toke the temple of Lucyne
His ſonne his frendys almooſt all his lyne
They kept them ſtronge but maugre their diffence
They were there ſlayne by ſturdy violence

While Graccus frendes faught for his lyue
And he him ſilf conſtreyned was of drede
To praye a boye of his companye
To take a ſwerde and ſmyte of his hede
Set on a ſpere with the blode made rede
Sent it his moder compleynynge in hir tente
In to hir caſtell that called was miſſene

Named Cornelya his moder was in dede
Whilom doughter to greate Scipion
Hir children all ſlayn as I rede
And graccus godys acheted to the town
Therof after made a diuiſion
By Iugement throughout the cyte
Where mooſt was nede amonge the comonte

Of graccus ſyde fyue hundred ſlayne and tweyne
Vpon an hyll called auentyne
And Oppynyus a conſull dyd his peyne
Of their conſpirynge the grounde to ſerch and myne
And flaccus party to brynge to ruyne
He ſlough two thouſand by haſty Iugement
Amonge which was many an Innocent

### Howe the wyf of haſtruball brente hir ſilf and hir children.

Here Iohn bochas lyſt in eſpecyall
To remēbre howe cartage newe ageyne
Deſtroyed was and howe haſtruball
Cam to miſcheef the trouth was well ſeyn
Which to reherce of newe it were but veyne
Sith here tofore is made clere mencion
Both of their brennynge and their deſtruction

Saue here he telleth howe haſtrubals wyf
Onely teſchewe to lyue in ſeruage
Chaſe with hir children for to leſe hir lif
And wylfully of furious corage
She and hir ſonnys tendre and yonge of age
Amonge the flamys and the colys reed
Conſumed was into aſſhes dede

Dido the firſte that bylte that cyte
And made toures and the ſtronge wall
Which was betraſſhed alſo of Enee
Afore remembred the fyres funerall
And after longe the wyf of haſtruball
Chaſe rather dye with hir children tweyne
Than amonge romayns for to lyue in peyne

### Of Machabeus Ioathas take by the kynge of Surrie

In ordre ſuynge vnto Iohn Bochas
There apperyd an heuy man of ſight
Machabeus the worthy Ioathas
Which occupyed for wyſdom and for might
Office of prince preeſthode and of knight
By tytle of Iuda of werrys toke thempryſe
By clayme of leuy as preeſt dyd ſacrifyſe

The lawe of Iewys manly to diffende
With all the londe of promyſſion
This Ioathas full knightly dyd entende
Ageyn all enmyes about them enuyron
Tyll of ſurrie the fals kynge tryphon
By treynes compaſſyd and promys falſlyholde
Toke Ioathas of whom rightnowe I tolde

Machabeorum is reherced all
Of his knighthode and of his worthineſſe
With all the treſons in eſpeciall
Wrought by Tryphon by many greate falſneſſe
His ſubtyll ſleightes and his doubleneſſe
Them to reherce ye gete nomore of me
For in the byble the ſtory ye may ſe

### Howe Demetrius the ſeconde loſte at the laſte his hede.

But I wyll retourne to demetrius
That called was demetrius the ſeconde
Which by diſcente cam fro anthiochus
And by his manhode as it was well founde
Dyd the pride of kinge ball as confounde
Callyd aliſaundre which by greate outrage
Had put his fader fro his heritage

This demetrius famous and notable
Vpon parthoys had many greate victorye
Tyll kinge arſacides double and deceyuable
Hym ſilf delytynge greatly in vaynglorye
By his ſleighty fraudes deceptorie
Vndre a ſhadowe of feynynge and fals chere
Toke demetrius vnwarly pryſonere

And to great hindringe and ſclaundre of his name
Arſacydes by a maner mockerye
Made demetrius for diſpyte and ſhame
Poorly araped of hate and great enuye
For to be led through all Surye
Made him after by greate auyſement
To wedde his doughter agayn his owne entent

This demetrius was kept out of pres
That but fewe had of him ſight
Unto tyme that Arſacides
Was dede and paſſed for all his great might
Than he caſt to eſcape away by flight
And ſecretly to accomplyſſh his entent
He gate him counſeyle that was of his aſſent

Gallimandrus a lorde of that cuntre
Which that was of his aſſente in dede
In their flight to kepe them more ſecre
Made demetrius for to chaunge his wede
And preuy wayes furth he dyd him lede
But all for nought his flight was but in veyne
For by ſtronge purſute he was take ageyne

After by conſtreynt preſentyd to the kinge
That he gan weye wery of his lyf
Kept more ſtreghtly folke on him waytynge
And maugre him preſentyd to his wif
With hir to abyde full heuy and penſif
But whan they had children atwene them tweyne
To go more large loſyd was his cheyne

And thus he had ſpace and fre licence
To go and come at his auauntage
For while his wyf helde with him reſydence
They dempt his children were ſuffiſaunte hoſtage
But he was euer vnſtable of his corage
With Gallymandrus the forſeyde knight
Thre tymes take and brought ageyn by flight

And for he was ſo dyuers manyfolde
Kinge Fraactes in tokne he was vnſtable
Sent him thre dees forged ſquare of golde
To play raket as a childe chaungeable
His diſpoſicion was ſo variable
But for to reſtreyne his condicion
He was eſt take and fetteryd in priſon

But whan fortune had gyuen him a pulle
By many dyuers ſtraunge aduerſite
To puniſſh him more Pharages weyith dull
And demetrius of pryſon was made fre
Full reſtoryd ageyne to his cuntre
Weye proude ageyne of newe it is ſo fall
That he was hated of his liegys all

Cleopatra his modre that was quene
Of all egypt and wif to Tholome
Was with hir lorde at ſtryf who lyſt ſeen
Which turned after to great aduerſite
But to ſtrength hir party thus wrought ſhe
Made hir ſonne for to take on honde
For hir to fight ageyne hir huſbonde

But tholomeus called euergetes
Seyn demetrius deffendynge his cuntre
Made zebenna to put him ſilf in pres
Sonne of a marchaunt borne of lowe degre
To make a claym by fals ſubtylte
Of all ſurrie to haue poſſeſſion
For him alledgynge title of adopcion

He to be ſonne to Antiochus
Claymynge therby the kyngdom of ſurrye
Only teyclude the ſeid demetrius
And Tholomeus to ſuſteine the ptye
Of zebenna with all his chyualrye
Gadred in egipt and cuntrees enuyron
Ageyn demetrius proudly to come doun

And fortune with hir double face
Cauſed the cuntre by rebellyon
That demetrius ſtode clene out of grace
Wherby the peple of that region
Were hole ageyne him in their opinion
That by Tholomes wonderfull werkinge
Zebenna there receyued was as kynge

Thus zebenna by fals intruſion
Of all Surie was made lorde and kinge
Lytle was there non but colluſion
Teyxclude demetrius by ſubtyll compaſſynge
Yit as I finde his ptye diffendinge
Howe demetryus zebenna gan aſſaile
Their quarell darreynyd with a great batayle

Great peple ſlayne vpon outher ſyde
Demetrius put from his region
And ouercome for his greate pryde
At great miſcheef to his confuſion
Hauynge no ſocour nor conſolacion
But with a fewe choſe of his meyne
Fled by water to tyre the cite

Lyke as he wold haue lyued there in pes
By a feynt maner of pfection
Within the temple of myghty hercules
Vndre a ſhadowe of religion
But ſodenly at his comynge doun
Into Tyre and at his arryuayle
His hede ſmet of what dyd his pryde auayle

Howe zebenna kynge of ſurre by intruſion entryng had miſcheuous endynge.

Touchinge zebenna of whō I ſpak toforn
Poorly brought vp and of lowe lynage
And of kinred but a begger borne
Cam tofore bochas triſt of his viſage
Sore wepynge mut of langage
Gan compleyn his woſull auenture
Vnware and ſodeyne impoſſible to recure

His condicions ſumwhat dull and rude
Firſte in pouerte proude and preſumptuous
Apperhid after of greate Ingratitude
Shewyd in his lif to kinge antiochus
His firſt furtherer the ſtory telleth thus
For which antiochus gretly was anoyed
Laſt amene by which he was deſtroyed

There was a coſyn that callyd was Griſpus
To antiochus and of the ſame lyne
Which by tytle of demetrius
Cleymeth as heire by many vncouth ſigne
To regne in Surrye and proudly gan maligne
Ageyn zebenna whoos party to ſupporte
Stode antiochus cheef as I can reporte

This ſeyde Griſpus yonge and tendre of age
By the forthringe and ſupportacion
Of antiochus had in mariage
His owne doughter with great poſſeſſion
That zebenna for ſhort concluſion
Compelled was for all his greate might
To antioche for to take his flight

And there he fyll in ſo greate pouerte
Fayled mony for to pay wages
The ſoudyours which in that cuntre
Abyde vpon him of all manere ages
Straunge folke and ſundry of langages
Theuys murdrers manſleers and pilloures
Firſt of Iubiter aſſeylynge the treſours

To his diſclaundre ꝑpetuel of memorye
The diffame aros ſo manyfolde
In Iouis temple the banere of victorye
He toke away that was of maſſyf golde
With a greate ymage that ſtode there of olde
Of golde alſo with other mo treſours
With which pyllage he payed the ſoudyours

Of ſacrilege hauynge no conſcience
Teſcape awey he entryd in the ſe
But Soſus by great violence
With wynde and tempeſte as he dyd fle
Dyd vnto him full greate aduerſite
And all his meyne forſoke him of entent
And he was take and to griſpus ſent

Kynge of ſurrie to whom whan he was brought
Gaue on him by iugement this ſentence
For ſacrilege that he had wrought
Spoylynge temples by great violence
Doynge to goddys no maner reuerence
For which griſpus cōmaundyd hath as Iuge
That he to be ſlayne there was no better refuge

Of byrth a boye clambe vp to royall ſtage
Brought vp of nought and ſet in dignyte
Knewe nat him ſilf wex cruell of corage
Aros fro pouert to greate proſpryte
But through fortunes mutabylite
That blynde lady ſo made hir power ſtretche
As he began to ende as a wretch

Rekned the ſtatis of worldly regalie
Nowmbre of meyne golde treſour and richeſſe
Statly caſtels paleis on eche partye
Conqueſt by fortune clymbynge to hye nobleſſe
Cruell ſwerde conueyed by wylfulneſſe
Power extorte with couetyſe oppreſſynge
Cauſeth deſtruction of many erthely kynge

But in contrarye who liſt him ſilf knowe
And is by grace enclyned to mekeneſſe
Though he fro pouerte in ſtreytnes brought vp
And is by vertue enclyned to worthyneſſe
With ſceptre of pes and ſwerde of rightwiſneſſe
Indifferently his domys demenynge
Suchone is able to be clepyd a kynge

what is cheef cauſe grounde and occaſion
That princis ofte ſtonde in Ieopertye
Of wordly chaungys in ſuch diuiſion
Regnynge amonge theym the ſerpent of enuye
Symulacion faynynge flaterye
The ſoth out ſerchyd who ſo lyſt to loke
By many tragedye expert in this boke

### Howe Bityinctus kinge of auergnatus / by the Romayns was taken and dyed in pryſon

Ityinctus next of Auergnatis kynge
b Cam tofore bochas gynnynge his cōpleint
Of his diſtreſſe thordre reherſinge
And howe that he was made feble & feynte
Agayn the romayns miſcheuouſly atteynt
Nat withſtondynge to mayntene his quarell
He caſt of pride agayne them to rebell

But it is firſt put in remembraunce
Howe Auergnatis is a nacion
Hangynge on gaule longeth vnto fraunce
Of which Bytinct ſtode in poſſeſſion
Hauynge deſpight in his oppinion
To the romayns any wyſe to obey
But proudly caſt agayn them to werrey

His labour was to ſtonde in fraunchiſe
And be at large from their ſubiection
Gan of pride their lordſhip to deſpiſe
Gadred people of preſumpcion
Whom for to mete fabius was ſent down
A mighty conſull which knyghtly toke on honde
For that party Bytinctus to withſtonde

Of whoos comynge Bytinctus toke diſdeyne
Bycauſe the folke which fabyus dyd lede
Were but fewe and whan he hath them ſeyne
He ſaide of ſcorne this people who taketh hede
May nat ſuffiſe myn houndys for to fede
Whan they be ſlayne so fewe they be in noumbre
With multitude that I ſhall them encoumbre

An hundryd thouſande in his vawarde he had
That paſſe ſhuld of auuernere the ryuere
And foure ſcore thouſande beſyde that he lad
The conſull fabius met him with gode chere
Whan he was paſſyd of rodamus the daunger
Faught all the day tyll it drewe to night
The romayns wan their foon were put to flight

At the Ryuere lyke as ſeith the boke
There were drownyd and brought to myſchaunce
Fyfty thouſande as they the water toke
Thrugh fortunes frowarde variaunce
And by atteyne tenceres of his greuaunce
Bitinctus take was of the romeyns
Dampned to pryſon there to dye in cheyns

### Howe the tyraunt Euergetes weddyd quene Cleopatras ſlough hir eldeſt ſonne / exiled his wyfe weddyd hir doughter

After whos deth pitouſly to rede and ſene
Of Epiphones the great tholome
Cam the doughter cleopatras the quene
Gan compleyne hir greate auerſite
Hir ſorowe furious deffaced hir beute
Hir chekys whyte of blode and terys meynt
Rent with hir handys were pitouſly beſpreynt

To philometir ſhe weddyd was aforne
Whilom ſonne to tholome the kynge
And by hir lorde in true wedlok borne
Two ſonnys ſhe had as by olde wrytynge
After whoos deth anon vp ſuynge
To Euergetes a prince yonge of age
She was agayne Ioyned in maryage

By title of hir in Egypt lorde and ſyre
Kynge of that londe cruell and diſpytous
Whoos ſtorye ſheweth no kyngedom nor empyre
May of them ſilf make ,no man vertuous
For lyke a tygre this tiraunt furious
Hir eldeſt ſonne day of their mariage
Born to be heyre he ſlough of mortall rage

Nat after longe this extort crueltie
Albe they had children atwene them tweyne
Out of egypt he made hir for to fle
And of malyce he gan at hir diſdeyne
I trowe ſhe had mater for to pleyne
He toke hir doughter whan that ſhe was gon
Agayn nature and weddyd hir anon

She callyd was Cleopatras alſo
But euergetes to ſhewe hym more vengeable
Agayne hir modre that was fro Egipt go
The cite which was to hir fauorable
The people exyled he wode and vntretable
In hir deſpight gaue that notable town
Of hatfull malyce to ſtraunge nacion

But whan he knewe thrugh his cruell dedys
And gan conceyue howe he was coupable
Sawe ageyne hym the manyfolde hatredes
And conſpiracion of ſtatys honorable
He at large to be more vengeable
Seyne cleopatras to gynne an vncouth ſtryf
Went into exyl with his newe wif

Gadred people his olde wyf to aſſayle
On hir children to ſhewe more vengeaunce
A day aſſigned helde with hir batayle
But which of theym was dryuyn to vttraunce
Myn auctour playnly put nat in remembraunce
But ſuynge after thus of hym I rede
Howe of malice he wrought a cruel dede

Which to reherce is nouthir gode ne fayre
But terryble and abhomynable
He diſmembred hir ſonne and his hayre
On pecys ſmale this tyraunt mooſt vengeable
And whan the moder ſat at hir royall table
With body and hede at a ſolempnyte
Lete hir be ſerued of frowarde cruelte

Wherof all Egipt had indignacion
And for to auenge his cruell greate outrage
They toke his plates baſnet haberion
And his cote armure wrought of great coſtage
Fro their templys rent out his ymage
In tokne he was a tiraunt mooſt atteynt
Eche thinge diffaced that was of hym depeynt

Whoos hatefull ſtory replete of wretchidneſſe
Full of vengeaunce and froward myſcheuys
Therfore I deme Bochas liſt nat expreſſe
More of his lyf fulfylled of all repreuys
Of cleopatra write nat the fynall greuys
In this chapitre what fatall wey ſhe toke
Leſt the matere ſhulde diffect his boke

Howe Jugurta of by intruſion of Numedy kynge
ſlough rightful heires & after himſilf was drownyd

Fter this wofull dedly auenture
a Of cleopatras whoos ſtory is full olde
Cam Jugurta the manly man to ſute
And to John Bochas hath his tale tolde
Of his conqueſte and dedes many folde
Subtyll of wyt and as myn auctour ſeith
Gaue litell force for to breke his feyth

But in ordre the ſtory to conueye
Of Jugurta and of his kynrede
Maſiniſſa kynge of numedie ſoth to ſey
His vncle was and alſo as I rede
The ſeyde kinge had a ſonne in dede
Callyd myſipſa eldeſt in writynge
After his day to regne as kynge

This Maſmyſſa ordeyned afterwarde
Tofore his deth of hole entencion
Bycauſe Jugurta was borne a baſterde
To depriue of all ſucceſſion
In his teſtament but in concluſion
His ſonne myſipſa afterwarde made kinge
Was to Jugurta frendly and louynge

Myſipſa had two ſonnes as I finde
The tone of them callyd herbales
The ſeconde the ſtory maketh mencion
Was that tyme named hyemſales
With whom Jugurta put him ſilf in prees
For to abyde and dwell in eſpeciall
Lyke as their coſyn in their court royall

Cheriſſhed full well bycauſe that he was wys
And right likly of diſpoſicion
Choſyn afterwarde for a ſinguler prys
To go to ſpaigne to helpe ſcipion
Seyne Numenciaynes a famous myghty town
And there Jugurta ſo knyghtly hath begonne
That by his nobles the town anon was wonne

And to remembre his knighthode of entent
His worthyneſſe and his hye renoun
To miſipſa letters were down ſent
By the forſayde worthy ſcipion
Which gaue ſo greate a commendacion
To Jugurta hym callynge in that were
Of manly prowes the yonge lode ſterre

Of kinge Mycipſa receyued notably
Callyd him ſonne by adopcion
The kynge dyd ſone Jugurta ſpecially
Though hiempſales heire by ſucceſſion
He of that realme to haue poſſeſſion
This was his cuſtom howe euer the title ſtode
By ſlaughter and murdre for to gete gode

He liſte to goddys do no reuerence
Of his nature wylfull and rechles
Hauynge neither remors nor conſcience
Touchinge the ſlaughter of hiempſales
Falſly practyſed for his owne encres
For which murdre romayns haue ſent down
A conſulere to do correction

Calipurnius called that was ſente
Only to puniſſh that horrible dede
But with treſoure his iyen were ſo blent
Of extorcion that he toke none hede
The romayns ouercome with mede
Gaue to Jugurta by colluſion
Of this murdre a coloured fals pardon

By which he toke a maner hardyneſſe
Of tyrannye in him well exerciſed
Gadred peple of hatefull curſydneſſe
And in him ſilf gan curſedly deuyſe
Texecute the ſilf ſame guyſe
Of fals murdre I mene nowe none other
To ſlee herbales the ſeconde brother

That he alone by fals intruſion
Of Numedye might be lorde and kinge
Thus of his cruelte murdre and fals treſon
The noyſe was borne by langage and by writynge
Of which the griffis falſly a brode ſpredinge
Brought forth in hindringe of his name
Fruite of diſclaundre and reporte of diffame

Mortall treſon was cured vndre floures
To ſaue him ſilf by ſome ſubtylte
And ſpecially with his greate treſoures
Tappeſe the ſenat if it wolde haue be
But theragayn all the comonte
Made agayne him a cōiuracion
On his fals murdre to do correction

Foure thouſande men of armes were down ſent
With a pretour called acilius
The which pretour ſet all his entent
To gadre treſoure for he was couetous
And couetyſe is contrarious
Unto knighthode as auctours all expreſſe
And ſtepmoder vnto worthyneſſe

A ſiege he layde aboute a mighty toure
Wherin Jugurta put all his richeſſe
The ſiege was layde for loue of that treſoure
More than for worſhip or for worthyneſſe
Wherby his name and his nobleſſe
There diſcomfyted brought vnto miſchaunce
After for mede made his alyaunce

With Jugurta to his encres of ſhame
Cauſed affryk through fals cheuiſaunce
They togydre diſclaundred by diffame
Than to withdrawe his thobeyſaunce
Of the romayns and more theyr ſilf grauaunce
To their purpos corrupted with treſoure
Many tribune and many ſenatoure

Of newe agayn all the comonte
Fro rome ſent Gayus marius
For the murdres and horrible crueltie
Wrought by Jugurta the tyraunt furious
Which to refourme the ſeyd Gayus
A conſulere of purpos was ſent down
A manly knight and famous of renown

Full notably the werres he began
Wrought euery thinge of hye prouidence
And fortune which helpeth hardy man
Gaue him greate fauoure by hir influence
And aldrefirſt he dyd his diligence
For to auoyde all that were vicious
Delicate peple and folkys lecherous

A day was ſet and takyn a bataile
By Jugurta by fals ſubtylte
Profered moch gode which might nat auayle
To haue corrupt if it wolde haue be
The ſeyde maryus but euer in one degre
He ſtode ay ſtable upright as a wall
And toke none hede to his profre at all

Than Jugurta in party diſpeyred
Greatly aſtonyed within him ſilf muſinge
But lyke a man hyndred and appeyred
He gan purpoſe anon a newe thinge
Of mauritayne he went to the kinge
To gete helpe which callyd was bocus
Him to ſocour agayn the gayus

Twene than was made of newe an alliaunce
The which laſt but a lytyll ſpace
For kynge boccus gan fall in repentaunce
Laſt he wolde reſorte to the grace
Of the romayns and nomore treſpace
And to p̄fourme this entencion
He made to Gayus this mediacion

There was one Scylla called a queſtoure
Of Gayus oft had gouernaunce
For kinge Boccus he was mediatoure
That there was newly accordaunce
Twene him and gayus and by the purueaunce
Of this Boccus Jugurta anone was hent
Maugre his might and to gayus ſent

And all his kyngedom without reſiſtence
Seyne to romayns cam vnder obeyſaunce
And marius forgaue them their offence
Receyued them vndre aſſuraunce
That he ſhall nat by dome do no vengeaunce
To puniſſhe the treſpaſſes that they dyd afore
The ſpace accounted fro tyme they were born

Jugurta takyn almoſt for angre mad
Brought to rome and fetred in priſon
To terpeya an hye hyll he was lad
Jugement youe for his fals treſon
Bounde to a ſton and after throwe down
Fro the place full hye where he ſtode
Without mercy into tybre flode

## Lenuoye.

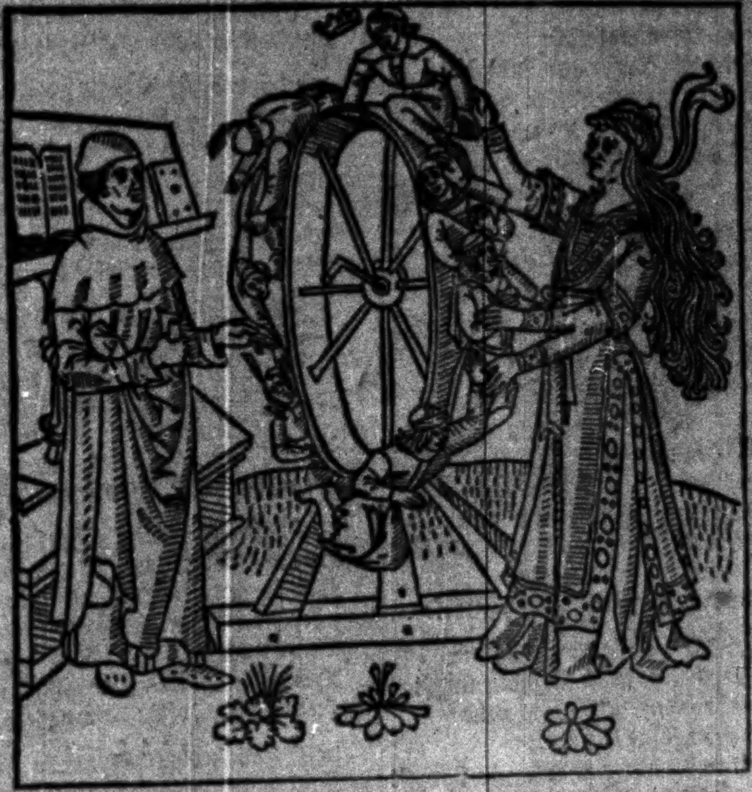
This may be well callyd a tragedye
By deſcripcion takinge auctorite
For tragedye as poetys ſpecefye
Gynneth with ioye endeth with aduerſite
From hye eſtate caſt in lowe degre
Exaumple takyn this ſtory ſeyth aright
Of Jugurta that was firſt a gode knight

At his gynnynge famous in chiualrye
Gate Numentaigne of ſpayne a greate cyte
But in repayringe home to that cyte
I mene whan he cam home to his cuntre
He chaunged knighthode in to cruelte
With couetiſe ſo blindyd was his ſight
Of Jugurta that firſt was a gode knight

His wyt his powere he holye dyd applye
To hatefull murdre fraude and ſubtilte
Eyplatt tille him ſilf to magnifie
Slough rightfull heires reſt theym their liberte
By fals intruſion clambe vp to their ſe
And gaue noo force whether it were wronge or right
A thinge contrarye to euery worthy knight

Noble princes lift vp your hertes iye
Within your ſilf remembre and do ſe
Of this murdre the hatefull tyrannye
With oppreſſion done to the comonte
His gynnynge gode a curſed ende had he
Murdre crieth vengeaunce day and night
A thinge contrarye to euery worthy knighte

Explicit Liber Quintus.



## Incipit liber Sextus

Here Bochas ſittinge in his ſtudye alone: writeth a greate proceſſe: howe Fortune lyke a monſtruous Image / hauinge an hundryd handys apperyd vnto him and ſpake: and Bochas vnto hir: makinge bytwene them both many greate Argumentys: and reſons of fortunes chauncys.

N his ſtudye alone as Bochas ſtode
i His penne in honde of ſoden auenture
To remembre he thought it dyd him goode
Howe that no man may him ſilf aſſure
In worldly thinges fully to recure
Grace of fortune to make hir to be ſtable
Hir dayly chaunges be ſo variable

She varyeth euer on the chauntplure
Nowe ſonge nowe wepyng nowe wo nowe gladnes
Nowe in myrth nowe peyn to endure
Nowe light nowe heuy nowe bytter nowe ſwetnes
Nowe in trouble nowe free nowe in diſtres
Shewynge to vs a maner reſemblaunce
No worldly welth hath here non aſſuraunce

While Bochas penſif ſtode ſole in his librarye
With chere oppreſſed pale in his viſage
Sumdell abaſſhed alone and ſolytarye
To him appered a monſtruous Image
Parted on twayne of colour and corage
Hir right ſyde full of ſomer floures
The tothyr oppreſſed with wynter s ſtormy ſhoures

Bochas aſtonyed ferfull for to abrayde
Whan he behelde the wonderfull fygure
Of fortune thus to him ſilf he ſayde
What may this mene is this a creature
Or a monſtre transfourmed ageyns nature
Whoos brennynge iyen ſparklyng of their light
As do ſterres the froſty wynter night

And of hir chere full gode hede he toke
Hir face ſemynge cruell and terryble
And by diſdeyne manaſynge of loke
Hir here vntruſſyd harde ſharpe and horryble
Froward of ſhap lothſom and odyble
An hundred handes ſhe had of eche part
In ſundry wyſe hir gyftys to depart

Sūme of hir hondes lyft vp men alofte
To hye eſtate of wordly dignite
Another honde griped full vnſofte
Which caſt another in greate aduerſite
Gaue one richeſſe an other pouerte
Gaue ſūme alſo by report a gode name
Noyſed another of ſclaundre and diffame

Hir habite was of manyfolde colours
Watchet blewe of feyned ſtedfaſtneſſe
Hir golde allayed like ſonne in watry ſhoures
Meynt with light grene for chaunge and dobleneſſe
A pretens red drede meynt with hardyneſſe
White for clennes lyke ſone for to fayle
Feynt blacke for mournynge ruſſet for trauayle

Hyr colours meynt of wellys more than one
Sūme while eclypſyd ſūme while ſhe ſhone bright
Dull as an aſſe whan men had haſte to gone
And as a ſwalowe geriſſh of hir flight
Twene ſloughth & ſwyſt nowe croked nowe vpright
Nowe as a creple lowe coorbyd down
Nowe a duery nowe a champion

Nowe a cowarde durſt nat come in prees
Nowe ſumwhile hardy as a lyon
Nowe lyke Ector nowe dredefull Therſites
Nowe was ſhe creſus nowe agamenon
Sardanapallus of condicion
Nowe was ſhe mānyſſh nowe was ſhe femynyne
Nowe coude ſhe rayne nowe coude ſhe falſly ſhyne

Nowe a mermeyde angilyk of face
A tayle behynde very ſerpentyne
Nowe debonaire nowe frowarde to do grace
Nowe as a lambe tretable and benigne
Nowe lyke a wulffe of nature to maligne
Nowe ſirenes to ſynge folke aſſlepe
Tyll Caribdys drowne theym in the depe

Thus John bochas conſidringe hir figure
All hir feturs in ordre he gan beholde
Hir brede hir lingth hir ſhap and hir ſtature
An hundryd handys and armys there he tolde
Wherof aſtonyed his hert gan wexe colde
And amonge all hir membres euerichon
He ſempt ſhe had no fete vp to gon

And whyle that he conſidred all this thinge
Twene them as it were in a traunce
She ſodenly towarde hym lokinge
He conceyued by hir countenaunce
Were it for Ire were it for pleſaunce
Outher for fauoure outher for diſdeyne
By the maner ſhe wolde ſumwhat ſeyne

Lokynge aſcoyne as ſhe had had diſdeyne
Bochas quod ſhe I knowe all thyn entente
Howe thou trauayleſt beſyeſt the in vayne
In thy ſtudy euer diligent
Nowe in the weſt nowe in the oryent
To ſech ſtories north and meredien
Of worthy princes that here tofore haue ben

Sūme dwellyd vnder the pole artike
By my fauour vpreyſed to the ſterrys
Outher vndre the pool antartyke
Which in contrarye fro vs ſo ferre is
Sūme encreſyd and ſet vp by the werrys
Lyke as me liſt their triumphes to auaunce
Frownynge on other I brought them to miſchaunce

I ſe the beſy remembrynge by ſcriptures
Storyes of prynces in euery maner age
As my fauour folowed their auentures
By humble ſtyle ſet in playne langage
Nat made curious by none auauntage
Of rethorikes with muſys for to ſteyne
But in pleyne fourme their dedys to deſcryue

In which proces thou doeſt great diligence
As they deſerue to yeue them thanke or blame
Settyſt vp one in royall excellence
Within myn houſe called the houſe of fame
The golden trumpet with blaſtys of gode name
Enhaunceth one to full hye partyes
Where Iuppyter ſitteth amonge the heuenly ſkyes

Another trumpet of ſownys full vengeable
Which bloweth vp at feſtys funerall
Nothinge bright but of coloure ſable
Ferre fro my fauour dedly and mortall
To plonge princis from their eſtate royall
Whan I am wroth to make them loute lowe
Than of malyce I do that trumpet blowe

Thou haſt wrytyn and ſette togedre in groos
Lyke their deſerte wordly mennys dedys
Nothinge concelid nor vndre couert cloos
Spared the crownes nor their purpul wedes
Their golden ſcepters but youe to them ther medys
Crowned one with laurer hye on his hede vp ſet
Other with peruynke made for the gibet

Thus dyuerſly my gyftes I departe
One accepted another is refuſed
Lyke haſerdours my dees I do iuparte
One well furthered another is accuſed
My play is double my truſte is euer abuſed
Though one to day my fauour hath wonne
To morowe ageyne I can eclipſe his ſonne

Cauſe of my cūmynge pleynly to declare
By gode auys vnto thy preſence
Is to ſhewe my maners and nat ſpare
And my condicions breuely in ſentence
Preuyd of olde and newe experience
Pleynly to ſhewe me liſt nat for to rowne
To day I flater to morowe I can well frowne

This houre I can ſhewe me merciable
And ſodenly I can be diſpytous
Nowe well wylled haſtely vengeable
Nowe ſobre of chere nowe haſty and furious
My play vncouth my maners marueilous
Brayde on the wynde nowe glad ⁊ nowe I mourne
Lyke a wedre cok my face eche day I tourne

Wherin Bochas I tell the yit agayne
Thou doeſt foly thy wittys for to plye
All thy labour thou ſpylleſt in vayne
Geyn my maners ſo fully to replye
By thy wrytynge to finde a remedye
To interrupte in thy laſt dawes
My ſtatutys and my cuſtūable lawes

All the laboure of philoſophers olde
Trauayle of poetys my maners to depraue
Hath ben of yore to ſey lyke as they wolde
Ouer my fredom the ſouereynte to haue
But of my lawes the lyberties to ſaue
Vpon my whele they ſhall theym nat diffende
But whan me lyſt that they ſhall diſcende

Why ſhulde men put me in blame
To folowe the nature of my double play
With newe buddys doth nat ver the ſame
Whan prymeroſe appere freſſhe and gay
To day they ſhewe to morowe gon away
Sūmer after of floures hath forſon
Tyll Iune with ſithes after mowe them down

Nowe is the ſe calme and blaundiſſhinge
Nowe are the wyndes confortable and ſtyll
Nowe is Boreas ſturdy in blowynge
Which yonge ſhepe and bloſmes greueth ill
Why alſo ſhulde I nat haue my wyll
To ſhewe miſilf nowe ſmothe and after trouble
Sith to my kynde it longeth to be double

Noman ſo ferre is fall in wretchidneſſe
But that he ſtandeth in truſt to ryſe ageyne
Nor none ſo depe plonged in diſtreſſe
Nor with deſpeyre nor wanhope ouerleyne
But that there is ſūme hope left certeyne
To yeue him confort ſeruynge his entent
To be releuyd whan me lyſt aſſent

The erthe is clad in motlayes white and rede
Whan eſcas entre with violettes ſote
The greuys grene and in euery mede
The bawme ſleteth which doth to hertys bote
Auguſt paſſed ageyn in to the rote
By cours of nature the vertue doth reſorte
To reuolucion to kinde I me report

Who ſhulde than debarre me to be double
Sith doublenes longeth to me of right
Nowe freſſh with ſomer nowe wᵗ wynter trouble
Nowe blinde of loke derke as the cloudy night
Nowe glad of chere of herte mery and light
They be but foles ageyn my might to muſe
Or me atwyte though I my power vſe

Seld or neuer I byde nat in one poynt
Men muſt alwayes take me as they finde
And whan I ſtonde ferthest out of Ioynt
To ſet folkes bakwarde ferre behynde
Than wordly men with their iyen blynde
Sore compleyne vpon my dobleneſſe
Call me thanne the frowarde fals goddeſſe

Thus by your writynge and merueylous langage
I am diſſlaundryd of mutabilite
Wherof by right I catch a greate auauntage
Sith doublenes no ſklaunder is to me
Which is a perſell of my liberte
To be called by title of rightwiſeneſſe
Of chaungys newe lady and princeſſe

Thus whan fortune had ſeyde hir wyll
Parcell declared of hir gouernaunce
Made a ſtynt and ſoberly ſtode ſtyll
John bochas ſate and herde all hir daliaunce
Ferfull of chere pale of countenaunce
In ordre enpryntyd eche thinge that ſhe ſayde
Full demurely thus he dyd abrayde

He toke vpon hym vertue and corage
Vpon a poynt for to abyde ſtable
Certys quod he lyke to thy viſage
All worldly thinges be double and chaungeable
yit for my parte by remembraunce notable
I ſhall pfourme ſothly if I conne
This lytell boke that I haue begonne

And leſt my laboure dye nat nor appall
Of this boke the tytle for to ſaue
Amonge myn other lytyll werkys all
With lettres large aboue vpon my graue
This bokes name ſhall in ſtone be graue
Howe I John bochas in eſpeciall
Of worldly princes wretyn haue the fall

Of whych enpriſe the cauſe to deſcryue
This was firſt grounde I wyll nat denye
To eſchewe ſlouth and vyſes all my lyue
And ſpecially the vice of glotonye
Which is norice vnto lecherye
This was chef cauſe why I vndertoke
The compylacion of this lytyll boke

Yit by thy talkinge as I vnderſtande
Eche thinge here of nature is chaungeable
After thy ſentence both on ſe and lande
yit coude I reken thynges that be ſtable
As vertuous lyf abidinge vnmutable
Set hole to godwarde of herte will and thought
Maugre thy powere and ne chaungeth nought

Thou mayſt eke call vnto remembraunce
Thinges made ſtable by grace which is dyuyne
Haſt thou nat herde the perſeueraunce
Of holy martres which liſt nat to declyne
Fro criſtys feith tyll he dyd fyne
Thy whele in them had none intereſſe
To make them vary fro their ſtableneſſe

A man that is enarmed in vertue
Ageyn thy myght to make reſiſtence
And ſet his truſt by grace in cryſt Jhū
And hath all hole his hertely aduertence

On rightwyſneſſe force and on prudence
With their ſuſter called attemperaunce
Hath a ſaue conduite ageyne thy variaunce

They ſet no ſtore by thy double whele
With ſupportacion of other ladyes thre
Their truſt ſtande nat in plate mayle or ſtele
But in theſe vertues feith hope and charite
Called vertues theologice
Which with foure afore here ſpecifyed
Thy whele and the haue vtterly deffyed

If I with wynges might flye to heuyn
There ſhulde I ſe thowe haſt no thinge adone
With Jupiter nor the planettys ſeuene
With phebus mars mercurye nor the mone
But worldly folys erly late and ſone
Such as be blente or dyrkyd with lewdneſſe
By fals opinyon call the a goddeſſe

Gyftys of grace nor giftys of nature
Almes dede done with humylite
Loue and compaſſion be ferre out of thy cure
Semelyneſſe ſtrength bountye or beutye
Vertuouſly vſed in their degre
Geyn none of theſe thy powere may nat ſtretch
For who is vertuous lyte of the doth retch

Of thy condicions to ſet another preef
Which folys vſe in their aduerſite
For excuſacion as ſūtyme ſeith a theef
Whan he is hangyd it was his deſtyne
Arwyteth fortune his Iniquite
As ſhe had domynacion
To rule man by wyll ageyn reſon

For which John bochas in party diſſolate
To determyne ſuch heuynly hyd ſecretes
To that be deuynes of eſtate
I remytte ſuch vncouth priuytees
And poetys that be of lowe degrees
I eſchewe to clymbe to hye aloft
Leſt for preſumpcion I ſhuld nat fall ſoft

But if I had hyd in my corage
Such miſteries of dyuyne prouydence
Without enuye I wolde in pleyne langage
Vttre them by wrytinge with humble reuerence
Predeſtynacion nouther preſcience
Nat apperteyne fortune vnto the
And for my parte I wyll excuſe me

And procede lyke as I vndertoke
After that I tolde my matere
Of fall of princes for to wryte a boke
But yit afore if thou woldeſt here
I deſire of hole herte and entere
To haue a copye of princes names all
which fro thy whele thou haſt made to fall

Thy ſecre boſom is full of ſtoryes
Of ſundry princys howe they their lif haue lad
Of their tryumphes and victoryes
which olde poetis and philoſophers ſad
In metre and proſe compyled haue and rad
Songe their laudes their fatys elle reſerued
By remembraunce as they haue diſſerued

Of which I haue put ſume in memorye
Theron ſet my ſtudye and my laboure
So as I coude to their encres of glorye
Though of langage I had but ſmall fauoure
Cauſe caliope dyd me no ſocoure
For which thou haſt durynge all this while
Rebuked me of my rude ſtile

Men wold accoumpte it were a greate dulneſſe
But if langage conueyed be by prudence
Out declared by ſobre auyſeneſſe
Vnder ſupport fauoured by diffence
Of tullius cheef prince of eloquence
Shulde more profyte ſhortly to conclude
Than my ſtyle ſpoke in termes rude

Yit oft tyme it hath be felt and ſeyne
Vnder buſkys growynge on londe Arable
Hath be founde and tryed out gode greyne
Vndre rude leuys ſhakynge and vnſtable
Pullyd faire frute holſom and delytable
And ſemblably where rethorike hath fayled
In blunte termys gode counſeyle hath auayled

Philoſophers of the golden ages
And poetis that fonde oute freſſh dyters
As kinge amphion with his fayre langages
And with his harpyng made folke of lowe degrees
And laborers to enhabyte firſt cites
And ſo by muſyke and philoſophie
Gan firſt of comons noble policie

The cheef of muſike is melodye and accorde
welle of philoſophie ſprange out of prudence
By which two menys gan vnyte and accorde
with polityke vertue to haue their aſſiſtence
wiſe men to regne ſubiectis do reuerence
And by this grounde in ſtoryes men may ſe
were bylte the walles of thebes cyte

Accorde in muſyk cauſeth the melodye
where is diſcorde there is dyuerſite
And where is pes in prudent policye
In eche kyngdom and euery great cuntre
Stryf firſt inducyd by thy duplicite
For which thou maiſt as clerkys the deſcryues
Be called lady of contekys and of ſtryues

Firſt were found out hatefull diuiſions
By thy contriued fals mutabylytes
Slaughter debate frowarde diſcencions
In regions prouyncis and cites
Deſolacions of townes and of cuntres
wherfore men had firſt experience
By thy chaungeable gery violence

Thus by the oppynyon of thy whele mooſt double
As fayre by nature as it was poſſible
Ouertwertly thou broughteſt men in trouble
Madeſt eche to other froward and odible
By thy ſtrynys vncouth and terrible
Lyke a corſour maketh coltes that be wylde
with ſpore and whyp to be tame and mylde

Thus by the tempeſt of thyn aduerſitees
To make men more tame of their corages
In their diſcordes twene kyngdoms and cytes
After the ſharp of thy cruell rages
Only by ſpeche and mene of fayre langages
Folke by thy fraude fro grace ferre exyled
were by fayre ſpech to vnite reconſyled

Peple of grece of rome and of cartage
Next in Itayle with many a region
were indued by ſwetneſſe of faire langage
To haue togydre their conuerſacion
To bylde caſtelles and many royall toun
what cauſed this to tell in breef the fourme
But eloquence rude peple to enfourme

Afore tyme they were but beſtyall
Tyll they to reſon by lawes were conſtreyned
Vnder diſcrecion by ſtatutis naturall
Fro wylfull luſtys by prudence were reſtreyned
By aſſente made one and to gydre encheyned
In golden cheynys of pees and vnite
Thus gan the beldynge of euery greate Cyte

But whan thou medlyſt to haue an intereſſe
They that were one to brynge them at diſcorde
To interrupte with thy doubleneſſe
Cites regions that were of one accorde
Lyke as this boke can bere me well recorde
Fro the tyme that thou firſt began
Thy mutabylite hath ſtroyed many a man

Thou cauſeſt men to be obſtynat
In their corages and incorigible
wilfull frowarde cauſeles at debat
Eche to other contrarious and odible
Them to refourme almoſte impoſſible
Tyll faire ſpech voydinge diuiſion
Pes reconcilid twene many a region

For there is none ſo furious outrage
Nor no mater ſo ferre out of the wey
But that by mene of gracious langage
And faire ſpech may a man conuey
To all reſon mekely for to obey
By an exaumple which I reherce ſhall
wele to purpos and is hiſtoryall

The hardy knight the cruell achilles
whan hatefull Ire aſſayled his corage
There was no mene with him to trete of pes
To ſtyll the tempeſt of his doolfull rage
Saue only this which dyd his Ire aſwage
By attempraunce to obeye to reſon
whan of an harpe he herde the ſwete ſoū

which inſtrument by his greate ſwetneſſe
Put all rancoure out of his remembraunce
wreſted him ageyne to all gladneſſe
From him auoydinge all rancoure and greuaunce
Semblably faire ſpech and daliaunce
Set men in reſt in realmys here and yonder
By gode langage that were ferre aſondre

with theſe wordys bochas weye debonaire
Towarde fortune as he caſt his loke
withdrewe his rancoure and to ſpeke fayre
Touchinge his laboure which vpon him toke
Beſechinge hir for to furthre hys boke
That his name which was lytyll knowe
By gode reporte might be ferther blowe

That his name might ferther ſprede
which ſtode as yit ſhrowdyd in derkneſſe
By hir fauour his name forth to lede
His boke to furthre do hir beſyneſſe
By good report to yeue it a brightneſſe
with laureate ſtremys ſhad forth to people all
By forgetfulneſſe that it neuer appalle

This was the bylle which that Iohn Bochas
Made vnto fortune with full humble ſtyle
whan fortune had conceyued all his cas
Sobyrly ſtode and gan ſtynt a while
And glad of chere after ſhe gan ſmyle
On hym auctoritie and with a ſterſh viſage
In ſentence ſpake to him this langage

## Hic loquitur Fortuna

SOthly quod ſhe I ſe thy beſyneſſe
Of mortall men howe coryous that they be
howe they ſtudye by greate auyſneſſe
Of my ſecretys for to be preue
To knowe the conceptys hyd within me
And my counſeyles ye men do all youre peyne
Albe that lightly ye may nat therto atteyne

In thys mater your wit doth neuer feynt
Imagenynge likeneſſe in youre mynde
Lyke youre conceptis ye forge men and peynt
Sumtyme a woman with wynges ſet behinde
And portrayen me with iyen that been blinde
Cauſe of all this breuely to expreſſe
Is youre owne couetous blyndneſſe

Youre appetytis mooſt ſtraunge and dyuers
And full euer of chaunge and doubleneſſe
Frowarde alſo malicious and puers
By haſty climbinge to worſhip and richeſſe
Alweye voide of trouth and ſtableneſſe
Mooſt preſumptuous ſerche oute in all degrees
Falſly tatteyne to wordly dignitees

Bochas bochas I perceyue euery thinge
And knowe full wele the greate difference
Hyd in thy ſilf of wordys and thinkynge
Atwene theym both the diſconuenience
Haſt thou nat writyn many greate ſentence
In thy boke to ſclaundre with my name
Of hole entent my maners to diffame

Thou calleſt me ſtep moder mooſt vnkinde
And ſumtyme a fals chauntereſſe
A mermayde with a tayle behinde
Of ſcorne ſumwhile me namynge a goddeſſe
Sumtyme a witch ſumtyme a ſorcereſſe
Fynder of murdre and of deceitys all
Thus of malice mortall men me call

All this done in deſpight of me
By accuſacion in many ſundry wyſe
Ye oft appech my mutabylite
Namely whan I youre requeſtys do deſpiſe
For to accompliſſh youre gredy coueitiſe
Whan ye faile ye lay on me the wyte
Of youre aduerſitees me falſly to atwite

And thou of purpos for teſklaundre me
Haſt writen vngoodly a contrarious fable
Howe I wreſtlyd with glad pouerte
To whoos party thou were fauourable
Settyſt me abak geyne me thou were vengeable
Nowe of newe requeryſt my fauoure
The for to helpe and furthre thy laboure

As ſkauns I am of maners mooſt chaungeable
Of condicions very femynyne
Nowe here nowe there as the wynde vnſtable
By thy deſcripcion and by thy doctryne
To euery chaunge redy to enclyne
As wymen been yonge and tendre of age
Which of nature be diuers of corage

But for to furthre in ypye thyn entent
That of thy boke the proceſſe may procede
By my fauoure to the accompliſſhment
I am well wyllyd to helpe the in thy nede
Lyke thy deſyre the better thou ſhalt ſpede
Whan I am towarde with a benygne face
To ſpede thy iourney by ſupporte of my grace

That thy name and alſo thy ſurname
With poetys and notable olde auctours
May be regeſtryd in the hous of fame
By ſupportacion of my ſodeyn fauours
By aſſiſtence alſo of my ſocours
Thy werke teyplete the fauour for to wynne
At Saturnynus I wyll that thou begynne

Here reherceth Fortune hir condicions vnto Bochas ſhewynge howe many one ſhe enhaunced for a tyme/ and anone after theym ſodeynly ouerthroweth

Amonge Romayns this ſeyde ſaturnyne
Was outragious of condicion
Cauſed in rome whan he gan maligne
Greate debatys and greate ſedicions
And by his frowarde conſpiracions
He was ſharpe enmy ageyne the prudent iuge
Called metellus deuoyde of all refuge

As to the capitolye ſet with mighty hande
Fonde no ſocoure metellus in the town
The ſame tyme thou ſhalt vnderſtande
Howe by myn helpe and ſupportacion
One that was ſmal of reputacion
Called Glaueya in pouert brought lowe
Made conſulere the ſtory is well knowe

A ſeruaunt firſt and almooſt ſette at nought
And afterwarde I made him fortunate
Left neuer tyll I had him brought
By a prerogatyf choſe of the ſenate
To be a pretoure an office of eſtate
Which alſo wrought by conſpiracion
To bringe metellus to deſtruction

Of whoos aſſent there was alſo another
Called marrius beynge the ſame yere
Replete thys treſon their owne ſworne brother
Which was alſo that tyme a conſulere
I fortune made them full gode chere
Lyke their deſyres gaue them liberte
To baniſſh metellus out of their cite

Of theſe thre romayns the firſt ſaturnyne
And glaucia was called the ſeconde
And marrius layde out hoke and lyne
As I haue tolde metellus to confounde
To their purpos I was alſo founde
Fauourable to brynge them to miſcheef
As their ſtorye ſheweth an opyn preef

They banyſſhed him out of rome town
And ſaturnynus by his ſubtyll werkynge
Clambe vp faſt of preſumpcion
To be called of rome lorde and kynge
I gaue him fauour by a manere fals ſmylynge
Tyll at the laſt playnly to declare
Of his deſtruction I brought him in the ſnare

The ſenatours knowynge the malyce
Of Saturne which made a greate gadrynge
Of ſundry folke caſtynge in his auyce
By their fauoure he might be called kinge
All this whyle of his vp clymbynge
I ſhewed him durynge a longe ſpace
Him to deſceyue a benygne face

Tyll marryus a mighty conſulere
To withſtonde his preſumpcion
Roſe with ſtronghande and with a knightly chere
Beſet his paleys aboute enuyron
Brake his gatys amyd of the town
And ſaturnynus voide of all fauour
To the capytoyle fled for ſocoure

He was forbarred by marrius of vitayle
The Capitoile beſeged rounde aboute
At the entrynge was a ſtronge bataile
On outher ſyde ſlayne a greate route
Thus of my fauour he gan ſtonde in doute
Thus ſaturnynus brought in great diſtreſſe
His gode achetyd loſt all his richeſſe

Experience full openly men bereth
Such as hyeſt therupon aſcende
Lyke as the tourne of my whele requireth
Whan they leeſt wene doun they ſhall deſcende
They haue no power them ſilf to diffende
Agayne my might whan they ben ouerthrowe
What do I than but laugh and make a mowe

Druſus alſo borne of great lynage
And deſcendyd of full hye nobleſſe
Vnto vertue contrarye of his corage
Frowarde founde to all gentylneſſe
yit choſe he was the ſtorye doth expreſſe
Queſtoure of aſya an office of degre
For his byrth to gouerne that cuntre

But oft tyme vertue nor gentylneſſe
Come nat to heires by ſucceſſion
Exaumple in Druſus the ſtory bereth wytneſſe
Which both of corage and diſpoſition
Was euer frowarde of condicion
For which let men deme as they muſt nedys
Nat after birth but after the dedys

Vertues all in him were ſet aſide
Slowe to be armed hated chiualrie
Mooſt couetous deynous full of pryde
His dedys frowarde full of trecherie

To hye eſtate I dyd him magnefie
yit all my giftys in him ne might ſtretch
For here tofore the he cometh like a wretch

He dare for ſhame nat ſhewe his viſage
So ferre diſclaundryd is his wretchydneſſe
Whos couetyſe and vicious outrage
Falſly cauſed by his doubleneſſe
Magulduſa a prince of greate nobleſſe
Betraſſhed was for mede to the kinge
Called boccus by druſus fals werkynge

What maner torment or what greuous peyne
Were competent couenable or condigne
To him that can outwarde flater and feyne
And in his herte couertly maligne
As druſus dyd which ſhewed many ſigne
To Magulduſa of loue and frendlihede
Vnderneth fals treſon hyd in dede

But magulduſa lyke a manly knight
Geyn kynge boccus hath him ſilf ſocoured
Whan he by dome was Iuged agayne right
Of an oliſaunt for to be deuoured
Scaped freely and after that laboured
To acquyte him ſilf through his hye renoun
Slough fals Druſus myd of rome town

Bochas alſo men put the lak in me
That I was cauſe of the deſtruction
By my contrarious mutabylite
Of the notable famous ſcipion
Which in the tyme of cenſoryn caton
Gate the triumphe for many greate victorye
To put his name perpetually in memorye

For his merytes choſe a conſulere
And cheef buſſhop to gouerne their cyte
To all the Senate patron mooſt entere
Moſte famous of name and dignite
Saued romayns from all aduerſite
Tyme whan the were dredfull and diſpitous
Gan atwene Pompeye and ceſar Iulius

Thus whan the ſeid famous ſcipion
Was thrugh my fauour acounted moſte notable
He fro my whele ſodenly was throwe doun
Which neuer in worde nor dede was culpable
But the romayns malicious and vnſtable
By their hangman firſt cheyned in priſon
After racked there geyned no rawnſon

Thus he that had auayled them ſo oft
To ſaue him ſelf fonde ſocoure on no ſide
His dede bodye they henge it hye aloft
For a ſpectacle longe there to abyde
Thus gerisſhly my giftys I dyuyde
Stoundmele nowe frend nowe aduerſarye
Rewarde gode with guyrdons full contrarye

This was experte full well in ſcipion
Gan with Joye and endyd in wretchydneſſe
Bochas remembre make herof mencion
And of ſanatichus howe I of gentylneſſe
Made him aſſende to notable hye proweſſe
Yit bokes ſey touchinge his kinrede
Manly of pſone a churle borne in dede

For my diſporte with a glad viſage
I ſet him vp full hye vpon my whele
Gaue him lordſhip out of lowe ſeruage
To do him fauour it lyked me full well
Wherfore bochas his ſtorye euery dele
Note it well and in eſpeciall
Howe he by ſleight cam to eſtate royall

By ſleighty feynynge to dyuerſe folke he tolde
Howe that he ſpake with ſeria the goddeſſe
At euery houre pleynly whan he wolde
Of preſumpcion deſcryued hir lykeneſſe
Seyde alſo howe ſhe of hir goodneſſe
Had graunted him his ſtate to magnefye
Durynge his lyf a ſpirite of prophesye

And forthermore the peple for to blynde
He fantaſied by a craft vncouth
Within a ſhale the ſtorye maketh mynde
Of a notte to haue fyre in his mouth
Blewe it ſparklinge north and ſouth
Affermyd wherwith folke were blente
It was a ſpyryte to him from heuyn ſente

By which he wrought many great vertue
Gadred peple tyll he had in dede
Two thouſand churles at his retynue
Which afterwarde his purpoſe for to ſpede
To ſixty thouſande encreced as I rede
I ſuffred all ſeruyd him at the tyde
Tyll all the court grutchyd at his pryde

Though of birth he was but a vyleyne
Roos vp of nought by ſodeyne auenture
My gery fauour made him to be ſeyne
Royall of porte dyd his beſy cure
To reyſe his banere ware a cote armure
And by gracious ſupportacion
Brought great people to his ſubiection

At the laſte my luſt gan appall
Towarde him nat beynge fauoure
Doun fro my whele anone I made him fall
For by romayns was ſent a great conſtable
Called porpenna a prince full notable
Which fyll on him venquiſſhyd him anone
Slough and outrayed his churles euerychon

Him ſilf was hanged vpon an hye gibet
Sūme of his men was caſt in priſon
Thus to his pryde I gaue a greate tripet
And fro my whele I caſt him lowe doun
In his moſte hyeſt domynacion
Toke none hede where he dyd laugh or mourne
For with noman I do alwey ſoiourne

Bochas quod fortune take gode hede alſo
Howe I can both further and diſauayle
For exaumple ſe howe athenyo
That whilom was a ſheperd in Italye
A brygaunt after marchauntys to aſſayle
Laye in a wayte beſyde a great mounteyne
Of fugetyues he was made a capiteyne

Slough firſt his lorde a rich Senatoure
By violence brake many a ſtronge priſon
And for a tyme I gaue him great fauoure
To gadre robbours about him enuiron
All the churlys of that region
He aſſemblyd through his Iniquite
To holde a werre with rome the cite

Beſeged caſtelles brake doun mighty toures
Slough and robbed aboute in eche cuntre
Spoyled paleys of worthy Senatoures
Tytle had he none ſauf tytle of volunte
Toke vpon him of pryde and crueltie
For to be clad in purple lyke a kinge
Bare a ſceptre amonge his men ridynge

Upon his hede ordeynyd for the nonys
His golde heer treſſyd lyke an emperoure
A coyf enbrouded all of rich ſtones
Me liſt to laugh that a fals robbour
By ſupportacion of my gery fauoure
Which laſt nat longe for after in ſhorte whyle
As is my cuſtom I dyd him begyle

I ſuffred him made him feyned chere
As I haue to other mo done full oft
Tyll down fro rome was ſente a conſulere
which toke him proudly and henge alofte
His churles ſlayne and ſume of them nat ſoft
In cheynes bounde for ſhort concluſion
were dempt by lawe to dye in priſon

By which ſtorye bochas thou mayſt lere
A great party of my condicion
But nowe in haſt a ſtory thou ſhalt here
Howe in the yere for the fundacion
More thā ſyxti hundred I mene of rome town
was agaderinge a greate cumpanye
Togedre ſworne by fals conſpiracye

Them to withdrawe fro the preſence
Of a tribune called Lodonce
which for knighthode had gouernaunce
And was ſent down from rome cyte
with mighty honde to rule a great cuntre
Called chaumpayne and pleynly for to ſeye
The peple there lyſt him nat obeye

Thre ſcore and foure were of theym in noumbre
That named were cheef conſpyratours
which that caſt them their capteyn to encoumbre
with multitude of theuys and robbours
which chaſe amonge theym to be their ſupportours
Thre mighty capteyns of which there was one
Called ſpartharchus cheſeſt of echon

Gadred churles made them ſilf ſtronge
On an hye hyll toke their dwellynge place
Hauynge no rewarde were it right or wronge
To ſpoyle the cuntre beſtys to enchace
I cheriſſhed them with a benigne face
For a ceſon and gaue them liberte
By fals raupne to robbe the cuntre

what thinge more cruell in compariſon
And more vengeable of wyll and nat of right
Than whan a chorle hath domynacion
Lak of diſcrecion blindeth ſo the ſight
Of cōmuners for defaute of light
whan they haue power cuntrees to gouerne
Fare lyke a beſte can nothinge diſcerne

Gladiatores folkys dyd them call
For their ſwerdys were with ſtele made fyne
For to fight geyn wylde beſtys all
As lyons berys bores wylde ſwyne

And the mounteyne where they dyd lyue
Called Veniuſe and through their cruelte
Slough and robbyd about in eche cuntre

Spartharchus was their cheef capteyne
Brought vp nought and borne of lowe degre
But Claudius a mighty ſtronge romayn
was ſent with power fro rome the cite
For to diffende and ſaue the cuntre
The hyll beſegynge afore them as he lay
He was rebuked here and dryuen away

Many of them that kept the mounteyne
were hurte that day the ſtorye telleth thus
Amonges which was ſlayne a greate capteyne
That was felawe vnto Spartharchus
As I fynde he hight pnomaus
For whoos deth was take ſo great vengeaunce
That all the cuntre felt therof greuaunce

They of the mounteyne all of one aſſent
without mercy or remiſſion
Mooſt vengeable haue robbyd and brent
All the cuntre aboute them enuyron
Tyll two conſulers fro rome down
The firſt of them called lentulus
Both put to flight the ſeid ſpartharchus

wherof the romayns greatly diſmayed
The Senatours of indignacion
Both aſſhamed and in them ſilf affrayed
Sent one craſſus a great lorde of the town
with the noumbre of a Legion
And whan that he on Spartharchus firſt ſet
Slough of his men ſix thouſende whan they met

And afterwarde beſyde a great riuere
Called Salarre they had a greate batayle
where Spartharchus ſtode in greate daungere
For his chere and countenaunce gan fayle
Thretty thouſande clad in plate and mayle
were ſlayne that day there geyned no raunſon
All their capteyns aſſigned to pryſon

without all this as made is mencion
Sixty thouſande in the felde lay dede
And fyve thouſand were ſent to priſon
The feeld with blode ſteyned and made red
And foure thouſande quakynge in their drede
were thilke day after the romayns guyſe
Take to mercy receyued to fraunchiſe

And Spartharchus at myſcheef put to flight
Whan I from him turned my viſage
He loſte chere he loſt alſo his might
Whan I appalled the lyue of his paſſage
And for he was a churle of his lynage
Of his encres I lyked no thynge wele
Therfore vnwarly I caſt him fro my whele

Of manerys to make a gretter preef
There was another famous greate robboure
Which through Spayne was a diſclaundryd theef
And for he dred of iuſtyce the rigour
Truſtynge he ſhulde fynde in me ſocoure
Called vrinatus he ſpayne anone forſoke
And to rome the right wey he toke

Gadred meyne of his condicion
Of euery ſect to make him ſilf ſtronge
Theuys robboures of euery region
Many a churle was medled them amonge
His name to encres were it right or wronge
What euer he gat in cite or village
With his ſoudyours he parted the pyllage

Thus by myn helpe he cam to gre richeſſe
Which brought in pride and preſumpcion
He nat prouided of my doubleneſſe
Gan to maligne ageyn rome toun
But by the prudence of laſt Scipion
Sonne of Lepidus makinge therof no booſt
He ſleyn was by them he truſted mooſt

By which exaumple notable of remembraunce
Shewed here tofore John bochas vnto the
Thou maiſt knowe in party my puiſſaunce
My ſodeyn chaungis my mutabylite
And for to auoyde all ambyguite
To declare the ſūme of myn entent
Greate marrius to the I do preſent

Blak his wede and his habyte alſo
His hede vnkempt his lockes hor and gray
His loke down caſt in tokne of ſorowe and wo
On his chekys the ſalt terys lay
Which bare recorde of his dedly affray
Wherfore bochas do thy penne dreſſe
To deſcryue his mortall heuyneſſe

His robe ſteyned was with romayne blode
His ſwerde ay redy whet to do vengeaunce
Lyke a tyraunt moſte furious and wode
In ſlaughtre and murdre ſet all his pleſaunce
Yit nat for thy I gaue him gouernaunce
Ouer the peple roos on my whele vp faſt
But as vnwarly down I dyd him caſt

Twene him and ſcilla the wofull dedly ſtryues
At large herafter bochas thou ſhalt write
How many romayns loſt by them their lyues
I wyll alſo in ordre that thou endite
And if I ſhall rebuke them and atwyte
As I fro nought made them in honoure ſhyne
So I ageynwarde made them in miſchef fyne

Forgetnat alſo the dedly pitous fate
Of him that was ſo notable in his lyf
I mene the great famous metridate
Whoos name is yit full couth and rife
To whom I gaue a greate prerogatife
Fourty wynter the dede was well ſeen
Ageyn romayns the werre to ſuſtene

For which herafter I gyue it the in charge
Of Metridate the ſtory ſet alonge
Whan thou haſte leyſer and a ſpace large
Remembre his conqueſt and his dedys ſtronge
And howe that I medlyd me amonge
For all his nobleſſe and his felicite
To yeue him parte of great aduerſite

Next in ordre after hir owne chois
Fortune vntruſty vpon eche party
To John bochas hath conueyd fro parthoys
Stronge herodes regnynge in parthye
Loo John quod ſhe take hede of this ſtorye
All his kinrede if it be well out ſought
Were by Scithyens chaſyd and brought to nought

And yit for all my mutabylyte
Sūme of them which they ſtode deſpeyred
I reſtored vnto their dignite
Vnto which whan they were repeyred
This herodes was hyndred and appeyred
By chaunges for his hatefull pryde
Whan he leeſt wende vnwarly ſet aſyde

Sitynge after within a lytyll while
This gerissh lady of condicion
Gan an ill laughynge falſly for to ſmyle
Lokynge on bochas brought with hir down
A mighty prince which in rome toun
Had in his dayes notable pris and fame
Albe that ſhe oppreſſed nat his name

Bochas than his hede gan down declyne
Seynge that prince of face diſſigured
Of ſuſpection gan to ymagyne
Whan he his mynde fully hath recured
By certeyne tokenys and ſignes well aſſured
It was pompeie ſurquedous of eſtate
Which with Ceſar ſo longe was at debate

Diſconſolate through his vnhappy caas
His face ſoyled with water of the ſe
Tyme whan ſothynus and cruell achillas
Drownyd his body of furious cruelte
His face diſſigured at the ſolempnyte
With ſmokys blake dedly and mortall
Called of clerkes the feeſt funerall

Codrus cauſed the corps was brent
And conſumed in to aſſhes dede
To ceſar after his hede was borne and ſent
Vpon o poſe his ſtorye who liſt rede
After all this bochas toke gode hede
Howe fortune by a manere mockerye
In ſcorne of him gan thus to ſpecefie

Vpon the heuene after his deceys
I gan enhaunce and encreſe his glorye
By my fauoure I gaue him many a prys
Conqueſt of kynges wᵗ many great victorye
And more to put his nobles in memorye
By my ſupporte thrugh his chiualrye
With ceſar Iulius to holde champartye

And whiſe that I my fauoure dyd applye
Towarde him his victoryes to aſſure
His fame aroos tyll that in Theſalie
I gan withdrawe his party to ſocoure
Suffringe his enmyes make diſconfiture
Vpon this pompeye hindred in my ſight
Whan to leſbos at miſcheef toke his flight

By the ſeruauntes of yonge tholome
Regnynge in egypt pompeye in his drede
Was take and ſlayne he fond no help in me
I gaue him vp and ſo he loſte his hede
Yet of my chaunges noman taketh hede
Nor howe vnſuerly I caſt my dredefull loke
Saue thou art beſy to ſet theym in thy boke

Bochas aſtoned well of hir preſence
Both of chere face and countenaunce
And this whiſe hauynge his aduertence
Thought he ſawe a maner reſemblaunce
Of a perſone which ſtode in great greuaunce
Tyll at laſte fortune caſt hir ſight
Toward bochas and told what he hight

This inquod ſhe pleynly to termyne
The famous man prince of eloquence
That gaue to latynes the ſcole and the doctryne
Of rethoryk as welle of that ſcience
For which I wyll thou do thy diligence
To write with other of this tullyus
All the caſe and gyn at marrius

These wordys ſeyde fortune made an ende
She bete hir wynges and toke hir to the flight
I cannat ſe what way ſhe dyd wende
Saue Bochas telleth lyke an aungell bright
At hir departinge ſhe ſhewyd a great light
But aſſone as ſhe gan diſapere
He toke his penne wrote as ye ſhall here

### Howe Gayus Marryus of lowe byrth borne cā to hye eſtate / which brent with couetiſe after many greate batayles dyed at myſcheef

Here bochas gynneth to tell of the man
Called in his tyme Gayus marius
Borne at apina a caſtell of tuſcan
Sonne of a Carpentere the ſtory telleth thus
Purſued armys manly and vertuous
Through all rome nor in that cuntre
Was there no man holde ſo ſtronge as he

Dyſciplyne and greate ſubtylte
He had alſo as bokys ſpecefye
Prudence manhode and habylyte
Both in armes and in chiualrye
Mooſt famous holde towarde the pyte
Within a while myn auctoure ſeith certeyne
Choſe a tribune and a great capteyne

But fro the gynnynge of his tendre age
As Iſtoryes put in remembraunce
He was pricked ſo ſore in his corage
By a gredy fret of longe contynuaunce
Neuer to ſtaunch with none habundaunce
The worlde nor fortune with all their great richeſſe
Suffyſed nat to appeſe his gredyneſſe

Entrynge a temple he fonde a devynour
Counſayled there by his dyvynaile
Retorne to rome and holde ther ſoiour
By gode avys and knyghtly apparayle
Bade hym promyſe that he ſhall nat fayle
Atteyne by fauoure of the comonte
To great offyce and ſtate in the cite

Fauour of comons brought hym to hye eſtate
By theym receyued unto the dignyte
Of conſulere albe that the Senate
Had diſdeyne of his felicite
Bycauſe he was borne of lowe degre
Grauntyd to hym after by the town
To conquere realmys by a cōmiſſyon

He gate the prouince through his hye renoun
Of Numedie as he dyd them aſſayle
And toke the kinge of that region
Callyd Jugurta proudly in batayle
For which empryſe by marciall apparayle
He gate the triumphe through the town rydynge
Bycauſe only for takinge of that kinge

And for he was a p̄ſone ſo notable
For many famous ſodeyn great victorie
Namely in conqueſt preued profytable
To all the comon as put is in memorye
And for thencres of his renoun and glorye
By thappynion hole of the cite
In his honde lay all their proſperite

Agayne a peple that called was Cambroys
Them to conquere from rome he was ſent down
Alſo ageyn the boyſtous tigurnoys
Gadred to gydre of many nacion
All them he brought to ſubiection
Lyke as romayns had afore deſired
Bycauſe they had ageyn their town conſpired

They toke upon them of falſe preſumpcion
To paſſe all the mounteynes of Itayle
Firſt diſconfited as made is mencion
Thre romayn dukes felly in batayle
Foure ſcore thouſande clad in plate and mayle
Slayne of romayns the ſtory is well knowe
Under thalpies at myſchef ouerthrowe

This marrius of marciall auenture
In germanye had a great batayle
With Teutobochus a geaunt of ſtature
Put firſt to flight with all his apparayle
For marrius dyd hym ſo ſore aſſayle
At the chas proudly borne to grounde
Maugre his might take and in cheynes bounde

Marrius after with his hoſte hym drough
Towarde the peple of cimbrois for to fight
Two hundred peple I finde of them he ſlough
Eight thouſande take thre thouſand put to flight
Kynge boleus a full famous knight
Slayne in the felde for all his great pryde
Agayne marius like as he dyd ryde

That day of Cymbroyes was all the peple ſlayne
The wymen after he liſt nat to reſerue
Yit they profryd and wolde haue been full fayne
Their chaſtite deuoutly to obſerue
In the temple of Veſta for to ſerue
But their requeſt for he liſt nat here
With hym they faught echon ſlayne I fere

Except ſume whan they ſawe none other
Remedye of purpoos they were ſet
Euerich of theym to ſle and murdre other
And ſume thought alſo it was bet
To hange them ſilf upon an hye gibet
Than to abyde of marrius the outrage
Perpetually to lyue in ſeruage

Thus marrius of thre nations
Through his conqueſt compliſſhed the victorye
With priſoners of ſundry regions
Entryd rome to his encres of glorye
With ſpeciall laudys notable of memorye
Firſt the triumphe a guerdon ſingulere
He tymes ſix was choſe a conſulere

Thus fortune was to hym fauourable
To ſet hym up in wordly dignitees
For a ceſon but for he was chaungeable
Amonge hir gyftes and great proſperitees
She gaue hym part of great aduerſitees
And ſpecially the tyme accounpted than
Twene hym and ſcilla whan the werre gan

Lucius ſcilla abydynge in champeyne
Marrius at rome tho preſent
Whan the diuiſion gan atwene theym tweyne
Eche to other contrarye of entente
Malencolious and inpaciente
Which of both the ſtory well conceyued
To gouerne ſhulde ſonneſt be receyued

Al ſodenly where it were right or wronge
Towarde rome takynge his paſſage
Ageyn marius to make him ſilf ſtronge
Gan ſle and brenne and of great outrage
Wylfull haſty furious of corage
For ſodeyne comynge and vnware violence
Ageyn him fonde no reſiſtence

Two mighty batayles he dyd with him lede
Entringe the cyte gan through the wall myne
With one batayle faſt gan him ſpede
To paſſe the gate called aquylyne
That other gate named was Colyne
At whoos entrynge by recorde of the boke
Sella by ſtrength the capitoyle toke

But whan marius had knowlegynge
That Sella had ſo greate power and might
Without a reſt or lenger abydynge
In to a marys gayius anon right
With all his people toke ſodenly his flight
Fet out by ſtrength coude him nat diffende
Sella after to priſon dyd him ſende

Thus the proweſſe for a while ſlept
Of marius lyinge in priſon
Sella that tyme the capytoyle kept
Wherby all rome ſtode in ſubiection
And of hatrede in haſte he ſent down
A ſturdy chorle to marius in his dede
While he lay bounde to ſmyte of his hede

This chorle well compact of brawne & of bonys
Sette of purpoſe marius for to oppreſſe
For his ſtrength ordeyned for the nonys
To the priſon the chorle gan faſt him dreſſe
Where marius was fettred in diſtreſſe
Fully in purpoſe without more delay,
To behede him in priſon there he lay

Lokinge him firſt lyinge on his couch
And marius roſe vp like a man
The chorle ferfull to ſmyt or to touch
And marius full proudly tho began
To entre a place beſide of a woman
Founde an aſſe ther of auenture
Vpon whoos backe the ſe he gan recure

Towarde affrik there he fonde paſſage
For enpryſonynge though he were weye feynt
Yit there abode ſtyll in his corage
Hys worthynes with prudence meynt

Which in his perſone were nat queynt
Ageyne the malyce to make a countertayle
Of proude Sella the malyce eft taſſayle

Of Itayle rode through the cuntre
Toke his viage through rome toun
With foure batayles entred the cite
Syx hundred knightes by computacion
Slayne in the felde as made is mencion
Where men may ſe who lyſte loke aferre
What damage diuyſion doth in werre

First by the manhode of this marius
In this diuiſion the ſtory who liſt rede
The great conſull called octauius
Loſte his hede and his lyf in dede
Vpon a pole which it dyd blede
Was cruelly preſentyd of entent
Tofore the Iuges ſyttynge in iugement

Of whoos deth ſume of them were fayn
Sume ſory of loue as they were bounde
And in this werre merula was ſlayne
Preeſt in the temple like as it is founde
Of Iupiter with many mortall wounde
The romayn ſlayne that called was craſſus
With fyre conſumed was proude catulus

All his enmyes marius dyd encoumbre
Which ageyne him by conſpiracyon
Were aſſented with a full great noumbre
In their auyſe for to haue put him down
Take from him his domynacion
But he abode the turment and the ſhoures
Stronge to condempne all his conſpiratours

Syx tymes aforne reherſed here
Of condicion though he were deſpitous
He was choſyn ſo oft conſulere
Tyll fortune gan wex enuyous
Ageyn this ſeid cruell marius
Which made the Senate with all the chyualrye
To grutch ageyne his hatefull tyrannye

In this tyme the ſtory maketh mynde
Damaſippus a pretor of the toun
Frendly to marryus and helpynge as I fynde
Vnder a ſhadowe of deception
Vnto there cite for to do treſon
Cauſynge foure romayns come in fere
Tofore marius a certeyne day to appere

And their names to put in memorye
Sceuoſa cario and Dompeyus
The fourth of them as ſeith the ſtorie
Called in rome the wyſe antiſtius
Togedre aſſembled tofore marrius
He of rancoure ageyne iugement or lawe
Made them be ſlayne and through the cyte drawe

Their bodyes after were in tybre caſt
By cruelte of the ſayde marrius
All this while the cruell werre laſt
Twene him and ſilla tyll duke campanyus
Cam to the partye hardy and diſpytous
To helpe Silla their baners firſt diſplayed
wherof all rome was ſodenly affrayed

Atte gate that called was collyne
Marius and ſilla had a great batayle
Foure ſcore thouſande the noumbre to termyne
On marrius ſide ſlayne it is no fayle
Silla victorious with marciall apparayle
Entrynge the town ageyn his oth parde
Thre thouſand citeſyns ſlough at that cyte

Of folke diſarmyd and nakyd in the town
They nouther ſpared olde nor yonge of age
The cruell murdrers walkynge vp and down
By Silla ſent in that mortall rage
Tyll Cattallus a prince full in age
Seide vnto ſilla we can no difference
Twene rebellion nor atwene Innocence

we murdre and ſle without exception
Both hye and lowe holdynge no manere
Ageyn all knighthode to myn oppinyon
we do procede in our conqueſt here
Oure title is loſt the tryumph to requere
Of hye prowesse whan we can nat obſerue
No difference to ſle nor to reſerue

And in this while of hatefull cruelte
Silla contreuyd lettres diffamable
wherby fyue hundryd oute of that cite
were falſly baniſſhed citeſyns notable
Ageyns them he was ſo vntretable
All their godys acheryd in that rage
Of auarice and of fals pillage

Another romayne named marrius
Brother to marrius of whom tofore I tolde
For drede of Silla fled and toke an hous
which vnto gote was ſet vp for a folde
Founde and rent out in his dayes olde
with cordes drawe no reſcus might him ſaue
Of cruell venge aunce to catallus graue

where ſilla made by cruell Iugement
with a ſharpe ſwerde forgyd for to byte
After tyme his iyen were out rent
Both at onys his handes of to ſmyte
his hede of ſmet no raunſon might him quyte
Set on a pole it wolde be none other
And of deſpight ſent vnto his brother

To great marrius of whom I ſpake nowe right
The great duke ſo mighty and ſo huge
which had afore take him to the flight
For fere of ſilla in that mortall deluge
In to a cite to fynde there refuge
Called preneſte there ſtondynge in great drede
Namely whan he behelde his brothers hede

For as moch as he no ſocoure fonde
Diſeſpeyred this was his purpos
To ſle him ſilf with his owne honde
In thylke place where he was kept clos
Drewe oute a ſwerde and vp anone aros
Conſtreyned his ſeruaunt in that ſoden affray
Smyte of his hede the ſilf ſame day

Men ſey howe deth is fyne of all myſcheef
Ende of aduerſite that doth wretchys tarye
Fortune here maketh another preef
In marrius howe ſhe hir cours gan varie
By an euydence hatefull and contrarye
To ſhewe hir malyce and vngoodlihed
Ageyn this duke alas whan he was dede

This frowarde lady of malyce moſte vengeable
whan hir lyſt furiouſly to raue
And ſhewe hir ſilf cruell and vnſtable
To none eſtate ſhe liſt no rewarde haue
Caused marrius be take out of his graue
By cruell ſilla in ſtory it is founde
his ougly caryn ſmet on peces rounde

And after more to ſhewe his cruelte
Marrius ſhulde haue no buriynge place
Caſt his caryn of cankryd enmyte
Into tybre there was none other grace
Loo thus can fortune for hir folke purchace
By which exaumple touchinge marrius
Of worldly chaunges bochas writeth thus

Maketh in this chaptre a deſcrypcion
Firſt what thinge is very gentylneſſe
To ſet a preef and a probacion
Nothinge attepneth vnto hye nobleſſe
But the clere ſhynynge of vertuous cleneſſe
Which may nat ſhewe in hye nor lowe parage
But where it groweth out of a pure corage

Worldly power oppreſſion tyrannye
Erthely treſour golde ſtonys nor richeſſe
Be no menys vnto gentrye
But if vertue rule their hye prowesse
For where vices haue intereſſe
In hye birth mene or lowe kinrede
Deme no man gentyll but only by his dede

In royall palaſis of ſtone and metall wrought
With galaryes or ſtatly cloiſtres rounde
Gentylneſſe nor nobleſſe is not ſoughte
Nor in ſelers nor in voughtys rounde
But only there where vertue doth habounde
Colorous clothes nor great poſſeſſions
Maketh nat a man gentyll but condicions

Philoſophers conclude in their entent
And all theſe worthy famous olde auctours
No man may queth in his teſtament
Gentylneſſe vnto his ſucceſſours
Of wyckyd wede come none holſum flowres
Concludynge thus of gode men and of ſhrewys
Call eche man gentyll after his gode thewys

Duke marrius of whom I ſpak tofore
Of nature the ſtory bereth witneſſe
As by diſcent pore and nedy bore
By diſpoſicion of coragious nobleſſe
Had in his perſone wyt ſtrength hardyneſſe
Vnder all this there dyd his herte myne
A worme of auarice his worſhip to declyne

What vayleth plente that neuer may ſuffyſe
Or what the ſlode that ſtauncheth no thurſt
Or what an appetyte which euer doth ariſe
All way to ete and euer to ete hath luſte
Of cankred hungre ſo fretynge is the ruſte
That the ryuer of tantalus in his rage
Of gredy etikys the fret may nat aſſwage

Of marrius ye haue herde the ende
His woofull fall and his vnhappy cas
In to fate howe he dyd wende
Nowe wyll I folowe myn auctour Iohn bochas

Howe vnto him thre cleopatras
With loke down caſt woful face and chere
All at onys dyd to him appere

The firſt of them by proces of wrytynge
Had thre huſbondys bochas doth expreſſe
Weddyd in youth to alyſaundre the kinge
Called zebenna a prince of great nobleſſe
After that for hir great fayrneſſe
She weddyd was vnto demetrius
And laſt of all to kinge antiochus

Of hir thre huſbondys woful aventure
And of her ſonnys great vnkyndneſſe
Bochas afore hath done his beſy cure
Ceriouſly the mater to expreſſe
Which to reherce agayn were Idleneſſe
Sith all the proceſſe here tofore is founde
Of the firſt and eke of the ſecounde

Which weddyd was to kinge tholome
Lyke as a fore eke made is mencion
Both of their ioye and their aduerſite
The firſt ſlayne by drinkynge of poyſon
And the ſeconde to hir confuſion
By euergetes were ſhe wo orſeyn
Was with hir childe ſerued that was ſleyn

The thyrd weddyd was to kinge Griſpus
Slayne in a temple by full greate outrage
For drede and ſhame gan wepe furious
To ſaue hir ſilf knewe none auauntage
Saue ſhe enbracyd of Iupiter an Image
In the ſtory as here tofore is founde
Or ſhe was dede ſuffred many a wounde

Howe kinge metrydate boode vii yere in wyldeneſſe had greate turmentys both on ſee and londe / by hys blode brought to vttraunce ſlough him ſilfe with a ſwerde.

i wyll paſſe ouer theſe cleopatras thre
Furth procede to the haſty fate
Done execute by peas cruelte
Vpon the duke called metrydate
Firſt reherce the great vnkyndly hate
Of them that were his tutours as I rede
Him to deſtroye by aſſent of his kinrede

Which of purpos dyd his deth prouyde
By many uncouth ſtraunge occaſion
In tendre youth firſt they made him ride
Upon an horſe wylder than a lyon
Of purpos only for his deſtruccion
But albe ſo that he was yonge of age
The horſe he rulyd in all his moſte rage

Nat of doctryne but only of nature
He was diſpoſed cūnyngly to ryde
Ouer him the mayſtry to recure
Maugre the horſe of wyt he was his guyde
What way he toke frowarde or aſyde
He dauntyd him that where ſo euer he rode
Brydlyd him and on his bak he bode

His owne kyn and his next alyes
Moſte laboured to brynge him to miſcheef
With venymous drinke ſet on him eſpyes
At gode leiſer as doth a couert theef
Of their fell poyſon for to make a preef
In their entent this is well couth
Him to murdre in his tendre youth

But whan that he apperceyued their treſon
To saue him ſilf made great ordynaunce
Anon as he gan haue ſuſpecion
Of their unkindly hatefull purueaunce
For remedyes made cheuyſaunce
Was prouyded their malice to declyne
By many notable prouyd medecyne

And their malice prudently to eſchue
Is remembred while he was yonge of age
With certeyne frendys which that dyd him ſue
He diſpoſed of cuſtum his corage
To hunte and chace beeſtys mooſt ſauage
Under that coloure he dyd it for a wyle
Ferre fro his cuntre abſente him for awhile

Of one corage one herte and one chere
Suffred manly tobe none heuyneſſe
In deſertys ſpace of ſeuene yere
Amonge hye hyllys bode in wylderneſſe
Yet in aſia the ſtorye berith wytneſſe
Fynde no lodgynge traſynge the cuntrees
Saue in cauernys and greate holowe trees

The boke remembreth howe that his dyete
Were beeſtys wylde enchaced with greate might
Fled Idelneſſe eſchued all quiete
And lytyll ſlepe ſuffiſed him at night

By exerciſe his body was made light
There was nouther whan him liſt purſue
Herte nor hynde that might his honde eſchue

He nouther dread tygres nor lyons
He was ſo ſwyft though they dyd him aſſayle
Lyke of ſtrength to old champions
No wylde beſte of great nor ſmall entrayle
To eſcape his honde might nat countrevayle
If he were ware erly outher late
So greate ſwyftneſſe had mitridate

Amonge he had in armys exerciſe
Amonge to tournay and ren on horſbacke
All delycate fare he dyd alſo deſpyſe
Of gredy exceſſe in him there was no lak
A nightertyme his ſlepe full oft he brake
Stoundemele the houres for to marke
In the dawnynge ros up or the larke

The ſpace accompliſſhed fully of ſeuene yere
He is repayred home to his cuntre
Shewyd him ſilf of manhode and of chere
Full like a knight his ſtory who liſt ſe
Wherof hys enmyes aſtonyed be
Caught of his cūmynge in herte a manere drede
Suppoſynge afore that he was dede

In whoos abſence his wif leodices
Conceyued a childe as made is mencion
For the diffame ſhulde nat cūme in prees
Him for to murdre ſhe ſought occaſion
Fully in purpos to ſle him by poyſon
Of which diſſautys hir lorde was no thinge fayne
Knowynge the trouth made hir to be ſlayne

Toke on him after many knightly dede
Firſt to conquere all Paſſlogonye
By the helpe of worthy Nychomede
That tyme called kynge of bythynye
Togydre aſſured to be of one alye
In loſſe or lucre fortune to be their guyde
And therto ſworne neuer to deuyde

To metridate legates were doun ſente
Fro the romayns him lowly requeringe
That he wolde lyke to their entent
Paſſlogonye reſtore to their kinge
Which he had wonne the cite aſſaylyng
But he liſt nat aduertyſe their prayere
Nor on no wyſes their requeſtys here

He dred nat their thretys nor mynacys
Gate proudly after the londe of Galathye
In his conqueſtys wan many other placys
Capadoce toke to his partye
Though their kinge of hatrede and envye
Ariaretes a full manly man
And in this wyſe his conqueſt he began

Agayn thaſſuraunce twene him and nichomede
All ſodenly he gan fall at debate
Thought he wolde warreye him in dede
Bycauſe that he pompous and ſtate
In capadoce toke on him theſtate
To regne as kinge ageyns his entent
He neither beynge of counſeyle nor aſſent

Cyit nichomede or they gan debate
Had longe afore to his owne encres
The ſyſter weddyd of that Metridate
Whan they as brethren lyvyd in reſt and pes
And ſhe alſo was called leodyces
Havynge two ſonnys borne for to ſuccede
After diſſes of ſeyde Nychomede

And by proceſſe theſe ſeyde chyldren twayne
In capadoce by helpe of metridate
Cleymed a tytle iuſtly for to atteyne
Unto the crowne their fader dyed but late
For which they gan felly to debate
Tyll metridate falſly gan contriue
His two neuewes ungoodly to depriue

All Capadoce he toke into his honde
His owne ſonne he hath crownyd kinge
Capadociens by aſſente of all the londe
Gan diſobeye of purpoſe his werkynge
Whan the romayns conſidred all this thinge
Ariobarzenes in haſt they ſent down
Geyn metridate to kepe that region

The ſonne of whom fro them they haue refuſed
Out of their kingdome gan him to enchace
For they ſempt their fraunchiſe was abuſed
To ſe a foreyn occupye that place
Metridate gan newely them manace
And toke with theym to ſuſteyne his ptye
Tygranes the kinge of armenye

Ariobarzenes that was fro rome ſent
To capadoce to help them and counſayle
Of metridate knowynge the entent
Howe he cam down proudly him taſſayle

With digranus ſet in the firſt batayle
Of capadoce that all the region
Was brought that day to their ſubiection

Thus metridate hauynge his entent
In ſhort tyme cuntres conqueringe
Was myghtyeſt prince of all the orient
And in tho dayes one the greteſt kinge
And as it is remembred by writinge
He delyted moſte in aſtronomye
In ſortilege and in ſorcerye

And with all theſe he dyd his beſy cure
For to lerne uncouth concluſions
And ſecretys ſought out by nature
Knewe the langages of dyuerſe regions
Of two and twenty ſundry nacions
And helde wymen many more than one
Loued hypſicrata aboue them euerichone

To the romayns this manly metridate
As bokes olde recorde of him and ſayne
Upon a day of very cruell hate
Through all aſie he bad that eche romayne
Shulde of his men merciles be ſlayne
Twenty thouſande he ſlough eke on a day
Of romayn marchauntys durſt no man ſey nay

To him he drough dyuers nacions
To encres his partye by puiſſaunce
Kymbroys Gallois with other regions
Boſtornois toke to his alliaunce
With ſtraunge peple made his acquayntaunce
Where that euer he rode nye or ferre
With theym of rome for to holde werre

In grece alſo he gate many an yle
All ciclades to his ſubiection
Conquered ſo that within a whyle
Of athenys he gate the famous town
But whan romayns knewe his entencion
They ſente ſylla in a furious hete
With metridate in grece for to mete

Archelaus which that was unſtable
Ledynge the oſt of kinge metridate
Gan ageyn ſylla truſtynge he was able
Maugre romayns with him to debate
As they met in their furious hate
Beſyde Orthonya of grece a greate town
Of archelaus the partye was brought down

There gan Sella to be victorious
Geyne metridate and by greate violence
Gate all epheſe a kyngdom full famous
Rode through aſie fonde no reſiſtence
By his knyghthode and manly prouydence
Capadoce Bithynye eke alſo
To romayn handes he gate them both two

Whan metridate perceyued hath this thinge
Howe the conqueſt of Sella toke encres
Anone he caſt without longe taryinge
For a tyme with him to haue a pes
Of hye wyſdom he was nat recheles
To diſſymule tyll he fonde tyme and ſpace
In fortune to fynde better grace

Abode his tyme kept him ſilf clos
Tyll he fonde leyſer lyke his opinyon
In this whyle of auenture aros
Within rome a greate diſcencion
Twene two conſulers beynge in that toun
Which to appeſe by his auctoryte
Sella cam vp ageyne to the cyte

Whan Metridate his abſence dyd eſpye
To his purpos founde oportunyte
Gadred people and with his chiualrye
A ſiege layde vnto Cyzite the cyte
Of all aſye mooſt of auctoryte
Tyll Lucullus a mighty conſulere
To breke the ſyege aproch gan full nere

Metridate had on fyue capteyns
Tofore the toun made a diſconfiture
Of hye deſpyte he had to romayns
But Lucullus the damages to recure
Tencloſe his ennemyes dyd his beſy cure
To his mynours gaue anone in charge
Aboute the ſyege to make a dych full large

They within had knowlegynge
By certeyne tokens of all their gouernaunce
Wherupon they made a taryinge
To caſt away for their delyueraunce
Metridate ſeynge their ordynaunce
Of hye prudence eſcapyd awey beſide
And at the ſige lyſt no lenger abide

Lucullus than the mighty conſulere
Purſued after ſlough of his meyne
Such multitude that Aſopus the ryuere
Was made with blode lyke the rede ſe
With wynde and tempeſt fordryue alſo was he
And whan he ſawe no ſocoure in the londe
To ſhip he went with ſtrong and mighty honde

He fonde fortune cruell aduerſarye
On londe and ſe this worthy metridate
And neptunus made the ſe contrarye
Ageyns him his puiſſaunce tabate
What ſhall men calle it influence or fate
So ſodenly a prince of hye renoun
Fro hye nobleſſe to be plonged doun

For any myſcheef he kept ay one viſage
This metridate and loth was for to plye
Or for to bowe ſo ſtronge was his corage
But eft ageyn goth with his chiualrye
Towarde adaſtrus an hyll of armenye
Where as pompeye beſet him enuyron
Sent fro rome to his deſtruction

Metridate makynge his lodgynge place
Under that hyll whan it drewe to night
The troubly heuene with thundrynge gan manace
The fyry leuyn dyrkyd hath his ſight
The cloudy mone eclipſyd of hir light
Aſtonyed him by vnware violence
That he ſtode confus of all prouidence

He was by tempeſt and vnware dyrkneſſe
Almoſte made wery of his wofull lyf
Yit I finde of very kindneſſe
Hipſitraca which that was his wif
Nouther for werre nor no mortall ſtryf
Left him neuer diſgyſed of viſage
Folowed him arayed as a page

Yit in his mooſt mortall heuyneſſe
Whan cloudy fortune gan him mooſt manace
Of his corage the naturall quikneſſe
Appalled nat nor remeuyd from his place
So hye proweſſe dyd his herte embrace
Nat diſpeyred for no ſoden fall
Of condicion he was ſo marciall

In tokne wherof he ſtondinge at myſcheef
Chaunged nouther chere nor countenaunce
An euidence and a full great preef
Of manly force and hertly aſſuraunce
Defyinge fortune with all hir variaunce
Whan that he fonde to his deſtruction
Of diſeſpeyre grettest occaſion

He dred nat their thretys nor manacys
Gate proudly after the londe of Galathye
In his conqueſtys wan many other placys
Capadoce toke to his partye
Slough their kinge of hatrede and enuye
Ariaractes a full manly man
And in this wyſe his conqueſt he began

Agayn thaſſuraunce twene him and nichomede
All ſodenly he gan fall at debate
Thought he wolde warrye him in dede
Bycauſe that he pompous and elate
In capadoce toke on him theſtate
To regne as kinge agayns his entent
He neither beynge of counſeyle nor aſſent

Tyll nichomede or they gan debate
Had longe afore to his owne encres
The ſuſter weddyd of that Metridate
Whan they as brethren lyuyd in reſt and pes
And ſhe alſo was called leodyces
Hauynge two ſonnys borne for to ſuccede
After diſſes of ſeyde Nychomede

And by proceſſe theſe ſeyde chyldren twayne
In capadoce by helpe of metridate
Cleymed a tytle iuſtly for to atteyne
Unto the crowne their fader dyed but late
For which they gan felly to debate
Tyll metridate falſly gan contriue
His two neuewes ungoodly to depriue

All Capadoce he toke into his honde
His owne ſonne he hath crownyd kinge
Capadociens by aſſente of all the londe
Gan diſobeye of purpoſe his werkynge
Whan the romayns conſidred all this thinge
Ariobarzenes in haſt they ſent doun
Agayn metridate to kepe that region

The ſonne of whom fro them they haue refuſed
Out of their kingdome gan him to enchace
For they ſempt their fraunchiſe was abuſed
To ſe a foreyn occupye that place
Metridate gan newely them manace
And toke with theym to ſuſteyne his pyte
Tygranes the kinge of armenye

Ariobarzenes that was fro rome ſent
To capadoce to help them and counſayle
Of metridate knowynge the entent
Howe he cam doun proudly him taſſayle
With tigranes ſet in the firſt batayle
Of capadoce that all the region
Was brought that day to their ſubiection

Thus metridate hauynge his entent
In ſhort tyme cuntrees conquerynge
Was mightyeſt prince of all the orient
And in tho dayes one the gretteſt kinge
And as it is remembryd by writinge
He delyted moſte in aſtronomye
In ſortilege and in ſorcerye

And with all theſe he dyd his beſy cure
For to ſerne uncouth concluſions
And ſecretys ſought out by nature
Knewe the langages of dyuerſe regions
Of two and twenty ſundry nacions
And helde wymen many more than one
Loued hipſicrata aboue them euerichone

To the romayns this manly metridate
As bokes olde recorde of him and ſayne
Upon a day of very cruell hate
Thrugh all aſie he bad that ech romayne
Shulde of his men mercyles be ſlayne
Twenty thouſande he ſlough eke on a day
Of romayn marchauntys durſt no man ſey nay

To him he drough dyuers nacions
To encres his partye by puiſſaunce
Kymbrops Galloys with other regions
Boſtomois toke to his alliaunce
With ſtraunge peple made his acqueintaunce
Where that euer he rode nye or ferre
With theym of rome for to holde werre

In grece alſo he gate many an yle
All ciclades to his ſubiection
Conquered ſo that within a whyle
Of athenys he gate the famous toun
But whan romayns knewe his entencion
They ſente ſilla in a furious hete
With metridate in grece for to mete

Achelaus which that was conſtable
Ledynge the oſt of kinge metridate
Gan agayn ſilla truſtynge he was able
Maugre romayns with him to debate
As they met in their furious hate
Beſyde Orthonya of grece a greate toun
Of achelaus the partye was brought doun

There gan Scilla to be victorious
Ageyne metridate and by greate violence
Gate all epheſe a kyngdom full famous
Rode through aſie fonde no reſiſtence
By his knyghthode and manly prouydence
Capadoce Bithynye eke alſo
To romayn handes he gate them both two

Whan metridate perceyued hath this thinge
Howe the conqueſt of Scilla toke encres
Anone he caſt without longe taryinge
For a tyme with him to haue a pes
Of hye wyſdom he was nat recheles
To diſſymule tyll he fonde tyme and ſpace
In fortune to fynde better grace

Abode his tyme kept him ſilf cloſe
Tyll he fonde leyſer lyke his opinyon
In this whyle of auenture aros
Within rome a greate diſcencion
Twene two conſulers beynge in that toun
Which to appeſe by his auctoryte
Scilla cam vp ageyne to the cyte

Whan Metridate his abſence dyd eſpye
To his purpos founde oportunyte
Gadred people and with his chiualrye
A ſiege layde vnto Cyzice the cyte
Of all aſye mooſt of auctoryte
Tyll Lucullus a mighty conſulere
To breke the ſyege aproch gan full nere

Metridate had on fyue capteyns
Tofore the toun made a diſconfiture
Of hye deſpyte he had to romayns
But Lucullus the damages to recure
Tencloſe his ennemyes dyd his beſy cure
To his mynours gaue anone in charge
Aboute the ſyege to make a dych full large

They within had knowlegynge
By certeyne tokens of all their gouernaunce
Wherupon they made a taryinge
To caſt away for their delyueraunce
Metridate ſeynge their ordynaunce
Of hye prudence eſcapyd awey beſide
And at the ſige lyſt no lenger abide

Lucullus than the mighty conſulere
Purſued after ſlough of his meyne
Such multitude that Aſopus the ryuere
Was made with blode lyke the rede ſe
With wynde and tempeſt fordryue alſo was he
And whan he ſawe no ſocoure in the londe
To ſhip he went with ſtrong and mighty honde

He fonde fortune cruell aduerſarye
On londe and ſe this worthy metridate
And neptunus made the ſe contrarye
Ageyns him his puiſſaunce tabate
What ſhall men calle it influence or fate
So ſodenly a prince of hye renoun
Fro hye nobleſſe to be plonged doun

Nor any myſcheef he kept ay one viſage
This metridate and loth was for to plye
Or for to bowe ſo ſtronge was his corage
But eft ageyn goth with his chiualrye
Towarde adaſtrus an hyll of armenye
Where as pompeye beſet him enuyron
Sent fro rome to his deſtruction

Metridate makynge his lodgynge place
Vnder that hyll whan it drewe to nyght
The troubly heuene with thundringe gan manace
The fyry leuyn dyrkyd hath his ſight
The cloudy mone eclipſyd of hir light
Aſtonyed him by vnware violence
That he ſtode confus of all prouidence

He was by tempeſt and vnware dyrkneſſe
Almoſte made wery of his woful lyf
Yit I finde of very kindneſſe
Hipſitraca which that was his wif
Nouther for werre nor no mortall ſtryf
Left him neuer diſgyſed of viſage
Folowed him arayed as a page

Yit in his mooſt mortall heuyneſſe
Whan cloudy fortune gan him mooſt manace
Of his corage the naturall quikneſſe
Appalled nat nor remeuyd from his place
So hye proweſſe dyd his herte embrace
Nat diſpeyred for no ſoden fall
Of condicion he was ſo marciall

In tokne wherof he ſtondinge at myſcheef
Chaunged nouther chere nor countenaunce
An euidence and a full great preef
Of manly force and hertly aſſuraunce
Defyinge fortune with all hir variaunce
Whan that he fonde to his deſtruction
Of diſeſpeyre greteſt occaſion

With him he had a balyf as I fynde
Called Caſtor which of condicion
Was to his lorde fals and eke vnkynde
And conſpired ageyn him fals treſon
In tokne wherof vp to rome toun
His lordys children yonge and tendre of age
Lyke a thef he ſent them in hoſtage

One of his ſonnys he murdred by treſon
Which metridate toke full ſore at herte
Another ſonne as made is mencion
Fals to his fadre which whan he dyd aduerte
The vnkyndnes made him ſore ſmerte
For of all vices ſhortly to conclude
Worſt of all is Ingratitude

This ſame childe of whom I make mynde
Called pharnay which ageyn nature
To his fader traytour and vnkynde
And his purpos ageyne him to recure
In all haſte dyd his beſy cure
For to accomplyſſh his purpos in partye
Drough to him hole his faders chyualrye

By ſleight and mede whan he was made ſtronge
He beſegyd his fadre rounde aboute
Vnto nature me ſemeth he dyd wronge
To put his fader in ſo great adoute
kyndneſſe was ſet ſhet without
Whan the ſonne with hate ſet afyre
Ageyn his fadre liſt falſly to conſpyre

With multitude his fader was conſtreyned
Maugre his might into a toure to fle
His ſonne vnkynde hath at him diſdeyned
And yit for all his ſtraunge aduerſite
Of his corage the magnanymyte
In his pſone ſtode hole lyſt nat varye
Though fortune was to him contrarye

¶ yit myn auctour bochas berith recorde
That metridate if it wolde haue be
Requeryd his ſonne to be at acorde
And ſet aſyde all olde contrariouſte
But he vnkynde indurat was parde
Euer frowarde malicious of corage
So diſpoſed from his tendre age

So that the kynge metridate alas
Was ouercūme by vnkyndneſſe
That neuer afore in nomaner cas
Stode diſmayed but of hye proweſſe
kept ay one face all paſſions to repreſſe
This vertu force by marciall doctrine
For none aduerſite ſuffred him declyne

Ende of his werrys and his mortall ſtryues
Of his debates and diſcencions
His concubynes his doughters and his wyues
By mene only of certeyn pocions
Slough them all by drynkinge of poyſons
For he nat wolde the cauſe to deſcryue
After his deth they ſhulde byde on lyue

Hys owne deth of mortall fell rigoure
Compaſſed afore thus he gan deuyſe
Made a frenche knyght that was a ſoudiour
With a ſharpe ſwerde in full cruell wyſe
To renne him thrugh wherby the fraunchiſe
Conſerued was his purpos to fulfyll
He wolde nat dye but by his owne wyll

Lo here the ende of kynge metridate
Late princys all of his deth tak hede
Howe recheleſly he paſſed into fate
And by aſſent made his herte blede
And bochas here who liſt his boke to rede
Pleynly reherſinge but in wordys fewe
To worldly princys doth his conceite ſhewe

## Calliope.

Mighty princys lyft vp youre corages
Towarde heuene do your hertys dreſſe
Of your memoire turne vp the viſages
Where ioye is euer pes concorde and gladneſſe
True armonye celeſtyall ſwetneſſe
Counterpeyſe in youre remembraunce
Worldly chaunges fortunes variaunce

Aduertyſe the mortall fell outrages
Of blody werrys vnpoſſible to repreſſe
While fals enuye with his furious rages
In ſundry realmes hath ſo great intreſſe
Slaughtre murdre diuyſion falſneſſe
Which conſcience haue brought to vttraūce
Through ſodeyn chaunge of wordly variaunce

Rekne vp princys that ſate hye on ſtages
what was the fyne of theyr royall nobleſſe
Or of tyrauntes rekne vp the blody wagis
Soden ſlaughter guerdoned their wodneſſe
Metrydate can bere herof witneſſe
By blode vnkinde brought vnto vttraunce
Thrugh ſoden chaunge of worldly variaunce

Princis remembre vpon the golden ages
whan Saturne ruled the worlde in rightwyſneſſe
Next Jupiter for peples auauntage
The ſyluerne worlde conſerued in clenneſſe
which mars hath now returned to felneſſe
Made it ſtelen with ſwerde dagger and launce
Through ſodeyn chaunge of worldly variaunce

Of Metridate regeſtre the viages
Conſpyred poyſons taffray his hye prowesse
On londe and ſe tempeſtuous paſſages
By conſtreynt bode ſeuene yere in wyldérneſſe
Of his wandrynge peyſe thunſyterneſſe
His ende in miſcheef knewe non auoydaunce
Seyne worldly chaunge nor fortunes variaunce

If negligence haue brought you in rerages
Towarde god or he rekne in ſtreightneſſe
Lat reſon medle for you to ley hoſtages
Compaſſion mercy partynge of all almeſſe
Towarde heuene to ſupport your febleneſſe
whan your merytes ſhall peyſe in balaunce
Of worldly chaunges and fortunes variaunce

Deth ſpareth nouther hye blode nor hye lynages
Haue mynde heron for any rechelesneſſe
Tranſitorie be here your pylgrymages
Set with brygauntys vnwarly you to oppreſſe
But of prudence by greate auyſeneſſe
with prouydence preſerue youre puiſſaunce
Seyn worldly chaunge and fortunes variaunce

Howe Encratydes kinge of Sithye was ſlayne by Demetryus: and after his carryn caſt to houndis

NExt in ordre to bochas dyd apere
A wofull prince that put him ſelf in pres
Regnynge in Sithia his ſtory doth vs lere
The name of whom was Encratides
But to dyſturbe his quiete and his pes
Ageyn him pleynly as I fynde
Cam demetrius the mighty kinge of Jnde

Of whom the power and the violence
To Encratydes was very importable
Beſyegyd firſt and for lacke of diffence
Take at myſcheef his ſone nat mercyable
For demetrius was on him ſo vengeable
whan he was ſlayne within his owne boundes
Made the caryn be caſt out to the houndes

Nat withſtandynge he was a worthy kinge
Born of hye blode ſuch was his auenture
Demetrius ſone aboue all erthly thinge
Hatyd him by recorde of ſcripture
Of rancoure denyed his ſepulture
And for the mater is hatefull and contrarye
On his ſtorye I wyll no lenger tarye

Howe Herodes kinge of Parthos werred with Romayns: which after his ſonne and heire was ſlayne: made his baſtarde ſonne kinge: That anone after ſlough his fader

O Arthanabus whiſom of parthos kynge
I purpos my ſtyle to tranſporte
A full olde prince had in his lyuynge
Sonnes tweyne bokes ſo reporte
which in his age dyd him mooſt confort
Metridate was the eldeſt brother
And Herodes called was that other

Metridate by reſon of his age
His fader dede dyd after him ſuccede
which banyſſhed was for tyrannye and outrage
Afterwarde for miſchef and for nede
In to babylon he toke his flight for drede
The peple anone after his partynge
Of Indignacion made his brother kinge

Thus cam herodes to eſtate royall
Purſued his broder in to babylon
Leyde a ſiege rounde aboute the wall
They to him yeldyd vp the town
Thus was his brother brought to confuſion
Afore the caſtell without lenger date
Made ſmyte of the hede of metrydate

In parthos after he toke poſſeſſion
Thus yonge herodes of volunte and pryde
Gan a werre ageyn them of rome toun
whom to withſtande they liſt nat longe abyde
The conſull Craſſus cam doun to their ſyde
Cōmaunded was ſhorte proceſſe for to make
Towarde parthois his viage for to take

Craſſus liſt nat tarie in that reame
Leſt parthos the ſtory doth deuyſe
Toke his way towarde Jeruſalem
To take there a ſolempne empryſe
In the temple only of couetiſe
Toke ther ageyne the title of rightwiſneſſe
Vp all their treſour and their great richeſſe

By which he gate in dyuerſe regions
Greate multytude to holde vp his ptye
Led with hym eleuene legions
Towarde parthoys faſte gan hym hye
By his lettres proudly gan deffye
The ſeide herodes and with greate apparayle
Myd his cuntre profryd hym batayle

The next morowe whan craſſus toke the felde
To hym was brought of blacke a cote armure
which whan his knightis auiſely behelde
Dempt it a tokne of diſconfiture
For in contraire romayns do their cure
whan their capteyn ſhall feight or the hede
His cote armure is outher white or rede

A Nother tokne frowarde to beholde
The firſt Egle bete in his banere
Alſo ſone as men dyd it vnfolde
Contrariouſly he turnyd loke and chere
The bak to Craſſus folke ſawe that ſtode nere
A pronoſtyk to romayns full certeyne
Howe fortune to them was that day ageyne

By the flode paſſynge of Eufrates
with vnware tempeſtes his ſtandardis euerichone
In to the ryuere were caſte amonge the prees
To rekne them all vpright ſtode nat one
wherof aſtonyed they wolde no ferther gone
Theſe pronoſtikes made theym ſo afrayed
Lyke men in herte diſpeyred and diſmayed

Of theſe toknes craſſus was rechelees
The pronoſtikes alſo he dyd deſpiſe
Toke vpon hym to paſſe Eufrates
To entre parthoys only for couetyſe
To whom herodes ſendeth in this wiſe
That his comynge was more for pillage
Than for knighthode manhode or corage

All the power of parthoys tho cam doun
with many prefect and many greate conſtable
Ageyne craſſus and them of rome toun
which as I tolde abode on their pillage
That turned after to their great damage
The ſonne of Craſſus ſlayne in that fray
His fader take and all vpon a day

His hede ſmyt of in whom was no diffence
And diſconfyted with many legion
The hede of craſſus brought to the preſence
Of herodes within his royall toun
which hath commaunded golde to be brought doun
To be molte there as he lay dede
And to poure therof full his hede

This thinge was done for a mockerye
In ſygne only the ſtorye doth deuyſe
That golde nor treſour vpon no partye
Staunche might his thurſt of couetiſe
Such gredyneſſe eche man ſhulde deſpiſe
For auaryce of cuſtum in eche place
Of hye prowеſſe doth the pris difface

Herodes after dyd ſerch all the wardys
Thrugh all the feeld vpon Craſſus ſide
Toke the penouns baners and ſtandardys
And in his temples large longe and wyde
Lete hange theym vp of ſurquedye and pryde
In ſigne only and eke for a memorye
He of romayns hath gete the victorye

with which he lyſt nat only be content
wenynge his fortune ſhuld abyde ſtable
In to ſurrye he hath his ſonne ſent
Called pachorus made hym a cōſtable
Of that region with hym to be ptable
Of all treſours and moebles that he fonde
whereuer that he rode throughout all the londe

This pachorus by his chiualrye
Encres gan in his tendre age
wherof herodes his fader had enuye
Ferfull it ſhulde turne to his damage
Leſt he wolde by tytle of heritage
Maugre hym at his ageyn comynge
Take vpon hym of parthos to be kynge

Than pachorus was called home ageyn
And of ſurrye where in concluſion
All that he had wrought was in veyn
Bycauſe one Caſſius fro rome was come doun
Slough all the peple in that region
Which apperteyned to pachorus as I fynde
Without capteyn for they were left behinde

To withſtande this romayn Caſſius
Herodes hath his ſonne ſent ageyn
Which anon after the ſtory telleth thus
Amyd the feld vnhappyly was ſlayne
To truſt fortune it is a thinge but veyne
Which of cuſtum to day is fauorable
And to morowe geryſſhly chaungeable

Of pachorus deth whan the noyſe aros
And the diſtruſſynge of his chyualrye
And to herodes abydynge in parthos
Tydynge was brought ferde as he wolde dye
Of hertely ſorowe fyll into frenſye
Here was none left of the royall lynes
Saue thyrtty baſterdes borne of concubynes

Thus herodes was caſt in gret ſekeneſſe
His ſonnes deth was to him Importable
His wordly Ioye was gone and his gladneſſe
Fortune contrarye which neuer can be ſtable
Age fyll on his lyf was nat durable
And of one thinge mooſt he dyd him drede
Cauſe he had none heire to ſuccede

Which wolde nat ſuffre him lyue in pes
Tyll at the laſte he caught a fantaſye
Chaſe a baſtard called pharactes
Bycauſe he was famous in chyualrye
Gaue him the crowne and the regalye
Which anon after breuely to conclude
Slough herodes of Ingratitude

## Howe Fymbria a conſull of rome ſlough him ſelf.

After to bochas by proceſſe of the boke
Foure myghty princys notable of eſtate
Towarde him they caſt there and loke
Lyke vnto folke that were infortunate
With whom fortune had ben at debate
For by their maner as it ſemyd wele
They were at miſchefe fall fro hir whele

First Fymbria a romayn conſulere
Sent by the romayns to a greate cyte
Called nichomede cam as a meſſangere
To helpe flaccus ſlayn by great aduerſite
As he entred into that cuntre
After whoos deth his pty to auaunce
Of flaccus meyne toke the gouernaunce

Of preſumpcion without auctorite
This Fymbrye by dyligent laboure
Full ferre aboue his ſtate and his degre
Toke vpon him by fortunes fals fauoure
To be called capteyne and emperoure
Thrugh all that cuntre bokys ſpecefie
Of whoos preſumpcion Sulla had enuye

Purſued him through many great cite
To a caſtell made him take his flight
Where Fymbrya of greate neceſſyte
Conſtreyned was maugre all his might
Diſeſpeyred forſake of euery wyght
To ſle him ſilf the ſtorye telleth thus
Within the temple of Eſculapius

## Of Albynius that was ſlayne with ſtonys

Another conſull ſtode in cas ſemblable
In his tyme called albynyus
Whoos hatefull pride was abhomynable
To all folkys lothſum and odious
Which lyke a rebell wode and furious
Ageyn romayns oftner than ones
Whan he leſt wende ſlayne was with ſtonys

## Howe adriane borne of lowe degre falſly vſurped to be kynge of rome which with his chorles was after brent.

ext Adryan which ros to hye eſtate
n In his tyme called Albynius
Firſt in rome borne of lowe degre
To gouerne of affryke the cuntre
Wherof his owne pompous auctorite
Toke vpon him by ſubtyll fals werkynge
Maugre romayns there to be crowned kinge

Whom to ſupport ſhortly to conclude
Was a greate nowmbre of the comonte
Of thoſe gadred a con fus multit ude
Lyke was non nor grounde but volite
Gentyll men than beynge in that cuntre
All of aſſent and one oppynyon
Aſſemblyd them to his deſtruction

At vtices a large great cite
Him and his churles beſet rounde aboute
Of wode and fagot with large quantyte
In cumpas wyſe cloſyd him withont
Gadred with him of vyleyns a great rout
Layde on fyre that with flamys rede
Echon conſumed into aſſhes dede

## Howe Synthonyus kynge of trace that moch couetyd all forwent and dyed in pouerte

Ext Adrian cam Synthonyus
n Tofore bochas with terys ſpreynt his face
As the ſtorye reherſith vnto vs
In his tyme he was kynge of trace
Fell ſodenly from fortunes grace
Caſt doun lowe from his eſtate royall
Which cam to bochas to compleyn his fall

Whos purpos was if it wolde haue be
Seuene realmys to haue conquered with his honde
That were ſubget to rome the cyte
And all ſeuyn were of grekys londe
Who all coueytyth ye ſhall vnderſtonde
He all forgoth full well afferme I dare
At vnſet hour wherof eche man beware

Longe or his conqueſt was brought to apreef
From hir whele fortune caſt him doun
The pretor Seuius brought him to miſcheef
Dyed in pouerte as made is mencion
And Bochas here make a digreſſion
Compendiouſly within a lityll ſpace
To deſcriue the region o f trace

## Here bochas in pty maketh a deſcripcion of the kingdom of Trace and paſſeth ouer lightly vnto the accōplyſſhment of his boke

Trace whilom a cuntre of great fame
And conteyneth a ful large ſpace
And of tyras it toke firſt the name
Sonne o f Japhet and ſo was called trace
Which many a day dwelled in that place
Towarde Septemption plenteous of gode
Beſyde Dynoe the large famous flode

Southwarde trace renneth the flode Egee
Macedoyne ſtandeth in the occident
And the kingdom called Perpontidee
Stant in trace towarde the orient
Where great plente of blode was ſhed and ſpent
Whan Seuius thrugh his hye prowesse
Kynge Adrian there manly dyd oppreſſe

Ebrus in trace is the chef cite
As myn auctour maketh mencion
I caſt nat to tary in this matere
To make of trace a diſcripcio n
But to procede in my tranſlacion
Folowe myn auctoure which wryteth a longe preſſe
Of greate Pompeye and his worthyneſſe

## Howe after many greate conqueſtys of duke Pompeye beganne greate werre betwene him and Julyus Thre hundred thouſande were ſlayne and at the laſt the hede of pompeye ſmetyn of

His pompeius of whom the name is couth
t Wys and worthy and famous of prowesse
Toke vpon him in his tendre youth
After his fader by fortunat dureſſe
Called pompeye the ſtory bereth wytneſſe
Diſtruſſyd was by ſodeyn deth comynge
The ſtorye ſeith thrugh thundrynge and lightnynge

His hoſt deſtroyed by the violence
Of vnware tempeſt lyke as ſeyth the boke
Forty thouſande ſlayne in that peſtylence
For fere the remenaunt the felde anon forſoke
Tyll yonge pompeie of corage on him toke
In his begynnynge proudly to procede
Full lyke a knight his fadres hoſt to lede

Rome that tyme by their diſſencions
Amonge them ſilf nye brought to ruyne
By the froward fals dyuyſions
Twene Marye and Sylla breuely to termyne
Tyll that a newe ſonne gan to ſhyne
Of worthineſſe which ſhad his light
In manly pompe ye the noble famous knight

This ſeyde pompeye this noble knightly man
At his begynnynge through his chiualrye
The proude capteyne ſlough whan he began
Which of marrius helde vp the partye
Called Brutus which in Lumbardye
Was by pompeie through knightly gouernaunce
With all his hoſte brought vnto muſchaunce

In his begynnynge pompeye eke alſo
To ſet romayns in reſt and quiete
One that was called Gueus carbo
He ſlough him knightly whan he dyd him mete
Which in Sicile proudly helde his ſete
And all the cuntrees aboute him enuyron
Pompeie made them ſubget to rome town

After all this pompeius on the ſe
With many a ſhyp ſtuffed with vitayle
Towarde affrik made a great arme
And there in haſte after his arriuayle
With domicyus had a great batayle
Brought the cuntre through his hye renown
To be to rome vnder ſubiection

He purſued the great mighty kynge
Called Iertha to marrius fauourable
And had alſo his royall abidynge
In Numedye a cuntre full notable
Agayn pompei his powere was nat able
For at a caſtell as they met in fighte
He ſlough kinge Iertha full like a manly knight

This in breef tyme holdynge his paſſage
Fro comon profyte as made is mencion
By his wyſdom and knightly hye corage
Brought all affrik to ſubiection
Which ſtode afore in rebellyon
To the romayns but all their ſturdineſſe
The ſeid pompeie dyd in haſt redreſſe

The greteſt enmye agayne rome town
Thylke dayes was one Sertorius
And of fortune which is nowe vp nowe down
On pompeie onys was victorious
But after ſone of him it happyd thus
Amonge his meyne fallynge at debate
He ſlayne was in his mooſt hye eſtate

After the deth of thys Sertorius
Cam Porpenna pompeie for taſſeyle
And as they met anon pompeius
Full lyke a knight ſlough him in batayle
Which victorye greatly dyd auayle
To the romayns after by gouernaunce
He brought ſpayne to their obeyſaunce

By auctoryte youe by the ſenate
This noble pompeye for vayle of the cyte
Vpon the ſe wolde ſuffre no pirat
Where euer he cam fro him they dyd fle
For with his ſhippis he ſcored ſo the ſe
And bare him there ſo manly with his honde
That maugre them he brought them to the londe

All theſe pyrates and theſe fals robbours
I gadred oute were of the regyon·
Callyd Sicile which lyke to rauynours
Made ageyn rome a conſpiracion
Robbyd ſpoyled ſeyſynge vp and down
Romayne marchauntys and peple of eche cuntre
That none was hardy to paſſe by the ſe

After pompeie hath made the ſe to obeye
That pyrat none durſt theron abyde
He by the Senat was ſent out to werrey
Towarde the oryent his knightys by his ſyde
And where ſo euer that he dyd abyde
Myn auctour write by influence of heuyn
His conqueſt was ſwift as fire or leuene

And to encres of his eternall glorye
Perpetually to gete him a name
His laude and renown to put in memorye
He byldyd a cite in aſia of greate fame
Called Nychopoly bochas ſeith the ſame
Twene two flodys that one arayaſes
And that other was called eufrates

He byldyd this cyte only of entent
That romayn knightys that were fall in age
And ſuch as were in the werrys ſpente
Shulde of cuſtom haue their herbergage
In that cyte alwey and nat fayle
Weddynge clothys ſpendynge and vitayle

Pompeye after rode into armenye
Rebell to rome where Tigranes was kinge
Faught with him there and thrugh his chiualrye
Diſconfyted him there was none abydynge
Where Tigranes him ſilf ſubmyttynge
Vnto pompeye with euery circumſtaunce
Euer to abyde vndre his obeyſaunce

Than in all haſte pompey gan him hye
To ride in aſia where lyke a manly knight
He gate the kingdom called Albanye
Which toke his name who ſo loke aright
Of whitneſſe for euery manere wight
That there is borne by recorde of wrytinge
Whyte as ſnowe hath his here ſhynynge

There been houndys merueilous of nature
For taſſayle bolys and lyons
No wylde beeſt may agayn him dure
So pompeye by many regyons
Rode thrugh armenye with his champions
Where grewen herbys that may neuer feynte
What euer colour men liſt with them peynte

Conqueryd realmys aboute in euery cooſt
Of hiberye he gate the region
And attacre the kynge with all his oſte
Diſconfited as made is mencion
With his power to Surrye he cam down
Than to fenyce a kyngdom of great fame
Which of fenix whilom toke his name

Brought all theſe cuntrees to ſubiection
Of Lydonye the mighty ſtronge cite
Of Iurie he toke poſſeſſion
Through arabye he cam down to Inde
Which of Iewes was ſumtyme the cuntre
Of lybanus he paſſed the mounteyne
Where cedres growe as auctours ſeyn

Sent tofore him entrynge in that reame
One Gabynus a mighty ſtronge cunſtable
Regnynge that tyme in Ieruſaleme
Ariſtobolus a prince full notable
And for the temple was ſtronge and prenyable
Layde a ſyege aboute in brede and length
Space of thre monethys gate it ſo by ſtrength

Thre thouſand Iewys vndre the wall were founde
Dede at the aſſaute which made reſiſtence
The wall after beyn down to grounde
Pompey after by ſturdy violence
Is entred in without reuerence
Sancta ſanctorum men that place call
Made Hircanius hyeſt preeſt of all

The great biſſhop Ariſtobolus
Sent to rome in mighty cheynys bounde
Towarde ſeptentrion I fynde writen thus
Gate ſeuene kingdomes with cites walled rounde
Rebell to rome he dyd theym confounde
With mighty ſwerde gate all the cuntre
Fro caucaſus down to the rede ſe

In his conqueſt it ſempt verely
As the goddys had done their cure
And that fortune was with them eke beſy
This mighty pompeie prince of aſſure
What euer him liſt by conqueſt to recure
In ſpayne he gate whan they were rebels
Thre hundred cytees and ſixty ſtronge caſtels

Harde to remembre his conqueſtys euerychon
All the proweſſys of this knightly man
Towarde the party of Septentrion
A thouſande caſtels I fynde that he wan
Six hundred mo fro tyme that he began
Eight and thretty cites oute of doute
With mighty wallys cloſyd rounde aboute

Peyſe his dedys his conqueſtys marciall
Thryſe conſull choſe for his victores
Rede ye ſhall finde howe he was egall
To aliſaundre or to hercules
Where that euer he put him ſilf in pres
All cam to hande concludynge ye may ſe
To comon profite of rome the cyte

His marciall dedys to put in remembraunce
One was choſe to do his diligence
To enacte his conqueſt in ſubſtaunce
And his knighthode to ſinguler excellence
And triſſanes famous of eloquence
Aſſigned was vnto that laboure
Toke his guerdon of their comon treſoure

Pompey of rome was cheef gouernoure
Ceſar abſent in Gaule a fer cuntre
Which tyme pompeie ſtode in great fauoure
Both of fortune and rome the cite
Sumwhat made vnkynde of his proſpyte
Purpoſinge in his clymbynge nat ſtable
He wolde haue none that were to him ſemblable

Vnto purpos was ſayde full yore agoon
Howe that loue nouther hye lordſhip
Preef hath be made in many mo than oon
Nouther of them wolde haue no felawſhipe
Eche by his one wolde his party kepe
In theſe two cas brother vnto brother
Fayleth at a poynt eche wyll put out other

To pompeie reſortynge nowe agayn
He toke on him all the gouernayle
Of the romayns as ye haue herde me ſeyne
Both of eſtatis comons and porayle
And for his partie all that might auayle
In makynge lawes ſtatute or decre
All vp engroſſed by his auctoryte

Folke this while which that had enuye
Towarde ceſar in his longe abſence
Lete make a lawe by conſpiracye
And a ſtatute concludinge in ſentence
without excepcion fauour or reuerence
No man ſhulde by wyll of the ſenat
In his abſence be choſe to none eſtate

Nor be admyttyd by no procuratoure
To haue auctorite of dignite nor offyce
In court of tribune nor of ſenatour
To be promotyd thys was their aduys
were he neuer ſo manly nor ſo wys
This lawe ordeyned by folke enuyous
For hyndrynge only of ceſar Iulius

whan Iulius knewe all their fals werkinge
Fro gaule ſent vp to the cyte
All the ſenat requerynge by writynge
To graunt him by their auctorite
Of tryumphe the notable dignite
To haue alſo thoffys and eſtate
Called in rome the ſeconde conſulate

For him alledgynge many great victorye
In dyuers cuntrees done for the cyte
Many conqueſt notable of memorye
wrought by his knighthode for which of equite
Requerynge them guerdoned for to be
But contrarye vnto his entente
Denyed him all by one aſſente

which was cheef grounde rote and occaſion
That brought in firſt the contrauerſye
Ciuyly diſcordys frowarde deuiſion
whan euery man drough to his partye
Of olde hatrede to kyndle newe enuye
Cauſinge princis Iulius and Pompeye
To their confuſion eche other to werrey

The triumphe denyed to ceſar
Fraude of pompeye made him therof faile
Of whom decepte Iulius was war
Made him redy with many ſtronge batayle
Paſſed ouer the alpies of Itayle
Fully in purpos playnly if he might
with the romayns and pompeye for to fight

Thus gan the werres atwene theſe princys tweyne
Pompeie choſe for partye of the toun
To be their duke and capteyn ſouereyn
Agayne Ceſar as made is mencion
And thus alas the diſolacion
Sued of the cite by many ſtraunge ſigne
with vncouth toknys whan they gan maligne

At the gynnynge of theſe woful werrys
In the heuen were ſene dredfull ſightys
Sparklynge brondes cometis vncouth ſterris
with flame of fire many feerfull ſightys
Lyke lampys brennynge all the longe nightys
Caſtynge of ſperys dartys in the ayre
wherby romayns fill in great diſpayre

From the partye of Septemtrion
Towarde rome cam full greate lightnynge
At noone ſeen ſterrys lyke blode the ſonne ſhone
The moone eclipſyd terrible in ſhewynge
The mounte Ethna feerfull brennynge
From his cauernys caſtup flammys rede
Towarde Itayle which ſet them in right greate drede

But of caribdys a daunger of the ſe
wawys terrible boyled vp lyke blode
From the rokkys that in Secile be
was herde howlynge of houndys that were wode
Veſta the goddeſſe in rome where ſhe ſtode
Myd hir temple was all with terys ſprent
whan the heuenly fyres were afore hir queynt

Afore the goddeſſe at the auter principall
was fyre perpetuell brennynge day and night
Tyll werrys Ciuile hatefull and terrible
Gan amonge romayns in the contagious ſight
Than of vengeaunce anon was queynt the light
Tofore Veſta the fyre partynge on tweyne
Of dyuiſion a tokne full certeyne

With quaues ſoden and terrible
Ouertourned caſtels vp ſo down
With rage ſlodys hydous and horrible
Neptunus dyd greate deſtruction
Drowned villages and many mancion
Reuerſyd in tempſys of golde all their veſſels
Threwe down baners ſtandardys and penſels

Seyne theſe ſignes was found none areſt
The vnware miſcheef coude no man declyne
Lyons wolues cam down fro the foreſte
With many other beeſtys ſauagyne
Wylde beſtys and ſerpentys of rauyne
Cam to the cyte and ſūme ageyne kinde
Spake as do men in bochas thus I fynde

Dyuerſe folkes which of their nature
Came in cuſtom to fle but a night
Afore theſe werrys dyd hym ſilf aſſure
Euene at mydday whan phebus is mooſt bright
Thrugh their cite for to take their flight
Wymen with chylde the ſtorye liſt nat feyne
Braught forth ſūme that had hedys tweyne

Tofore theſe werrys that called were Cyuile
Senatours beynge in rome town
Cam to the woman that called was ſibyle
Vnto hir made this queſtyon
To declare by ſhort concluſion
Amonge their other queſtions all
Of their cite what fortune ſhulde befall

To whom ſhe gaue an anſwere full obſcure
Wherupon ſhe made theym ſore muſe
Take them ſixe lettres ſet in pleyn ſcripture
Which in no wyſe they might nat refuſe
For ſals rightes that they dyd vſe
Lyke the thre lettres twyes ſet in noumbre
Who vnderſtondeth they ſhall the town encoumbre

Thre R R R firſte ſhe ſet on a rowe
And thre F F F in ordre faſt by
Longe tyme after or they coude knowe
The expoſicion therof openly
Tyll their diuynours gan ſerche ſubtylly
To finde oute lyke to their entent
By the ſyx lettres what Cybile ment

O of this worde regnum the firſt lettre is R
So is the capytall of rome the cite
Who loke aright the thyrd is nat fer
This worde Ruet gynneth with R parde

Of which wordys whan they ioyned be
The ſentence concludeth in menynge
Of their cyte the ruyne in fallinge

Touchinge thre F F F who can aduertiſe
Of this worde ferro F goth toforne
And the cheef lettre of fames to deuyſe
Is F alſo the proceſſe well forth borne
The ſame of Flamma by which the town was lorne
Of which reſons make a connexion
Cauſynge of rome fyn all diſtruction

Fyre ſwerde and hungre cauſed by the werrys
Deſire of clymbynge froward ambicion
Shewynge of cometis and of vncouth ſterris
With pronoſtikys of their deſercion
Worſt of all wilfull dyuiſion
Amonge theym ſilf by vnware violence
Of lettres ſyxe accompliſſhed the ſentence

The ſwerde of Ceſar werrys of pompeye
Twene theſe tweyne laſtynge a great whyle
Made many romayne and Italien to dye
By the batayles that called were Cyuile
With prophecies remembryd of Cybile
As the writynge full well reherce can
Of the olde poete that called was lucan

In martys temple on heith where he ſtode
And bellona the goddeſſe deſpitous
The preſtys cryed and offred vp their blode
With lamentacion lyke folke furious
Cauſe of toknes fell and contrarious
Which that were ſhewed in that ſentuary
Howe their goddys to romayns were contrarye

Monge dede bonys that lay in their grauis
Were voycis herde lyke woodmen in their ragis
Cry of gooſtys in kauernys and kauys
Herde in feldys pathis and paſſages
Laborers fled home to their villages
Serpentys adders ſcalyd ſiluer bright
Were ouer rome ſeyne flyenge all the night

Another tokne pytous for to here
Which aſtonyed many proude romayn
Dede bodyes dyd in the felde appere
Which in batayle had afore be ſlayne
Fro their toumbes aryſynge where they layn
Which in the werres wofull and diſpitous
Were ſlayne by Scilla and proude marrius

It was eke tolde by their dyuynours
Howe pompeyus was lyke to haue a fall
And howe theſtate of romayn emperours
with their triumphes that be Imperiall
At Iulius firſt begynne ſhall
And after hym theſtate ſhall forth procede
By election or lynyall vyncede

To withſtonde the power of ceſar
which towarde rome toke his wey right
Pompeye was ſent wis manly and right war
But whan he herde tell of the might
Of Iulius he toke hym to the flight
Eke all the ſenatours with hym dyd fle
Towarde Epyre in grece a ſtronge cyte

Pompeie was olde famous in chiualrye
Ceſar but yonge hardy for to aſſayle
Vpon the pleyns of grece and theſſalye
Pompeye and he had a greate batayle
Seyn Iulius ſwerde no romayn might auayle
Conſtreyned of force the felde to forſake
Towarde Egipt they haue the wey take

Pompeye through cypre cam to Tholome
By a greate water at paphus dyd aryue
On the ſtronde there he dyd ſe
A ſtatly place and vp he went blyue
The name of which pleinly to deſcryue
Cacobaſile the cuntre dyd it call
Of which name the fortune is thus fall

The name tokneth of frowarde aruuayle
Sownynge in grete vnhappy auenture
By which the truſt of pompeye dyd fayle
Fyll in deſpeire might it nat recure
Forſoke that Ile dyd his beſy cure
To take a ſhip ſo by the ſe ſaylynge
Towarde Egipt where tholome was kinge

Of truſt he fled to this tholome
In hope he ſholde fynde in hym ſocoure
Fayre there ſhewed vndre duplicite
Fayled at the poynt gaue him feynt fauoure
Albe pompeye by his frendly laboure
Crowned him kynge in Egipt as I fynde
To whom ageyn he was fals and vnkynde

To mete pompeye he lete ſtuf a barge
By a maner pretence of frendlyhede
Gaue his menye that were there in charge
To mordre pompeie byhight them a great mede
Tweyne there were that bare to him hatrede
And in the veſſell with ſharpe ſwerdys whet
Or he was ware of his hede they ſmet

That one of theym was callyd achyllas
And his felowe named was fotyne
Toke vp the hede of that prince alas
Famous in knighthode borne of gentyl lyne
Amonge romayns as auctours determyne
Holde in his tyme if men do hym right
Through all the worlde one the beſt knight

Thus erthely princys with al their pompous fame
Which through all the worlde reueth ſo greate a soun
Of ſlaughtre and mordre they toke firſt their name
By fals rauyne and extorcion
Clambe vp firſt ſo to domynacion
Brennynge of cuntrees conqueſt by violence
Set them in chayres of worldly excellence

In this batayle that called was ciuyle
Holde atwene pompeye and ceſar Iulius
Thre hundryd thouſand ſlayne within a whyle
Thre thouſande take the ſtorye telleth thus
Witho ut princis notable and glorious
As kinges pretours reknyd all atonys
Trybunys conſulys and centuryonys

Phebus on the ſoyle might nat his bemys ſprede
Nor on the grounde ſhewe out his clere light
Men that were ſlayne lay ſo thycke on brede
That of the erth noman had a ſight
Wulues berys rauynous foules of flight
Cam great plente to fede them there eche day
Beſyde the ryuere of Nyle where they lay

Gobettys of fleſſh which foulys dyd arace
Fro dede bodyes borne vp in the ayre
Fyll fro their clees vpon Iulius face
Amyd the feeld where he had repayre
Made his viſage blody and nat fayre
Albe that he to his encreas of glorye
Had thilke day of romayns the victorye

The hede of pompeye brought with his ſtatly ring
Offred vp to Iulius hye preſence
He by compaſſion the murdre aduertyſynge
Of his innat imperiall excellence
Braſt out to wepe and in his aduertance
Thought greate pyte a prince of ſo great might
Shulde ſo be ſlayne that was ſo gode a knight

The coors abode withoute ſepulture
Tyll one Codrus of compaſſion
After the batayle and diſconfiture
Reſought hym of great affection
To hyde the Trunke lowe in the ſondys down
Sought tymber and there he fonde but ſmall
To do exequies with fyres funerall

Nowe ſith this prince cam to ſuch miſcheef
Murdryd and ſlayne by tholome the kynge
Here of hir power fortune hath made a preef
What truſt there is in any worldly thinge
After his deth wantyd he nat buryenge
This proude pompeie ſo famous of his honde
Of fyſſh deuoured as he lay on quykſonde

What ſhall men ſet by power or nobleſſe
Of ſlydynge godys or any worldly glorye
Which to reſtreyne may be no ſykerneſſe
Fortune and the worlde is tranſitorye
Though mars to day yeue a man victorye
Parcas tomorowe vnwarly he ſhall deie
I take recorde of Ceſar and pompeye

Sith all ſtant vnder daungere of fortune
ye worldly men do your loke vp dreſſe
To thilke place where ioye doth ay contune
The blynde lady hath there none intereſſe
Set pride aſyde take you to mekeneſſe
To ſue vertue do truly your laboure
Veyn worldly pompe make pompeie your mirroure

Lenuoye.

This tragedye of the duke pompeye
Declareth in groſſe the chief occaſion
Why he and ceſar gan firſt werreie
Eche ageyn other through veyn ambycion
To haue lordſhyp and domynacion
Ouer the romayns by fauoure fraude or might
Poſſeſſion take no force of wronge nor right

To trouthis party pryde is loth to obeye
Extort power doth greate deſtruction
Wys policie all out of the weye
Prudente counſayle age with diſcretion
Loſte their lyberte of fre election
Who was mooſt ſtronge with hym helde euery wight
Poſſeſſion take no force of wronge nor right

Such diuyſion made many man to deye
Brought the cite to diſolacion
With two princys fortune lyſt to pleye
Tyll from hir wheele ſhe caſt theym both down
Subtyll deceit fraude and colluſion
By ambycious clymbynge blent their both ſight
Poſſeſſion take no force of wronge nor right

Noble princys remembre what I ſeye
Peyſe this ſtorye within in your reſon
Of fals ſurmountynge auaryce bereth the keye
Recorde of Ceſar pompeye of rome toun
Whoos wylfull werrys hatefull diſcencion
yeueth clere warnynge to you and euery wight
No clayme is worth without tytle of right

## Howe victorious Julius Ceſar brent the veſſels of Tholome: ſlough achillas that wolde haue murdryd hym: and after greate victoryes hym ſilfe was murdryd with boidekens by brutus Caſſius

After the woful compleynt lamentable
Of pompeis deth pytous for to here
Wereo remembred with reſons importable
Compaſſed fraudes fraced with faire chere
Conſpired murdre reherced the manere
Howe kinge tholome fraudolent of corage
The deth conſpyred of pompeie fall in age

The proceſſe tolde I holde it were but veyn
Therof to write a newe tragedye
Thinge onys ſeyde it to reherce ageyne
It were but idle as for that partye
But howe ceſar went out of theſſalie
Cam to aliſaundre to lodge him in that place
I wyll remembre with ſupport of your grace

He lodgyd was in the paleis royall
Where he was beſy by dyligent laboure
Through that region in temples royall
To ſpoyle goddys and haue all their treſoure
Where he was mockyd fonde there no fauoure
For achillas which that ſlough pompeie
Caſt him with ceſar proudly to werreye

His purpos was to fall vpon ceſar
As of nature was his condicion
Falſly to murdre men or they were war
By ſome ſleight to fynde occaſion
To deſtroye Julius by treſon
And to accompliſſh his purpos in partye
Had twenty thouſande in his cumpany

## Of Antonye ſon and heire to greate Antonye : An

his ſtory endyd laſt of the ſixt boke
Bochas wery thought for the beſte
Of great trauayle oppreſſed in his boke
Fyll in a ſlombre lenynge on his cheſte
Fully in purpoſe to haue take his reſte
But euen as he reſt ſhulde haue take
Cam a greate pres and made him to awake

Firſt of that felawſhyp cam the ſonne and heire
Of antonye with blode ſpreynt all his wede
Called antonye fall in greate deſpeire
Cauſe Octauyan bare to him hatrede
Whoos ſwerde he fled quakynge in his drede
To an olde temple ſocour for to haue
Truſtynge from deth the place ſhulde him ſaue

A 7

R

As the preeſtys dyd their beſy cure
To offre a calf amonge as they toke hede
The ſame calf a thynge agayn nature
Brought furth a lambe the ſame tyme I rede
An o ugly tokne which put theym in full great drede
A contrarye pronoſticacion
Shewed vnto theym of their ſubuerſion

With other tokenys frowarde and contrarye
The ſame tyme were ſhewyd euer amonge
The braſen dorys of the inwarde ſeintwarye
With yron barrys ſhet that were mooſt ſtronge
Brode of entayle rownde and wondre longe
That might nat meue with thretty mens might
Opnyd vp them ſilf twyſe on a night

There were ſeyn alſo charys in the aire
Men of armys with bright ſwerdys clere
Of plate and mayle armure was ſo fayre
Bryght as phebus where they dyd appere
And as the ſtory alſo doth vs lere
With their ſheltrons and their apparayle
A proſte made their cite Ierlm for to aſſayle

To the Iewys it dyd ſignefye
A pronoſtyke of their deſtruction
Preeſtys to the temple as they dyd theym hye
Vpon a night to do oblacion
Amyd the temple was herde a dredefull ſoun
Of which noyſe this was the dredfull ende
Rys vp echon and late vs hens wende

And full foure yere tofore the ſiege gan
One ananyas yonge and tendre of age
Of his birth ſonne of a rude man
By diſpoſicion dull of his corage
Lyke as he had fall in a rage
Ran in the cyte by a maner frenſye
Sparyd nat with opyn mouth to crye

Vnto this noyſe was made non obſtacle
But obſtynat euer to his entent
Day of the feeſt holde in the tabernacle
A voyce quod he out of the oriente
Voyce fro the ſouth fro northe and occidente
Voyce fro the foure windes ꝧ blowe ſo brode ⁊ wyde
Voice ageyne Ieruſalem cryeth oute on euery ſyde

Voyce geyn the temple agayn the peple alſo
Voyce ageyn huſbondes voyce ageyn their wyues
Wo to Ieruſalem with a treble wo
Of hungre thriſt and leſynge of their lyues

Prologus Boke viii

Which haue Ilayde like a ſonne clere
With poetrye playnly to deſcryue
Moſte ſoueraynly enlumyned by youre lyue

I haue deſyred as it is well couth
Of ryghtfull herte by humble attendaunce
To do you worſhip fro my tendre youth
And ſo ſhall euer voide of all variaunce
Durynge my lyf for trewly in ſubſtaunce
ye haue ben lanterne lyght and direction
Ay to ſupport myn occupacion

As in wrytynge bokys to compyle
Cheef exaumple to my great auauntage
To reforme the rudneſſe of my ſtyle
With aureat colours of youre freſſh langage
But nowe for dullyd by impotence of age
Of decrepytus markyd with many a ſigne
My labour vp of wrytynge I reſigne

I caſt me nat forth to procede
Stonde at a bay for dryuene for weryneſſe
Quod fraunces petrak leſe nat thus thy mede
yiue men no cauſe to report nor expreſſe
In thy laſt age thou haſt founde a maiſtreſſe
Which hath the vexyd in ſoth and that is routh
And holdeth thy reine and ſhe is called ſlouth

An euydent tokne of frowarde ſlogardye
[illegible] is to dreſſe
Ryſe vp for ſhame for I can well eſpye
Folke that can grone and fele no ſekeneſſe
Their chaumbyrleyn is callyd Idleneſſe
Which leith thy pyllowe at eue and at morowe
Voide hir from the and let hir go with ſorowe

To all vertue frowarde and contrarye
Is Idleneſſe here in this preſent lif
Which hath the drawe away fro thy librarye
Wyll the nat ſuffre to be contemplatyf
For hir condicion is to holde ſtryf
With euery vertuous occupacion
Which men ſhuld voyde of wiſdom and reſon

In this matere what ſhulde I longe tarye
Thy ſlombre leue and vp thyn eyen dreſſe
The boke I made of lyf ſolitarye
Remembre theron the which in ſobirneſſe
Techeth the way of vertuous beſyneſſe
By and by who liſte rede euery lyne
Of contemplacion morall and dyuyne

Prologue Book 8

As I ſeide erſt yit lift vp thy loke
Forſake thy bed riſe vp anone for ſhame
Woldeſt thou reſt nowe vpon thy ſeuenth boke
And leue thy eight in ſoth thou arte to blame
Procede forth and gete thy ſilf a name
And with one thinge do thy ſilf a confort
As thou deſerueſt men after ſhall reporte

Make a compariſon twene dyrkneſſe and light
Twene Idleneſſe and occupacion
Twene faire dayes and the cloudy night
Twene a cowarde prowesse and hye renoun
Twene vertuous ſpech and fals detraction
And to conclude all vices to repreſſe
Contrary to ſlouth is vertuous beſyneſſe

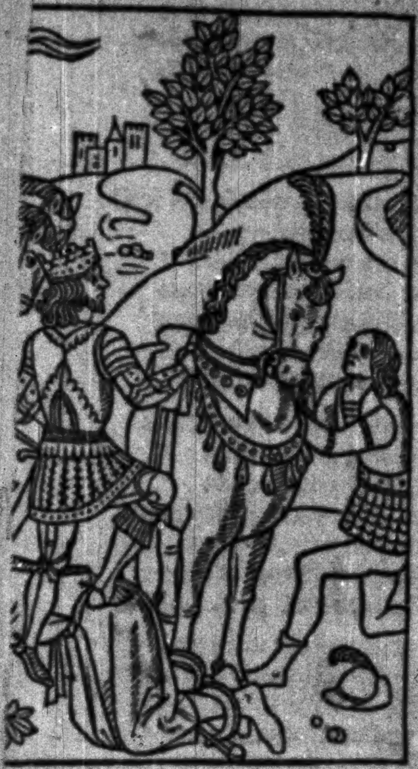
Vertuous beſines O bochas take gode hede
Reneweth all thinges of olde antiquite
Maketh men to lyue after they be dede
Remembreth the nobleſſe of many greate cyte
And ne were writers all were gon parde
Wherfore bochas ſith thou arte nere the londe
Suffre nat thy ſhip to ſtomble on the ſonde

I mene as thus the ſhip of thy trauayle
Which hath paſſed the ſe of bokes ſeuene
Caſt nat ankre tyll thou haue gode riuayle
Late no tempeſt of thunder rayn nor leuene
Nor no wyndes of the cloudy heuene
Nor no fals Iangelers of demers that wyll ſtryue
Depraue thy labour late thy ſhip to aryue

Haſt on thy wey late grace croſſe thy sayll
Fall on no ſonde of wilfull negligence
Late gode wyll be cheef of thy counſayle
To gyde thy rother ſet entere diligence
If vitaile faile and wyne to thy diſpence
Yit at the laſt thynke for thy ſocoure
Sum royall prince ſhall quyte thy laboure

Thynke by writynge auctours dyd their peyne
To yeue princes their cōmendacions
To Remus Romulus callyd founders tweyne
Of rome toun and of two ſcipions
They wrote the knighthode prudence of two catons
Of Iulius/ pompeye/ hannyball eke alſo
By exaumple of whom loke that thou do ſo

Of prophetys they wrote the propheſies
And the nobles of olde moyſes
Of poetys the laureate poeſies
The force of ſampſon the ſtrength of hercules



Octauius

Beginning of chap. 1. Book 8

ure of Rome / . and many other Emperours and nobles
ſly endyd

This ſame tyraunt reygnynge in his eſtate
To all the cite was paſſynge odious
Fyrſt and mooſt worthy he ſlough of the Senate
And vnto all that were vertuous
Mortall enmye and moſte malicious
And for ſlaughter of ſenatours in the town
Ayed the tryumphe as made is mencion

Made amonge Jewes by full greate outrage
Where as he had grettest ſuſpicion
To ſle all tho that were of the lynage
Of Dauyds lynede of kinge Salamon
Leſt he were put out of domynacion
Amonge Jewys this was his menynge
Slough all tho that was borne to be kynge

Amyd the paleis as god wolde of right
Punyſſh a tiraunt and quyte him his mede
This domician was ſlayn vpon a night
His carcyne after vnburied as I rede
And comodus doth after him ſuccede
Which was all youe by fleſſhly appetite
To leue all vertue and folowe his delyte

Theatre playes of cuſtom he dyd vſe
As was the cuſtum there and the vſage
His lif in vices he falſly dyd abuſe
In lecherous luſtys diſpent all his yonge age
To the romayns dyd full great damage
For of the ſenate that were mooſt vertuous
Were falſly ſleyne by this Comodus

In his tyme by ſtroke of thondredent
And fyry lightnynge that cam doun fro heuene
The comon lybraire was of the cyte brent
With royall bokys of all the craftis ſeuene
Bokes of poetys mo than I can neuene
And Comodus breuely to termyne
Was ſlayne and ſtranglyd by his concubyne

HEluius pertynax cam next on the ringe
Ordeyned after emperour of that toun
Olde and vnweldy ſlayn in his gynnynge
After whom [illegible]
By no title of ſucceſſion
But an Intruſoure one callyd Iulian
Theſtate vſurpynge to regne there began

But of the noble lynage affrican
Borne in Tripolis a mighty greate cyte
One Seuerus that was a knightly man
Gadryd of romayns a wondre great meyne
Both made ſtronge Iulian met and he
At pount meleyn a cyte of Itaile
And there was Iulyan ſlayne in batayle

Seuerus after entryd the empyre
And toke vpon him the domynacion
Vpon criſten of malice ſet afyre
Began ageyn theym a perſecucion
Of tyrannye and fals ambycion
But one of egipt called poſcenyus
Ageyne Seuerus gan to werke thus

Gadryd meyne Seuerus for taſſayle
In purpoſe fully and theron dyd his peyne
Firſt with him to haue a great batayle
Next of thempire the crowne for tatteyne

Right ſad and wyſe in that they had to do
And were the firſt criſten of echon
Emperours reknyd for there tofore was none

By poncyus the martyr as I rede
In nycya a famous greate cyte
They were baptyſed and afterwarde in dede
Slayne in batayle for they liſt nat fle
Tofore their deth both of aſſent parde
Their treſoure hole that were Imperiall
To criſtys church I finde they gaue it all

The buſſhop Sixtus toke poſſeſſion
Vertuouſly aſſignyd it to laurence
Therof to make diſtribucion
To pore folke in their indigence
For which dede by cruell violence
The tiraunt decyus agayne theym toke a ſtryf
Cauſed holy laurence by brennynge loſe his lyf

This ſame decius curſyd and cruell
Cauſed the ſlaughter of theſe philippes tweyne
And for he was ſubtill fals and fell
By ſleight and falſhede he dyd his beſy peyne
To the empyre by force for to atteyne
The ſu tyraunt by perſecucion
Which agayne criſten folke toke firſt occaſion

Myn auctoure writeth tyme of this decius
The holy heremyte exaumple of perfightneſſe
In dayes olde called antonyus
Lyued in deſert ferre out in wyldernesse
As an heremyte deſpyſynge all richeſſe
Lyued by fruite and rotys as men tell
And of pfection dranke water of the well

Uppon Decyus for his curſidneſſe
Agayn criſten which gaue ſo herde ſentence
Through rome & Itayle myn auctour beruth witneſſe
In euery cite was greate peſtilence
That by the ſodeyn dedly violence
The hertys of men dependynge in a traunce
To ſaue their lyues coude no cheueſaunce

Of this mater write nomore I can
To this emperour I wyll reſorte agayn
Speke of gallus and volucian
That beſy were their labour was in vayne
Their tyme ſhort as ſume bokys ſeyn
For Martyn writeth and olde Cronicullere
In thempyre they reigned but two yere

But both were ſlayne by the procurynge
And by the purchace of one emylyne
A romayn knyght which by ſlye werkynge
To occupye thempyre tho began
By tyrannye the lordſhip there he wan
Whoos lordſhip for hap and lacke of grace
No lenger laſte than two monethes ſpace

This lytyll chapter as tofore is ſene
Reherſyd hath and tolde in wordys pleyn
Of emperours almooſt full fourtene
And of all were gode none but twayne
Which to reherce I haue do my peyne
And to procede farther as I began
I muſt write of one Valeryan

HIs ſonne and he called galien
To all criſten bare great enmyte
Though all tho their legende men may ſayn
That ſeruyd criſt in trouth and equyte
Whos perſecuſion and hatefull cruelte
Abatyd was as I can well reherce
By one Sapor that was kynge of perce

By force of armes Sapor this myghty kynge
Gan in aſia and with his oſte cam doun
By tygre Eufrates and knyghtly ſo rydynge
Towarde the p [illegible]
To Caucaſus nat ferre fro Babylon
And all ſurrie he proudly dyd aſſayle
And Capadoce he wan eke by batayle

Whom for to mete cam Valerian
To Meſopotayne with many legions
The werre was ſtronge but this knyghtly man
This hardy Sapor with his champions
The felde hath wonne with all the legions
Afore reherced and thrugh perce he lad
Valeryan bounde with cheynes rounde and ſad

He was by Sapor maugre his viſage
This Valerian ſo ſtreytly brought to wrak
Lyke a priſonere bounde to ſeruage
By obeyſaunce that founde were no lak
To knele on foure and to profre his bak
Vnto Sapor whan hym liſt to ryde
Therby to mounte for all his great pryde

This was the office of Valerian
By ſeruytute durynge many a yere
Wherfore he was called of many a man
The aſſendynge ſtocke in to the ſadyll nere
Which is in frenſh callyd a mountwere
This was his office to bowe doun his bak
Whan that kynge Sapor ſhulde worth on his hors

This is the guerdoun and fauoure of fortune
Hir olde maner to pryncys and to kynges
Hir double cuſtome vſyd in commune
By ſodeyn chaunge of all worldly thynges
After triumphes and their vp ryſynges
What foloweth after here wele tell I can
I take recorde of Valeryan

This lady fortune the blynde fell goddeſſe
To Valerian ſhewyd hir ſilf vnſtable
Taught hym a leſſon of the doubleneſſe
To kynge Sapor ſhe was fauorable
But yit he was to cruell vengeable
With his fete deuoyde of all fauoure
To ſoile the bak of an emperoure

Of olde it hath be ſonge and cried loude
Recorde on Cirus and many other mo
Kynges of perce of cuſtum haue be proude
After punyſſhed and chaſtiſed eke alſo
Princys of mercy ſhulde take hede herto
After victorie in their eſtate notable
To their priſoners for to be merciable

Cx 4

It is full ferre out of thy mynde
The knightly dede of worthy publyus
Of rome a captayne ordeyned as I fynde
To fight ageyn ariſtomochus
Kynge of Aſye of fortune it fell thus
Whan the romayns dyd the felde forſake
This publyus amonge his foes was take

This noble prince ſtondynge in dredfull cas
His lyfe his worſhip dependinge atwene twayne
In his hande holdinge a ſturdy maas
Smet out one of his eyen twayne
Of hym that led hym that other for the peyne
That he felt and the greate ſmerte
Toke a dagger roue publyus to the herte

Which loued more his worſhyp than his lyf
Chaſe rather to dye than lyue in ſeruage
This concepte had in his Imagynatyf
And conſidred ſith he was in age
To ſaue his honoure it was more auauntage
So to be ſlayne his worſhyp to conſerue
Than like a beſt in pryſon for to ſterue

Fortune his chapitre of hym it was nat rad
As Valerius maketh mencion
After whoos concepte no man in vertue ſad
Shulde nat longe [illegible]

Their ſacrifiſes and rite vp ſo down
Unto ydoles of frowarde wilfulneſſe
That was of Egipte callyd chief goddeſſe

Fauorable thou were in thy deſire
To ſuffre Iewys their ſaboot to obſerue
And Caldeis to worſhyp the fyre
And folke of Crete ſaturne to ſerue
And criſten men thou madeſt falſly ſterue
Of whos lawe for thou dyd nat retche
Thou dyed in priſon at miſcheef lyke a wretch

### Howe Galyen ſonne of Valerian was ſlayne

Ext in ordre to Bochas tho cam down
n Sonne of Valerian one callyd gallien
But for great horrible effuſion
Of criſten blode that men might ſeen
Shed by Valerian god wolde it ſhulde been
Shewed openly to romayns by vengeaunce
Of many a contre ſodeyn diſobeyſaunce

They of almayne the alpies dyd pas
Unto Rauenne a cyte of Itayle
Gothes alſo proude of chere and face
Had ageyn grekys many great batayle
And they of Hungry armyd in plate and mayle
With them of denmarke furious and cruell
[illegible]

To whos damage in this mene while
Amonge romayns it is befall thus
Woful werrys which callyd ben Cyuile
Gan in the cyte cruell and deſpitous
Firſte whan they met was ſlayne Gennyus
Whiche firſt toke on hym in bokes as I rede
Of hye corage to were purple wede

One poſtumyus a mighty ſtronge romayn
Kept all gaule vnder ſubiection
To there auayle after vnwarly ſlayne
Amonge his knightes for all his hye renoun
By a ſodeyn vncouth diſſencion
Next victoryne hauynge the gouernaunce
Of all Gaule was firſt ſlayne in fraunce

But Gallien of whom I ſpak toforn
Sonne and heire to Valerian
His dominacion of purpos he hath lorne
In re publica whan he began
Lyke a contrarious and a frowarde man
Very lecherous and frowarde of lyuynge
At miſcheef ſlayne this was his endynge

chap. iii

chap. 3

### Howe Quyntilyus was murderyd by wymen

NExt Gallien cam one quyntilius
A man remembred of greate attempraunce
Brother of byrth to great Claudyus
Wyſe and diſcrete in all his gouernaunce
Who may of fortune eſchue the chaunce
To write his ende ſhortly in a clauſe
Of wymen murdryd I can nat ſey the cauſe

### Of Aurelian in Denmarke born

OF denmarke borne next cam Aurelian
A worthy knyght his enmyes to aſſayle
Agayne gothes a greate werre he began
Gate victorye in many ſtronge bataile
Whos noble conqueſt greatly dyd auayle
To comon profite for all his werke parde
Was to the encres of rome the cyte

He recured all the Septemption
And weſtwarde had many great victorye
Amonge other I fynde that he was one
Aued the crowne to [illegible]
But there was a thynge eclipſyd of his glorye
Which hath the light of his knyghthode withdrawe
For he was enmye to criſte and to his lawe

Of him bochas liſt nomore to write
But in his boke goo forth as he began
Of me remembrynge that called was Tacyte
Which was ſucceſſoure to Aurelian
And after him ſuccedyd Florian
Of which tweyne no remembraunce I fynde
That is notable for to put in mynde

### Howe Probus diſconfited Romayns / and after was ſlayne

p Robus after regned full ſeuene yere
And iiii monethes which by his hye renoun
Seyne ſaturnyne with a knightly chere
And brought him proudly to ſubiection
Nat withſtondynge that he in rome toun
Toke vpon him of wylfull tyrannye
Hooly thempire for to rule and gye

Beſide the cyte callyd agryppyne
This felde probus gyn many proude romayns
A batayle had liſt nat to declyne
Mette proculus a myghty ſtronge capteyne
With one Bonoſus and both they were ſlayne
And all their meyne of very force and myght
Slayne in the felde the remenaunt put to flyght

After this bataile and this diſconfiture
Probus was lodgyd in Sinyrpyne a great cite
And there vnwarely of ſoden auenture
Slayne in a toure that called was Ferre
But a ſmall ceſon laſt his proſperite
Which is fortune late noman in hir truſt
All worldly thinges chaungynge as ſhe luſt

### Howe Carus and his two ſonnes were myſcheuyd

### Howe the hardy quene zenobya faught with Aurelean and was take

My auctoure here no lenger liſt ſoiourne
Of theſe emperours the falles for to wryte
But in all haſt he doth his ſtile tourne
To zenobya his ſtory to endyte
But for chaucer dyd him ſo well acquite
In his tragedyes hir pytous fall to entrete
I will paſſe ouer reherſynge but the grete

In his boke of Canterbury tales
This ſoueraigne poete of brutus albyon
Thrugh pylgrymes tolde by hylles and by Valys
Whereof zenobya is made mencion
Of hir nobleſſe and hir hye renoun
In a tragedye compendiouſly tolde all
Hir marciall proweſſe and hir pitous fall

My auctoure firſt affermeth howe that ſhe
Deſcendyd was to tell of hir lynage
Borne of the ſtocke of worthy tholome
Kynge of egipt full notable in that age

But for bicauſe of this horrible dede
And for the murdre of kinge Odomate
Dyed at miſchefe and paſſyd into fate

By proceſſe after zeno bia the quene
Toke hir two ſonnes and proudly dyd them lede
Before hir chare that men might them ſene
Howe they were borne as princys to ſuccede
Made theym like kinges clad in purple wede
Them to deffende this mighty creature
Hardy as lyon toke on hir armure

For all hir lordys and knightes ſhe had ſent
Maugre the romayns proudly gan hye and ſpede
All the partyes of the oriente
To occupye and hir hoſte ſo lede
Of the Emperoure ſhe ſtode no thinge in drede
Callyd Aurelian met him in batayle
With hir meynye proudly dyd aſſayle

On outher ſyde that day great blode was ſhedde
The ſtroke of fortune withſtant no creature
The quene zeno bya was taken and forth ledde
Faught firſt as longe as ſhe might endure
With riche ſtonys fret was hir armure
With whom the emperoure ſo entringe rome toun
Of tryumphe requeryd the guerdoun

He dempt it was couenable and ſyttynge
This emperoure this proude aurelian
To aue the tryumph it was ſo greate a thinge
To take zenobya that ſuch a werre began
Geyne romaynes this marciall woman
For I ſuppoſe of no woman borne
Was neuer quene ſo hardy ſeen aforn

This hardy princeſſe for all hir cruelte
Whos hye renowne thrugh al the worlde was knowe
With ſtockes of golde was brought to the cite
From hye eſtate in pouert plungyd lowe
A wynde contrarye fortune hath ſo blowe
That ſhe alas hath pitouſly made fall
Hir that in proweſſe paſſyd wymen all

The tryumph youen to aurelian
For the conqueſt he had vpon this quene
Called zenobya cam dioclyſian
Borne in dalmacia his ſtorye who liſt ſene
Out of his cuntre firſt he dyd flene
Of garleke and lekys as ſaith the cronicleere
Bycauſe that he was but a gardinere

Other mencion is none of his lynage
Of his birth forſoke the region
Left his craft of deluynge and cotlage
Gaue him to armys and by eleccion
Choſe to be emperour and regne in rome town
Firſt into Gaule he ſent a greate power
And maximian he made his vicar

His vicar there had many great batayle
Upon ſuch people that by rebellion
Gan frowardly and contrary to aſſayle
To obey his lordſhyp within that region
Tyll Carauſynus by commiſſion
And an hardy knyght vndre maxymyan
Theym to chaſtiſe toke on him lyke a man

But by proceſſe the ſtorye doth deuyſe
His lordſhyp there dyd great damage
To comon profite ſo he by couetiſe
The cuntre robbyd by full greate outrage
And to him ſilf he toke all the pyllage
And of preſumpcion ware the colour
Of rich purple lyke an emperour

This Carauſinus of Breteyns tweyne
Proudly vſurped to be their gouernoure
Lyke a rebell geyne rome dyd his peyne
And beſyed him by marciall laboure
With many ſtraunge foreyn ſouldioure
Hauynge no tytle nor commiſſion
Continued longe in his rebellion

Wherof aſtonyed was diocliſian
Seynge this myſcheef dredfull and perilous
Ordeyned in haſte that maximyan
Was ſurnamed and called herculyus
Made him emperour callyd auguſtus
Which had afore nomore gouernaunce
But gaule which nowe is called fraunce

Alſo moreouer this diocliſian
Made in this while gouernours tweyne
Conſtancyus and one maxymyan
Surnamed Galerius conſtancius in certeyne
In this while to wed did his peyne
Doughter of maxymyan callyd herculyus
Namyd Theodora myn auctour writeth thus

By theodora this conſtancius
Had ſyxe children in true mariage
Brother to Conſtantyne the cronycle telleth thus
Which afterwarde whan he cam to age
For his manhode and marciall corage
Was choſe and made lorde and gouernour
Of all the worlde crownyd emperoure

Carauſynus which had full ſeuene yere
Lyke as I tolde rebellyd Bretayne
Ageyn the romayns a great extorcionere
A knyght Alletus that dyd at him diſdeyne
Murdryd him and after dyd his peyne
By force onely and extorte tyrannye
Fully thre yere his place to occupye

Tyll Aſclepio was ſent from Rome down
Slough alletus maugre all his might
Brought all britayne to ſubieccion
Of the romayns lyke as it was right
And in this while lyke a manly knyght
For Italiens gan romayns diſobey
Conſtancius gan proudly them werreye

He firſt with them had a ſtronge batayle
His meyne ſlayne and put to the flight
Truſtynge on fortune he gan them eft aſſayle
And ſixty thouſande were ſlayne in that fight
The felde was his thrugh fortunys might
As ſhe that coude diſſymule for a while
And afterwarde falſly him begyle

Froward enmy he was to criſtis lawe
Many a martyr to dye for his ſake
Weyk feble and olde and gan him withdrawe
From occupacion his reſte for to take
His attorney maxymyan he doth make
In his laſt age it is rehercyd thus
Stode in great drede of conſtancius

The drede of him ſat ſo nye his herte
And therupon toke ſuch a fantaſye
Imagenynge he might nat ſterte
By fraude of him but that he ſhulde dye
Almoſte for fere fyll in a frenſye
Of which drede the boke maketh mencion
He ſlough him ſilf by drinkynge of poyſon

As I tolde erſte in the occident
Maxymyan called herculyus
Regnyd as emperour and euer in his entent
To purſue martirs he dyd ay his labours
Of whos birth bochas founde non auctours
This to ſay he coude neuer rede
Where he was borne nor of what kinrede

He findeth nomore of this maxymyan
Of his vſurpynge in eſpeciall
But that he was by diocliſyan
But afterwarde he fyll in repentaunce
And beſy was as dyuerſe ſeyn
Theſtate of emperoure to recure ageyne

Which for to acheue he dyd his diligence
He was diſtourbyd by Galerius
For his ſonne that callyd was mayence
Put in poſſeſſion myn auctoure writeth thus
To which thinge he gan wex enuyous
And gan ordeyne menys in his thought
To trouble him but it auayled nought

Whan his purpos might take none auayle
Ageyne meyence as bochas doth deſcryue
His doughter Fauſta that knewe all his counceile
Diſcured his purpoſe for which he fled blyue
Into Gaule and durſt no lengre ſtryue
And by Conſtancius in Marcyle the cyte
Slayne ſodenly loſte all his dignyte

### Howe Galerius oppreſſed martyrs / and criſtys feith / and myſcheuouſly endyd

n
Ext tofore bochas cam Galerius
A man diſpoſyd to riot and outrage
Euyll tetchid frowarde and vicious
There is no ſtorye yͭ ſpeketh of his lynage
Yit was he ſet full hye vpon a ſtage
Of worldly dignyte ros vp to hye eſtate
Yit in his gynnynge he was nat fortunate

He was ſent oute by dyocliſian
And made emperoure by his auctorite
Ageyn Narſeus the proude knightly man
Regnynge in pce and lorde of that cuntre
Which helde werre with rome the cyte
For which galerius toke vpon him this empryſe
With mighty honde his pryde to chaſtyſe

Galerius entryd into pce londe
Kynge Narſeus met him of auenture
Had a ſtronge bateyle faught honde for honde
His fortune ſuch he might nat endure
On galerius fyll the diſconfitre
Clad in purple as made is mencion
Of diocliſian receyued this guerdon

At their metinge anone or they were ware
Diocliſian made him to abide
To his confuſion ſyttynge in his chare
To walke on fote by the charys ſyde
With many a rebuke batyd was his pryde
Galerius for the greate ſhame
Gan ſeke a mene ageyn to gete his name

Gan for taſſemble his olde ſoudyours
Made his ordenaunce by diligent werkinge
Chaſe oute the beſt prouyd werreours
With a great hoſte to perce he cam rydynge
And oft there faught with the kynge
That the perciens maugre all their might
Were of Galerius that day put to flight

The felde was his gate their richeſſe
Robbyd their tentys wan there great pyllage
In this reſort receyued in ſotheneſſe
In greate nobleſſe bycauſe of that viage
Thus can fortune chaunge hir viſage
Of diocliſian where he ſtode in diſdeyne
With newe tryumphe reſortyd is ageyn

This cloudy quene ſtandeth euer in no certeyne
Whoos double whele quaueryth euer in doute
Of whos fauoure noman hath be certeyne
Though one haue grace another is put out
Late euery man as it cometh aboute
Take his tourne and neuer in hir aſſure
Faylynge in armys is but auenture

Thus galerius after his bataylle
On perciens gan wex glorious
Gouerned affryk and lordſhyp of Itayle
Thrughout the oriente he was victorious
Tyll he for age gan wex tedious
His laſt dayes malygned as men ſeith
Of fals hatrede ageyn criſten feith

And him to helpe in theſe fals maters
It is remembryd to his confuſion
In his empire he ſet two vikers
Gaue them power in euery region
The lawe of criſte to oppreſſe and put down
To punyſſh martirs and put theym to the deth
And in this while full many one he ſleth

By this ſeid cruell galerius
Which of thempyre had all the gouernaunce
Of curſyd herte and corage deſpytous
By his vſurpyd Imperiall puiſſaunce
Gaue auctoryte for to do vengeaunce
Vnto tweyne Seuerus and maxence
On all criſten by mortall violence

A certeyne ſpace both of one accorde
Theſtate of Emperour choſe was maxence
Tyll Seuerus and he fyll at diſcorde
And after by vengeable peſtilence
Within a cyte of noble preminence
Called Rauenne Seuerus there was ſlayne
Of which galerius god wote was nothinge fayne

For which in haſte this galerius
Him to ſupporte and ſtonde in his diffence
Chaſe oute of Denmark a knight lucynyus
To be emperour thrugh knightly excellence
For to withſtonde and fight ageyn maxence
But maxence of romayn knightys all
Was choſyn emperour and ſet vp in his ſtall

With which election galerius wex wode
Fyll in a manere frowarde frenſie
His entrayle brente corrupte was his blode
And of his frowarde vengeable maledye
In euery membre gan rote and putryfie
Tyll all the ayer about him enuyron
To all that felt it was venym and poyſon

Lyke a lazar corbed bak and ch

It was his Ioye for to ſhede hir blode
Sent out lettres to dyuers regions
Lyke a ſlye wolf rauynous and wode
To ſle martyrs by dyuers paſſions
Lyke his deſert receyued his guerdons
Horrible deth dyd theym firſt confounde
With furies infernall ſleth nowe in hell bounde

## Howe Mayence the emperour enmy to criſtis feith myſcheuouſly endyd

After galerie cruell violence
Geyn criſten blode as bochas here hath tolde
With pitous chere the emperour mayence
Cam tofore bochas of age nat full olde:
Famous in armys ſturdye freſſh and bolde
Albe he entryd nat lyke an heritour
Toke vpon him to regne as gouernour

To criſtis feith he was alſo enmy
After ſone he loſte his gouernaunce
Of infortune ſlayne ſodenly
[illegible]tis vnwarly taketh vengeaunce

This Lucynyus which falſly dyd erre
Ageyn oure feith criſten men to aſſayle
Geyne conſtantyne of newe he gan werre
But of his purpos in ſoth he dyd fayle
For he was twyſe diſconfyted in batayle
By conſtantyne onys in hungrye
Next in grece beſide Cualye

Thus conſtantyne through his hye renown
Gate nye grece and euerye great cuntre
Albe lucynyus ſtode in rebellion
Geyn conſtantyne both on londe and ſe
But whan he ſawe it wolde non other be
He might nat eſcape in no place
Put holy him ſilf in conſtantyns grace

But conſtantyne for his hye rebellyon
Gaue Iugement in haſt that he be dede
Leſte in the cite were made diuiſion
By lucinyus wherof he ſtode in drede
This ſame while as bochas toke hede
There cam before him with chere full pitous
Brethren twayne Conſtantyne and Criſpus

## Of Conſtantyne and Criſpus : and howe Dalmacius was ſlayne

O Conſtantyne of whom I ſpake toforn
They were ſonnes Conſtantyne & criſpus
The ſame twayne of one modre borne
Cam tofore bochas his booke reherceth thus
With them cam eke lucinyus
Sonne of lucinyus which in rome toun
Afore was ſlayne for his rebellion

Conſtantyne his werrys to gouerne
Made them vicars the ſilf ſame thre
Echon right wys and coude well diſcerne
What might auayle mooſt to their cyte
To encres the profite of the comonte
Their names tolde Conſtantyne and criſpus
Tofore remembryd with them lucinyus

While theſe thre vicars vndre themperour
Gouernyd rome as knightes moſt famous
In aleſaundre roſe vp a great errour
By a fals preeſt called Arrius
To oure beleue a thinge contrarious
And for he dyd ageyne oure feyth ſo wirch
By a decre was put out of the church

By aſſent at Bethenye full notable
In Nicea a famous greate cyte
This errour was preuyd full dampnable
Thre hundred buſſhoppes were preſente there parde
And eightene the Cronicle who liſt ſe
And all theſe of one ſentence Ilyke
Preuyd Arius a fals heretyke

This ſame tyme bokes ſpecefye
Howe Conſtantyne of haſty cruelte
The ſaide vicars nygh of allye
Feyned a cauſe to ſle them all thre
No cauſe reherſyd nor tolde of equyte
Saue only this in which he gan procede
To make his coſyn Dalmacius to ſuccede

But his fauoure was nat fortunate
Towarde dalmacius nor gracious in ſentence
Amonge whoos knightys fyll a ſodeyn debate
Conſtantyne there beynge preſence
Dalmacius without reuerence
With ſharpe ſwerdys to ſpeke in wordes fewe
Unto the deth was woundyd and hewe

## Of the brethren Conſtaũce and conſtancius/ and [illegible]

Than cam Conſtaunce and Conſtancius
yonge brethern thus writeth myn auctoure
To conſtantyne in tyme of arrius
And eche of them by full great laboure
Dyd his peyne to regne as Emperoure
Tyll at the laſt breuely for to ſeye
Eueriche of them gan other to werreye

This ſeid conſtaunce is entryd perce londe
Nyne tymes he faught ageyne Sapore
The ſame kynge as ye ſhall underſtonde
That with romayns had foughten afore
But fynally conſtaunce hath him ſo bore
To holde the felde he might nat endure
For upon hym fyll the diſconfiture

His fortune gan chaunge anon right
Whan that he left to be vertuous
He was in ſpayne ſlayne lyke a knight
In Caſtell tonge called mayencius

Than was none left but Conſtancius
The romayn knightes deſtitute euerychone
Chaſe theym an Emperoure vetramone

This vetramone was ferre ronne in age
Baryn of wyt coude no lettrure
Nor in knighthode had no great corage
Nor was nat able to ſtudye in ſcripture
Nor like an emperoure nowhiſe to endure
For Conſtancyus of whom I ſpake nowe late
With this vetramone caſt hym to debate

This vetramone hath left his eſtate
Lyſtenat werreye ageyne Conſtancyus
Forſoke the felde louyd no debate
But of ſpayne myn auctoure writeth thus
As I wrote late howe that magnencius
Seyne Conſtancyus with ſwerde ſpere and ſhelde
Preſumed proudly for to holde a felde

To great damage and hyndrynge of the town
For many romayne thilke day was dede
Byſide a cite which callyd was Leon
Tyll at the laſt of very cowarde drede
Magnencius which capteyn was and hede
Ageyn conſtancius hath the felde forſake
Loo howe fortune can hir chaungys make

Magnencyus for very ſorowe and ſhame
ade no ſemaie but gate him a ſharpe knyf

## Howe Conſtantyne baptized by Sylueſtre was cured of his lepre

OF this matere ſtynte I wyll awhyle
And folowyng myn owne ſtraūge opinion
Fro Conſtancyus turne away my ſtyle
To his fader make a digreſſion
Cauſe bochas maketh ſhorte mencion
Of conſtantyne which by recorde of clerkys
Was ſo notable founde in all his werkes

This mighty prince was borne in Brytayne
So as the brute pleynly doth vs lere
His holy modre called was helayne
He in his dayes mooſt knightly and entere
Of marciall actys he knewe all the matere
Choſyn emperour for his hye nobleſſe
Fyll to lepre cronycules doth expreſſe

Hys ſore ſo greuous that no medycyne
Might auaile his ſykeneſſe to recure
He counſeyled to make a great pyſcyne
With Innocentes of chyldre that were pure
Make him clene of that he dyd endure
With full glad chere made theym to repayre
Where they cam fory to rome the cyte
They haue retourned glad to their countre

Royall compaſſion dyd in his herte myne
Chaſe to be ſeke rather than blode to ſhede
His breſte enlumyned by grace which is deuyne
Which fro the heuene dyd vpon him ſprede
He wolde nat ſuffre Innocentis to blede
Preſeruynge pite and mercy more than right
He was viſited vpon the next night

PEtyr and poule to him dyd appere
Sent from the lorde as heuenly meſſangers
Bad conſtantyne be of gode chere
For he that ſytteth aboue the nyne ſperes
The lorde of lordys the lorde of lengeſt yeres
Will that thou haue it well in mynde
In mounte Sarapty thou ſhalte thy leche fynde

God of his grace liſt the to viſite
To ſhede blode by cauſe that thou doeſt ſpare
He hath vs ſente thy laboure for to quite
Tydynges brought of helth and thy welfare
Pope ſilueſtre to the ſhall declare
As we haue tolde be right well aſſured
Of thy ſikeneſſe howe thou ſhalte be recured

To mounte Serapty in all haſte that thou ſende
Suffre Silueſtre to come to thy preſence
Sought and founde breuely to make an ende
Receyued after due reuerence
Dyd his deuoure of entere diligence
Lyke as the lyf of Silueſtre hath deuyſed
By grace made hole whan he was baptiſed

Hys fleſſh his ſynewes made ſodenly white
By thryſe waſſhynge in that pyſcyne
Of holy baptym welle of moſte delyte
Where the holy gooſt dyd him enlumyne
Enfourmynge after by techinge of doctryne
Of ſilueſtre lyke as myn auctoure ſeith
Of all artycles that longe vnto our feith

The fonte was made of porphirie ſtone
Which was after by coſt of Conſtantyne
With a rounde lype that dyd aboute gone
Of golde and perre and ſtonys that were fyne
Myd of the fonte right up as a lyne
Vpon a piler of golde a lampe bryght
Full of fyne bawme that brent all the nyght

What euer he were of hye or lowe degre
That blaſphemed the name of Jeſu
By dome ſhulde haue of deth a pleyn Iſſu

The thrid day in euery mannys ſight
By a decre confermyd and made ſtronge
To euery criſten who that dyd unright
By oppreſſion to collaterall wronge
It ſhulde nat be taryed ouer longe
Who were conuicte or gylty ſhall nat cheſe
By lawe ordeyned half his gode to leſe

The fourth day amonge commyns all
This priuilege pronouncyd in the town
Yove to the pope ſyttynge in petrys ſtall
As ſoueraigne hede in euery region
To haue the rule and Juriſdiction
Of preeſtys all alone in all thynge
Of temporall lordys lyke as hath the kynge

To the church he graunted great fraunchyſe
The fyfte day and ſpecially lyberte
If a felon in any maner wyſe
To fynde ſocoure thedre dyd fle
Within the boundes of daungere to go fre
To be aſſured and haue therof full refuge
From execucion of any temporall iuge

His crowne he toke and knelynge thus he ſaide
With wepynge eyen and voys lamentable
And for ſobbynge as he might abrayde
O bleſſyd Ieſu o lord mooſt mercyable
Late my terys to the be acceptable
Receyue my prayer my requeſt nat refuſe
As man mooſt ſynfull I may me nat excuſe

I occupyed theſtate of the emperoure
Of thy martyrs I ſhad the holy blode
Spared no ſeyntys in my cruell errour
The to purſue mooſt furious and wode
Nowe blyſſed Iheſu moſte gracious and gode
Peyſyd and conſidred myn importable offence
I am nat worthy to come in thy preſence

Nor for to entre into this holy place
Vpon this grounde vnable for to dwelle
To opne myn eyen or to lift vp my face
But of thy mercy ſo thou nat me repelle
As man mooſt ſynfull I come vnto the welle
Thy well of grace mercy and pyte
For to be waſſhed of myn iniquite

Th[illegible] exemple [illegible] open he hath ſhewed
[illegible] per[illegible] & of mekeneſſe layde aſyde
[illegible] with terys all bedewed

l. 8.
ap. 14.

This mercurius as bokys determyne
In Ceſarya a mighty ſtronge cyte
Within the cuntre called paleſtyne
Buryed afore ros vp at this tourne
Out of his graue a ſtraunge thinge to ſe
An hors brought to him arayed in his armure
Which hynge tofore beſyde his ſepulture

The ſame armure was nat ſene that night
Nor in the morowe at his graue founde
Tyll mydday houre that phebus ſhone full bright
Whan mercurius gaue him his fatall wounde

Both at ones but ye ſhall vnderſtonde
Theodoſe was ſent out to aſſayle
The ſaide Feryne and ſlough him in batayle

Of which feryne by full cruell hate
In that cuntre preſumptuouſly regnynge
Smit of his hede and ſet it on the gate
Of Ceſaria this was the endinge
Which by intruſion afore was crowned kinge
In mauritayne oppreſſynge them by drede
As ye haue herde of which he loſte his hede

[illegible]

The great ydols and all ſuch maumentrye
And full deuoutly gan churches edefye
And in this while as fortune dyd ordeyne
One maxymus was lyber Bretayne

An hardy knyght albe that he dyd varye
From his promyſe made by ſacremente
In bretayne lyſt no lenger tarye
But into Gaule of herte and hole entent
Geyn gracian he ſodenly is wente
And as it fyll ſet by their both auyſe
They had a batayle nat ferre oute of pariſe

This Gracian was there put to flight
By the prowesse of a prowde capteyne
Callyd merobandus an hardy knyght
Which with his power hath ſo ouerlayne
That gracian was conſtrayned in certayne
Whan his power might nat auayle
Geyn maxymus to ſle oute of Itayle

This maximus of pryde gan deſyre
In his herte by fals ambucion
To regne alone and of the hole empyre
In his handes to haue poſſeſſion

Chap. 16. Bk 8

And as thou ſaued whilom Iſraell
Geyn pharaoys mighty ſtronge puiſſaunce
And from the lyons deſpitous daniell
And ſaued Suzanne in hir mortall greuaunce
Saue me this day fro ſorowe and miſchaunce
In this miſcheef to graunte me this iſſu
To eſcape from daungere by grace of the Ieſu

This bleſſyd name by interpretacion
Is to ſay moſte mighty ſauyoure
There is no drede nor dubytacion
That Ieſus is in all wordly laboure
To all that truſt him victorius protectoure
Nowe blyſſed ieſu pauyſe of my diffence
Make me to eſcape myn enmyes violence

Late myn enmyes that ſo great booſt do blowe
Though their power be dredefull and terrible
That they may by experience knowe
There is no thinge to the Impoſſible
Thou two and thre and one indiuyſible
Though I with me haue but fewe men
Saue me this day ieſu fro deth amen

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The day

[illegible]
Fyll a myracle to his auauntage
By ſodeyne tempeſtys of windes hayle and reyne
Troublyd all tho that ſyegyd the mountayne.

Vlcanus which is cheef ſmyth of heuene
Geyn arbagaſt gan him redy make
To bende his gonnes with thundre and with leuene
And eolus his wyndes gan awake
Oute of the cauernes hydous browne and blake
All of aſſent by ſturdy vyolence
With theodocius to ſtonde at diffence

Ageyne Eugenyus and arbagaſt his brodre
Their peple and they departed here and yondre
With winde and myſt that none of them ſawe other
By vnware vengeaunce of tempeſt and of thondre.
Their ſperys braſte their ſheldes roue aſondre
Eugenyus take after loſte his hede
Arbagaſt ſlough him ſilf for drede

Thus can the lorde of his eternall might
Chaſtyſe tyrauntes and their malyce repreſſe,
Sauyd theodoſye his owne choſyn knight
Who truſteth him of ꝑfyte ſtableneſſe ( 1997

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It is remembryd of antiquyte
In the byble after noes flode
Howe by diſcente of his ſonnes thre
Of their lynage playnly and their blode
All kinredes dilated been abrode
And myn auctoure as it is made mynde
Of Iaphet vii nacions he dyd fynde

The peple firſt of gaule and galathe
Of magoth Gothes and folkes of Itayle
Lyte Sithia with many great cuntre
Stondynge in aſya as by rehersayle
But in Europe ſtant trace it is no fayle
Gothes Sithiens of purpos dyd ordeyne
Amonge theym ſilf gouernoures tweyne

Knyghtes gentylmen chaſe alericus
To be their prince and haue the ſouerraynte
Where the comons chaſe Radagaſus
The Gothes firſt for greate ſuerte
With kynge aleryk entrynge the cite
In to rome to fynde there ſocoure
That tyme honorius beynge there emperoure

Beginning of Chap. 18. Book 8

But fortune thought all other wyſe
Lyke hir maners to do moſt damage
Whan ſhe to men ſheweth freſſh hir viſage

Hyr condicions be nat alwey one
Stoũdmele of cuſtome ſhe can varye
For ſhe was firſt frowarde to ſtyllycon
And to radagaſus eſt ageyn contrarye
In one poynt ſhe lyſt neuer tarye
To Radagaſus hir fauoure dyd fayle
By ſtillycon he vanquyſſhed in batayle

All his pryde might nat make him ſpede
For fortune lyſt ſo for him ordeyne
That he was fayne at ſo ſtreyte anede
To fle for ſocoure to an hye mountayne
Of all vitayle naked and barayne
Where for hungre he felt ſo greate greef
Nigh all his people dyed at myſcheef

Of all ſocoure deſtitute and barayne
Sawe no remedye toke him to the flight
By the romayns he was ſo ouerleyne
Take at myſcheef and maugre his might

Cam attalus and one eraclian
For no prowesse but to their greate repreef
Remembryd here their ſtory tell can
Agayne romayns whan the rebell gan
By honorius afore made offycers
And of the empyre callyd cheef vykers

Fyrſt Attalus for his tyrannye
Whan he in gaule was made gouernoure
Went in to ſpayne with a great companye
Dyd his peyne and fraudolent laboure
By fals ſleyght to be made emperoure
Take and bounde exiled for falſneſſe
His hande ſmet of endyd in wretchydneſſe

Of Eraclyan the ende was almooſt lyke
Yit was he promotyd to greate proſpyte
Made gouernoure and lorde of affryk
Of conſulere roos to the dignyte
Rode through Libye and many great cuntre
With thre thouſande ſhippes gan to ſayle
And with vii hundred to aryue in Itayle

So many

end of Chap 20. Book 8

A good proceſſe why Rome was deſtroyed and for
the ſame or lyke cauſe many other realmes

Of many myſchieues afore here reherced
Sūme drawe alonge and ſūme ſhortly tolde
And howe fortune hath her whele reuerced
By tragedyes remembryd manyfolde
Tofore by Bochas of princys yonge and olde
In the eight boke reherſyd the proceſſe
Echon almoſte endyd in wretchydneſſe

Namely of them that dyd moſte deſyre
By wronge title theym ſilf to magnefye
To haue lordſhip and gouerne thempire
The ſtate imperiall proudly to occupye
Which eſtate pleynly to ſpecefye
As ferre as phebus doth in his ſpere ſhyne
Amonge all lordſhippes is brought vnto ruyne

As to myn auctoure me liſt nat diſcorde
To tell the grounde why rome cam to nought
By an exaumple I caſt me to recorde
What was cheef cauſe if it be well oute ſought

So as a fader that is naturall
Or like a moder which kyndly is bounde
To foſtre their children in eſpeciall
Right ſo a kynge in his eſtate royall
Shulde of his office diligently entende
His true lieges to cheriſſh and defende

By good exaumple his ſubgettys to enlumyne
For temporall realmes ſhulde as I fynde
Reſemble the kyngdom which is dyuyne
By lawe of god and lawe eke of nature
That Res publica longe tyme may endure
Voyde of diſcorde and fals duplicite
Of one body in longe proſperyte

Nouther ther regne nor domynacion
Haue of theym ſilf none other aſſuraunce
The eſtate of kynges gan by permyſſion
Of goddys grace and of his purueyaunce
By vertuous lyf and morall gouernaunce
Longe to contynue both in pees and werre
Lyke their deſertes and punyſſheth whan they erre

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Ware in his domys be nat parciall
To pore do almes to vertuous liberall

In his araye ſhewe him lyke a kynge.
From other princys by a maner apparence
So that men praiſe by vertuous lyuynge
More than his clothinge ferre from his preſence
And late him thynke in his aduertence
Truſte theron verely certeyne
As he gouerneth men wyll report and ſeyne

Late him alſo for his greate auaile
Haue ſuch about him to be in preſence
Notable princes to be of counſayle
Such as tofore haue had experience
Twene gode and euyll to knowe the difference
And fyve thinges hatefull of newe and olde
To banyſſh them out in haſte from his houſholde

First theym that loue to lyue in Idelneſſe
As ſuch as loue nouther god ne drede
Couetous peple that pore folke oppreſſe
And them alſo that do thinge for mede

Whan by fals treſon ſolde was palladyon
Rome and cartage in the ſame wyſe
Deſtroyed were for ſhorte concluſion
Amonge theym ſilf for their deuyſion
Rekne other realmes that ben of late date
And of deuyſions in fraunce that fyll but late

All theſe defautys reherced here breuely
Outeſought the rote and weyed in balaunce
Chief occaſion to tell by and by
Hath ben in princes that haue had gouernaunce
And ſpecially to put in remembraunce
For an exaumple telleth as cometh to mynde
Of Odoacer the ſtorye as I fynde

Borne in pruce and hardy of corage
At his gynnynge him ſilf to magnefye
Though no mencion be made of his lynage
Hauynge no title but theft and robbrye
His conqueſt gan nought of blode and auncetrye
Gadryd peple of ſundry regions
Entryd Itayle with many nacions

Gan werke ageyne hym in hope it ſhulde auayle
And therupon the lordſhyp of Itayle
He gaue of purpos his power compellynge
To Theodorik that was of Gothes kinge

So that Theodoryk in hope to haue victorye
Agayne Odoacer gan make reſiſtence
Of his name to put in memorye
Toke vpon hym by knyghtly excellence
For the romayns to ſtonde in diffence
Met hym proudly with his chiualrye
Beſyde a ryuere that callyd was Sourye

With their batayles to gedre whan they met
Beſyde Legſere that ſtondeth in lumbardye
With rounde ſperys and ſharpe ſwerdys whet
Odoacer for all his tyrannye
Was put to ſlight diſconfited his partye
And fortune that leſt chaunge and varye
At vnſet houre was to hym contrarye

Hym and his power the romayns haue defied
He brent her vynes and townes enuyron
Bycauſe the entre was to hym denyed
And to Rauenne he is deſcendyd down

[illegible] there he made his ende

### Howe Symak and Boys his ſonne in lawe were banyſſhed and after Juged to dye

After theſe miſchefys ſymak gan him drawe
Towarde Bochas with a full pitous face
Boys cam wyth him yͭ was hys ſon in lawe
Which amonge romayns greatly ſtode in grace
But in this matere breuely for to pace
The ſeid Boys only for his trouth
Exyled was alas it was greate routh

For comon profite he was vnto the toun
In maters that grounded were of right
Very protectoure and ſtedfaſt chaumpion
Ageyne two tyrauntys which of force and might
Had in the porayll oppreſſyd many a wight
By exaccions and pyllages gonne of newe
Vpon the comons full fals and elle vntrewe

Thedoryk

Theodoryk of Gothes lorde and kinge
Toke vpon him by fals intrusion
To regne in rome the peple oppressynge
By his prouostes two as made is mencion
Dyd in the cyte great oppression
Confederat as brother vnto brother
Conuigast and trygwyll was that other

Compendyously this mater to declare
To saue the comon stode in diffence
For lif nor deth he list nat for to spare
To withstonde of tyrauntes the sentence
Kynge theodoryk of cruell violence
Banysshed him by hatefull tyrannye
He and his fadre to abyde in paurye

Afterwarde theodoryk of hatrede
Lyke a fals tyraunte of malyce and enuye
Gaue Iugement that both two were dede
But touchinge Boys as bokes specefie
Wrote dyuers bokes of philosophie
Of the trynyte maters that were diuyne
Martryd for crist and called seuerync

Of kynge arthur and his conquestys and of the commodytees of Englonde and he was destroyed by his cosyn mordrede.

As euer prince myght him silf assure
w Of fortune the fauoure to restreyne
Lyke his desyre his grace to recure
To abyde stable and stonde at certeyne
Amonge all other kynge arthure of Bretayne
Which in his tyme was holde of euery wight
The wysest prince and the beste knight

To whom bochas gan his style dresse
In this chaptre to remembre blyue
His greate conquest and his high noblesse
With singulere dedys that he wrought his lyue
And firste he gynneth breuely to descryue
The sighte of bretayne and of that cuntre
Which is enclosed with a large se

Set ferre westwarde as ye shall vnderstonde
Hauynge in spayne set in the opposyte
Of a small angle callyd Inglonde
Fraunce aboute him discriuynge thus his sighte

With many a ryuere plesaunt and delyte
Hot he bathes and welles there be founde
Dyuerse mynes of metalles full habounde

Aboute which renneth the occian
Right plenteuous of all maner of vitayle
The name of which at Brutus first began
London hath shyppes by the se to sayle
Bachus at wynchestre greatly doth auayle
Worcetre with frutes haboundeth at the full
Herforde with bestys Catiswolde with wull

Bath hath bathes holsom for medecyne
Yorke mighty tymbre for greate auauntage
Cornwell myners in to myne
Salesburye bestys full sauage
Where mylke hony plente for euery age
Kent and cantyrburye hath great commodyte
Of sundry fisshes there takyn in the se

Bochas reherceth there is eke in bretayne
Founde of get a full precious stone
Blacke of coloure and vertuous in certeyne
For sekenes many more than one
Poudre of which wyll discure anone
If it be dronke though it be secre
Of maydenhede broke chastyte

There been of perles founde in muskyll shelles
[illegible] that haue moost whitnesse

Irlonde Gaule norweye ſcotlonde and fraunce
As martys ſone to the werrys mete
Wrought by counſeyle and by ordynaunce
Of prudent merlyn called his prophete
And as I finde he lete make a ſete
Amonge his brytons mooſt famous and notable
Thrugh all the worlde called the rounde table

Mooſt worthy knightes proued of their honde
Chaoſen oute by arthur this ordre was begonne
Their famous nobleſſe thrugh euery criſten londe
Shone by reporte as doth the mydday ſonne
To famous palayces the renoun is vp ronne
Statutes ſet by vertuous ordenaunce
Vnder profeſſion of marcyall gouernaunce

The firſt ſtatute in the regiſtre founde
Fro which they ſhulde nat declyne of right
By full aſſuraunce of othe and cuſtome bounde
Ay to be armyd in plate forged bright
Excepte a ſpace to reſt them on the night
Seke auenture and their tyme ſpende
Rightfull quarell to ſuſteine and diffende

The febler partye if he had right
To their power manly to ſupporte
If that they were requeryd of any right
Folke diſconſolate to bere vp and conforte
[illegible]
Wounded peple that languyſſh and endure
Which pro re publica manly ſpent their blode
The ſtatute bounde to do ſuch folkes gode

To put theym ſilf neuer in auenture
But for maters that were iuſte and trewe
Afore prouyded that they ſtode ſure
The grounde well knowe were it of olde or newe
And after that the mater whan they knewe
To procede knightly and nat fayne
As right requerid their quarell to darreyne

A clerke there was to cronycle their dedes
By purceuauntes made to him reporte
Of their exployte and their gode ſpedes
Rad and ſonge to folke gaue great conforte
These famous knightes makynge their reſort
At high feſtes eueryche took his ſete
Lyke to their eſtate as was to them mete

One was wylde called the ſee perilous
As Sank Ryall doth pleynly determyne
None to entre but the mooſt vertuous
Of god prouyded to be a pure virgyne
Borne of diſſente to accompliſſh and to fyne
He alone as cheef and ſouereyne
All auentures of wales and Bretayne

A [illegible]
As a bright ſonne ſet amyd the ſterres
So ſtode arthur notable and glorious
Lyke freſſh febus caſt his light aferres
In pees lyke Argus moſte marciall in werres
As Ector hardy lyke vliſſes tretable
Callyd amonge criſten kinge moſte honorable

His royall court he dyd ſo ordeyne
Thrugh ech cuntre ſo ferre ſprad out the light
Who that euer cam thydre to compleyne
By wronge oppreſſed and requyred of right
In his diffence he ſhulde fynde a knight
To him aſſigned fynally to entende
By marciall dome his quarell to diffende

Eke it fell ſo that any ſtraunge knight
Sought auentures and thydre cam fro ferre
To do armys his requeſt made of right
His chalenge ſene were it of pees or werre
Was accept to the court cam nerre
Lyke as he cam with manyor alone
They were deſpurred forſake was neuer none

There was the ſcole of martyall doctryne
For yonge knyghtes to lerne all the gyſe
In tendre age to lerne full diſciplyne
On horſ and fote by notable exerciſe
Thinge take in youth doth helpe in many wiſe
And ydleneſſe in grene yeres gonne
Of all vertues clypſith the clere ſon

Wydowes maydyns oppreſſyd folke alſo
Of extort wronges wrought by tyrannye
In that cuntre what nacion cam therto
Receyued were there lyſt no man denye
Of their complayntes founde redy remedye
Made no delay but forth anon right
Theym to diffende aſſignyd was a knight

Eke by their ordre they bounde were of trouth
By aſſuraunce and by oth ſworne
In their empriſes let for no ſlouth
Pleynly to tell howe they haue theym born
Their auenture of thynges done beforne
Right as it fyll ſpare in no manere
To tell ech thinge vnto their regiſtrere

Thinge openly don or thinge that was ſecre
Of auenture as bytwene twayne
Or any quarell take of volunte
Truely reporte and playly nat to feyne
Them to be ſworne the ſtatute dyd ordeyne
Nat conſeled of worſhyp nor of ſhame
To be regeſtryd reporte the ſilf ſame

And to conclude the ſtatute hath be kepyd
Euery quarell groundyd on honeſtye
In that court what knight was requeryd
In the diffence of trouth and equite
Falſhede excluded and duplycite
Shall ay be redy to ſuſtene that partye
His lyf his bodye to put in Iupartye

Thus in Bretayn ſhone the clere light
Of chyualrye and of hye proweſſe
Which thrugh the world ſhad his bemys bright
Well of worſhyp conduite of all nobles
Imperiall courte all wronges to repreſſe
Hede ſpringe of honoure of largeſſe cheef ſiſterne
Myrroure of manhode of nobleſſe the lanterne

Tyl was there ſeyne neuer ſo bryght a ſonne
The ſomerys day in the mydday ſpere
So freſſhly ſhyne but ſume ſkyes donne
Might percas curtayne his bemys clere
Oft it fayleth whan fortune maketh beſt chere
And falſly ſmyleth in hir double wede
Folke ſeyn expert than is ſhe mooſt to drede

Thus whan the name of the worthy kinge
Was fertheſt ſprad by reporte of memorye
In euery realme his nobles mooſt ſhynynge
All his empriſes concludinge on victorye
This double goddeſſe enuyed at his glorye
And caſt menys by ſume maner trayne
To clypſe the light of knyghthode in Bretayne

Thus while arthure ſtode mooſt honorable
In his eſtate flouringe in his age
Amonge his knightes of the round table
Cheeſt of prynces on fortunes ſtage
The Romayns ſent to him for truage
Gan make a cleyme frowarde and outragious
Takynge their tytle of Ceſar Iulius

The ſame tyme this mighty kynge arthur
Conquered had Gaule and alſo Fraunce
Outrayed Frolle lyke a conquerour
Brought parys vndre obeyſaunce
Toke them to grace and with his ordynaunce
Gate all Aungoy/ Angoys/ and Gaſcoyne
Peytowe/ Nauerne/ Barry/ and Burgoyne

Ceſyd nat but dyd his beſy payne
M[illegible]
Gate all the londe of peyters and tourayne
Their cytees yolde to him they dyd homage
To be rebell they founde none auauntage
Soiourned in Fraunce as ſeith the cronycler
Helde poſſeſſion the ſpace of nyne yere

Helde a feeſt full ſolempne at parys
All the cuntrees which he gate in Fraunce
Lyke a prince full prudent and wys
Which had of fredom full royall ſuffiſaunce
Of all his conqueſt the cuntrees in ſubſtaunce
For his princis and barons ſo prouyded
Lyke their deſertes he hath them dyuyded

To his Seneſcall that callyd was kay
Aungoyne and mayne he gaue all the partye
To his butler was made no delaye
Called bedwere he gaue Normandye
To a baron nye coſyn of alye
A manly knight which named was berell
Gaue the duchye of Burgoyne euerydell

Thus he departyd lordſhippes of that londe
There he thought was mooſt expedient
Sūme he reſerued in his owne honde
Ageyn to Bretayne retorned of entente
Sent out writtes helde a greate plement
After whiche he made a feeſt anone
In the cuntre called glowmorgon

At a great cite called carlion
As is remembryd by writynges
Cam many a prince and many a freſſh baron
In noumbre I fynde that there were x kynges
Redy to obey arthur in al thynges
Preſent alſo as was wele ſene
There of erles rekened full thrittene

All the knyghtes of the rounde table
Feſte of pentecoſte as feſt principall
Many eſtates famous and honorable
Of princes barons born of the blode royall
Were preſent there and in eſpeciall
All that were by othe and promyſe bounde
To brotherhede of the table rounde

And it fell ſo whyle that kynge arthure
As apperteyned ſat in his eſtate
There cam xii ſent down by great labour
Of olde men choſen of the Senat
Sad of their port demure and temperat
Richely clad of tore and of viſage
Gray heryd ſempt of right great age

First cūnyngly as they ought it due
Cauſe of their comynge and pleynly what it ment
Firſt of aſſente the kynge they dyd ſalue
Next after that they tolde who them ſent
And their lettres mekely they preſent
Concludinge thus to ſpeke in breef langage
Howe the romayns aye of hym truage

Cuſtomed of olde ſith goon many a day
Whan that Ceſar conqueryd firſt Breteyn
The kinge requeringe to make theym no delay
Arthur abode liſt no thynge to ſeyn
But all the court gan at them diſdeyn
The proude Bretons of cruell haſty blode
Wold haue theym ſlayn euene there they ſtode

Nay quod arthur to all his offycers
Within oure courte they ſhall haue no damage
They entryd been and come as meſſengers
And men alſo greatly fall in age
Lete make there with a glad viſage
Toke his counſayle with ſuch as were moſte wyſe
With this anſwere ſayde in curteys wyſe

Youre lettres red and playnly vnderſtonde
The tenure hole remembryd in this place
Touchynge the charge that ye haue take on honde
To yeue anſwere reherced in ſhort ſpace
By worde and writinge ye greatly me manace
Howe ye purpoſe with many ſtronge batayle
Paſſe the mountayn come me felly for to aſſayle

It nedith nat ſuch conqueſt to alledge
Ageyn Brytons of none olde truage
Of youre cūmynge down youre way I ſhal abrydge
With goddes grace ſhort your paſſage
Make you no delay but with my baronage
Paſſe the ſe without longe taryinge
To mete romaynes at their down comynge

This was the anſwere youe to the meſſangers
At their departynge bare with theym greate riches
He bad alſo vnto his officers
Ageyn to rome anon they gan them dres
Playnly reportynge the plenteous larges
Of worthy arthure conſidred all thinges
Of criſtendom he paſſyd all other kinges

Arth [illegible]
Of marciall prowes to lucius they tolde
And howe that he all other dyd excelle
In chiualrye with whom they were witholde
The choſyn knightes both yonge and olde
In all europe who can conſydre aright
Of all nobles the torches be there light

He caſt him nat to paye no truage
Sayd of the romayns he helde no londe.
Which to diffende he wyll make his paſſage
Of youre cleymes to breke atwo the bonde
And knightly preue with his honde
Ye haue no tytle ye nor youre cite
Ageyn the Bretons which euer haue ſtonde fre

With all the kingdoms ſubget to rome town
Kynges princes aboue the hye mountayns
With lucyus they be deſcendyd down
To mete Bretons vpon the large playnes
Arthures comynge greatly he diſdeynes
Bycauſe he had playnly to diſcryue
In multytude of peple ſuch fyue

At ſouthhampton arthur toke the ſe
With all his knyghtes of the rounde table
Behinde he left to gouerne the countre
His coſyn mordrede vntruſty and vnſtable
And at a preef falſe and diſceyuable
To whom arthur of truſt toke all his londe
The crowne except which he kept in his honde

Fro Southampton Arthur gan to ſayle
With all the worthy lordes of bretayne
At harflue londe gode aryuayle
He and his princys their paſſage dyd ordeyne
Thurgh Normandye/ Fraūce/ and eke burgoyne
Vp to a cite called auguſtence
Where he firſt fonde of lucius the preſence

So large a felde nor ſuch a multitude
Of men of armys aſſemblyd in a pleyne
Vpon a day ſhortly to conclude
Togydir aſſemblyd afore was neuer ſeyne
Lucyus had on his partye certeyne
Eſtwarde the worlde all the chyualrie
Brought by the mountaynes dounward germanye

Their wardys ſet in eche a great batayle
With their capteyne to gouerne and to gyde
Arthur with bretons the romaynes dyd aſſayle
Fonde many ſarazyns vpon that partye
Th[illegible]
As he of arthur the [illegible] doth deſcryue
He ſlough that day of ſarazyns kynges fyue

The great ſlaughter the effuſion of blod
That was that day on outher partye
Eche ageyne other that furious were and wode
Lyke for the felde as fortune liſt prouyde
That if I ſhulde longe theron abyde
To write the deth the ſlaughter and the manere
Touchinge the felde were tedious to here

To conclude and leue the ſurpluſage
In that batayle dede was many a knyght
The conſull Lucyus ſlayne in that rage
The proude Romaynes by force put to flyght
Of gentylnes arthur anon right
Lete the body of lucius be caried
Ageyn to rome it was no lenger taryed

The worthy princys and lordes that were dede
And manly knyghtes abydynge with arthur
Lyke a kynge ſolempnely toke hede
That they were buryed by dylygent laboure
And in this whyle lyke a falſe traytoure
His coſyn mordrede dyd his beſy peyne
To take from him the kingdom of bretayn

So as the ſtory playnly maketh mynde
Mordrede falſly to his auauntage
Entretyd them that were left behynde
Vnder colour of fraudolent langage
Gaue them great fredom and they dyd him homage
That by his falſe conſpyracion
Brought all bretayn in to rebellion

By faire beheſtis and many frendly ſigne
Drough the peple to him in ſondry wyſe
Shewyd him outwarde goodly and benygne
Gaue lyberteis and many great fraunchyſe
To make bretons their ſouereyn lorde deſpiſe
And puruyaunce he gan make blyue
To kepe the portes he ſhulde nat aryue

Whan kynge arthur had knowlegynge
Of this falſe treſon and all the purueaunce
That mordrede made he like a manly man ⁊ kynge
Left burgoyne and all the londe of fraunce
Caſt on mordrede for to do vengeaunce
Toke the ſe with great apparaile
Caſt at Sandwitch to make his aryuayle

Mordrede was redy with knyghtys a great noumbre
[illegible] the playn
In purpos fully arthur to encombre
At which aryuayle ſlayne was Gaweyne
Coſyn to arthur a noble knight certeyne
Eke Agnyſell was ſlayn on the ſtronde
Kynge of Scottys or he cam to londe

Maugre mordrede arthur dyd aryue
The grounde recured lyke a manly knight
For fere of whom anon after blyue
The ſeyd mordrede toke him to the flight
Toward london toke his wey right
The gates ſhet and kept was the cite
Ageyn mordrede he might haue none entre

In all haſt to Cornwayle he fled
The ſwerde of arthur he durſt nat abyde
Left he ſhulde lay his lyf to wed
Yit for him ſilf thus he gan prouyde
With multitude gadred on his ſide
Put lif and deth that day on auenture
That day to dye or the felde recure

In fortune there may be no certayn
Upon whos whele all brotelnes is founded
Mordrede that day in the felde was ſlayn
And noble arthur to the deth was wounded
By the which the felde of bretayn was confounde
Of ſo greate ſlaughter and good knightes lorn
Upon a day men haue nat ſene beforn

After the batayle arthur for a whyle
To ſtaunch his woundes and hurtes to recure
Borne in a lettre cam to an Iſle
Called aualon and there of auenture
As the ſayd gaufryde recordeth by ſcripture
Howe kynge arthur floure of chyualrye
Fet with his knightes and lyueth yit in fairye

Thus of bretayn tranſlated was the ſonne
Up to the riche ſterry bright dongeon
Aſtronomers well reherce konne
Called arthures conſtellacyon
Where he ſyt crowned in the heuenly mancion
Amyd the paleys of ſtones criſtallyne
Tolde amonge criſten of the worthy nyne

This errour abydeth yit amonge britons
Which founded is upon the propheſye
Of olde merlyn lyke their opynyon
He as a kynge is crownyd in fairie
With ſceptre and ſwerde and with his regalye
Shall reſorte as lorde and ſoueraygne
Out of fayre and regne in bretayne

And repayre ageyne the rounde table
By propheſye of merlyn ſet the date
Amonge princys kynge incomperable
His ſete ageyn to carlyon to tranſlate
The parchas ſuſtern ſponne ſo his fate
His Epitaphe recordeth ſo certeyn
Here lyeth kynge arthur that ſhall regne ageyn

Unto bochas I wyll retourne ageyn
Afore rehercyd parcell of his proweſſe
Theron to abyde me liſt nomore ſoiourne
But to remembre the great unkyndneſſe
The conſpiracion the treſon the falſneſſe
Done to kynge arthure by his coſyn mordrede
Make a Lenuoy that men all may it rede

### Lenuoye.

This tragedye of arthur here folowynge
Byd princes all beware of fals treſon
For in all erth is none ſo pitous thinge
As truſt of feyth where is deceypcion
Hyd undre curteyſy of fals colluſion
For which men ſhulde I holde the counſayle gode
Beware afore euer of unkynde blode

The worlde diuers fortune ay chaungeable
In euery cuntre and euery region
In a ſtrayte nede fewe frendes abydynge
Longe abſtynence cauſeth diſſencion
And if princes by fals dyuyſion
Nigh of allye ſhewe two faces in an hode
Late men beware euer of unkynde blode

Who was more hardy of princes here regnynge
Or more famous of marcyall renown
Than whilom was his empryſes outraynge
Arthur chefe ſonne of brutus albyon
But for all that the diſpoſycion
Of fate and fortune mooſt furious and wode
Cauſyd his deſtruction by unkinde blode

What more contrarious to nature in ſhewynge
Than fayre pretence double of entencion
Great allyaunces frowardly werkinge
Hid undre floures a ſerpent caſt poiſon
Bright ſiluer ſcalyd damageth the dragon
Ech worme ſome partye tarageth of his brode
And what more pitous than unkynde blode

Noble princys on arthur remembrynge
Deme the day of phebus goynge down
All is nat golde that is clere ſhynynge
Afore prouyded of youre inwarde reſon
Fals undermynynge and ſupplantacion
Remembrynge aye with arthur howe it ſtode
By conſpyracion of unkynde blode

### An Exclamacion of Bochas ageyn kynredes unkinde.

Syn kynredes and unkinde alliaunces
¶ Bochas maketh here an exclamacion
Upon mordrede which w$^{t}$ his ordynaunces
Caused of arthur fynall deſtruccion
The ſame eclipſinge of Brutus albion
Nat withſtandinge playnly to deſcryue
He truſted him aboue all men alyue

[illegible]

It is a merueyle and vncouth to deuyſe
By what occaſion or by what corage
That a man ſhulde in any maner wyſe
Be founde vnkinde vnto his lynage
Hatefull to god that in any age
Blode agayn blode born of one kynrede
Conſpyre ſhulde of malyce and hatrede

In this mater it were but vayn to tarye
The ſtory knowe of arthur and mordrede
By blode allyed in werkinge moſt contrarye
Which made many breton knight to blede
For by vſurpynge conſpyrynge and falſhede
Of the ſayde mordrede mooſt infortunate
Cauſed all breteyn ſtonde deſolate

First diſſolate by abcens of their kynge
Callde in his tyme of kynges moſt notable
The deſolacion of knightes abydinge
Whilom in breteyn famous and honourable
Bretheren echon of the rounde table
The which by mordrede the fals forſworne knight
Stode longe eclipſed and derkyd of his lighte

The light of nobleſſe that ſhone thrugh all breteyn
By fals mordrede was dyrked of his bemys
The monarchie departed was on tweyne
That ſtode firſt one with his marciall ſtremes
But afterwarde the brightnes of his bemys
Drough to declyne by fals dyuiſion
Which hath deſtroyed full many a region

All the proceſſe vpon a duplycyte
Playnly concludeth and that is blode vnkinde
Adue welfare and all proſperite
There pees and concorde be left behynde
Trees may nat thryue departyd fro the rynde
A pleyn exawmple in arthur and mordrede
Who can conceyue and liſt the ſtory rede

### Of Geſeurye kinge of Vvandre / and of thre other kinges/ and howe they were deſtroyed.

After all theſe ſtraunge vncouth thynges
Tofore John bochas as made is mencion
There cam tofore him foure mighty kynges
For to compleyn their deſolacion

Firſt Geſrupe kynge of the region
Called Venandre in werres full contrarye
Vnto a prince callyd beliſayre

And to this ſaide noble belyſayre
Full renomed that tyme in chiualrye
The kynge of gothes was alſo aduerſarye
And both atonys of hatrede and enuye
Aſſentyd fully to holde champertye
Geyn beliſaire which thrugh his hye renoun
Toke them both and caſt them in priſon

There is nomore of theym in bochas founde
But after theym in order by writinge
Cam amarales with many blody wounde
Which in his tyme was of mawres kynge
Without cauſe or title of any thinge
Vpon Jane Sangwyn gan werrey agayn right
Which thrugh all affryk was one the beſt knight

The ſayde Jane armyd in plate and mayle
Met amarales in Affrik on a londe
And helde with him a mighty ſtronge batayle
And lyke a knight ſlough him with his honde
Droue all his peple proudly fro that londe
And in my boke there is none other mynde
To be remembred of him that I can finde

Than ſyndwall of breton lorde and kynge
Tofore bochas put him ſilf in prees
Gan ſhewe his myſcheef pitouſly wepinge
Whan he helde werre wylfull and rechelees
Agayn a prince called Narſates
A romayne knight fers hardy and right ſtronge
In his deffence whan men wolde do him wronge

This Narſates of cas or auenture
Though he in dede was a manly knight
He lacked membres in ſoth of engendrure
His aduarſaries echon he put to the flight
Toke their kinge and furthwith anon right
As the cronycle pleynly doth recorde
On hye galowes he henge him with a corde

Of Narſates after this victorye
Kynge Totila had full greate dyſdeyne
With a great oſte moſte pompous in his glorye
Cam vpon him and met him in a playne
With multitude though he were ouerleyne
Tonninge Totyla which many man behelde
Of narſates was ſlayn in the felde

In ordre next Bochas doth write
Of Gepedoys howe kinge Truſmonde
Requited him that he wolde endyte
The great aduerſytees in which he dyd habounde
And of his doughter callyd Roſamonde
The vnhappy chaunce to make and diſcryue
To whom fortune was contrarye all hir lyue

Albonyus kynge of lumbardye
With many a londe helde in ſubiection
Conquered Beeme/ Prage / and Hungerye
The londe of Gepedoys with many a region
Faught with their kynge as made is mencion
Slough in batayle the ſayde Truſmonde
Weddyd after his doughter roſamonde

Myn auctoure greatly commendeth the beaute
And writeth alſo ſhe was but yonge of age
Whoos ſtory firſt whan I dyd ſee
Howe vngracious alſo was hir mariage
I gan wex pale in my viſage
Greatly aſtonyed confus of very ſhame
To write the ſtory in hindringe of hir name

I wyll forbere and lightly paſſe here
The ſurpluſage lightly ouerpaſſe
For by and by to tell all the manere
Of felonyes that dyd in hertys brace
It ſhulde blot this boke and eke difface
For which I caſte truly and nat fayle
Touchinge hir ſtorye to make reherſayle

### Howe Albonyus was murdryd by his wyfe and: howe ſhe after moſt vicious was murdryd alſo.

Kynge Albonoys as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
After many conqueſt and victorye
Which he had both in ſee and londe
To put his triumphes in memorye
Lete crye a feeſt to his encres of glorye
At which feſte ſolempne and principall
So as he ſat in his eſtate royall

Parcell for pryde parcell for gladneſſe
The quene preſent the ſayde Roſamonde
Take and ſupprysed he was with dronkeneſſe
Of mighty wynes which that day dyd habounde
Sent a Gobelet of golde as it is founde
Vnto the quene with licoure full pleſaunt
Bad to hir fadre ſhe ſhulde drynke a taunte

She demyd it was a maner mokerye
Firſt hir name and worſhip to confounde
To byd hir drinke ataunt for hir partye
To hir fadre this ſayde truſmonde
Slayn afore with many blody wounde
By Albonyus thrugh his vnhappy chaunce
Of which rebuke ſhe caſt to do vengeaunce

She bare the rancoure full longe in hir entente
Which day by day gan renewe and encrees
A certeyn ſquyer ſhe made of hir aſſent
To acompliſſh ſhe wolde neuer cees
And on another ſquyer ſhe gan prees
Called perdyus accordyd all in one
This fals murdre to execute anone

The day was ſet while he laye a ſlepe
Fyll vpon him with ſharpe ſwerdes grounde
Hir lorde was ſlayne alas he toke no kepe
Or he dyed of fortune he hath founde
A ſperes hede to a tronchon bounde
Him ſilf defendynde in that mortall ſtryf
But ſlayne he was by treſon of his wyf

After this murdre to eſcape fro daungere
This Roſamonde fled away by night
With hir wente melchys hir ſquyere
Toke a ſhyp ſayled by ſterre light
To Rauenne they toke the way right
Lad with theym for reſute and ſocoure
Of albonyus all the hole treſoure

After ſhe was weddyd to melchis
Man of this worlde ſtode mooſt in hir grace
Hir loue appalled ſet of him no pryſe
For ſhe nat coude be contente in one place
Hir ioye was euer newe thinge to purchace
To aſſay many neuer pleſed with one
Tyll by experyence ſhe preuyd had echone

Prouoſt of rauenne and chef gouernoure
For the excellence of hir great beaute
Aboue all wymen loued hir paramoure
Whan ſhe entred firſt that cyte
And thrugh hir fraude and duplicite
She caſt murdre in hir frowarde auyſe
Hir newe huſbonde that callyd was melchyſe

The hote ſomer in luſty freſſh may
The ſame melchis for hete and weryneſſe
Him ſilf to bath went a certeyne day
Caught a greate thurſt of faynture in ſothneſſe
And roſamonde of infernall falſneſſe
Toke a gobelet with lycoure great foyſon
Gaue him drinke wyne medlyd with poyſon

He dranke vp half and therwithall he gan
Breſt and bely to ſwell and to aryſe
Intoxigat wex dedely pale and wan
And whan he dyd hir treſon aduertiſe
He made hir drinke in the ſame wyſe
Maugre hir wyll ſhe might it nat reſtrayne
Guerdon for murdre they dyed both tweyne

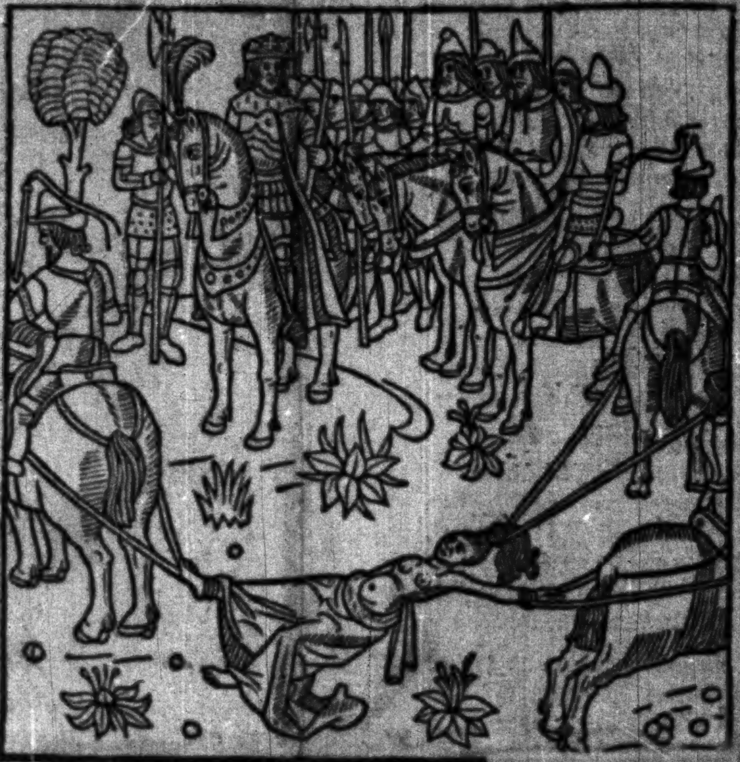
In this chapitre but lytell fruite I fynde
Saue only this to put in remembraunce
That ſhulde call agayn to mynde
Murdre afore god requireth ay vengeaunce
This funerall ſtory weyed in balaunce
wrought by melchis compaſſyd firſt and founde
By fals treſon of curſed roſamonde

Though firſt hir lorde albonyus as I ſayde
Tweyne of hir ſquyers dyd execucion
Out of his ſlepe whan he dyd abrayde
Lyke countrepeyſe [illegible]
Eche murdryd other by drynkynge of poyſon
Melchis dranke firſt and next dranke Roſamonde
As theym it gan and to theym it dyd rebounde

Countrepeyſyd one murdre for an other
Albonyus ſlayne by roſamonde his wyf
By aſſent of melchys and after eche to other
The poyſon partyd there gan a fatall ſtryf
Murdre quyt for murdre they both loſte their lyf
who with falſnes full well affirme: I dare
Shall with falneſſe be quyt or he be ware

As they departyd ſuch part agayne they toke
As men deſerue ſuch ſhall be their mede
This frowarde ſtorye ende of the eyght boke
Of Roſamonde and melchis wrought in dede
For ſhort concluſion byddeth men take hede
They ſhall agaynwarde receyue ſuch meſoure]
As they meſure vnto their neighbour

Explicit Liber Octauus.



## Incipit Liber Nonus

## Howe the emperour Mauricius/ his wif and his children were ſlayne at Calcedonie

O ſrauncis petrak as bochas vndertoke
In eſchewynge of ſleuth and Idleneſſe
As he began accompliſſh vpon his boke
Aſſuraunce made to do his beſyneſſe
which thinge remembryd gan his penne dreſſe
The nynth boke ſo god wold ſende him grace
It to perfourme if he had lyf and ſpace

At the gynnynge ſothly of his laboure
In his ſtody to him there dyd appere
Mauricius the mighty emperoure
which complayned reherſynge the manere
Howe he by phocas cruell of loke and chere
Diſtroyed was wyf children and kinrede
The ſlaughtre routhe who liſt the ſtory rede

The ſeyde mauryce as wryte bochas John
was by Phocas brought to deſtruction
His wyf his children ſlayne euerichon
At calcedonye as made is mencion

After whoos deth he toke poſſeſſion
The ſayde phocas as put is in memorye
Gaue panteon to ſeint gregorie

which was a temple of olde fundacion
Full of Idols vp ſet on hye ſtages
There through the worlde of euery nacion
were of their goddes ſet vp great Images
To euery kyngdom dyrect were their viſages
As poetis and fulgens by his lyue
In bokes olde pleynly doth deſcryue

Euerich Image had in his honde a bell
As perteyneth to euery nacion
which by craft ſome tokyn ſhuld telle
whan any kingdom fyll in rebellyon
Or gan maligne agayn rome town
which to redreſſe with ſtronge and mighty honde
Sent a prince to chaſtiſe all that londe

The ſayde temple bylded of lyme and ſtone
Pope Bonyface as bokes ſpecefye
Where it was fyrſt called pantyon
Set vp croſſes vpon eche partye
Halowyd it to marters and to marye
Yere by yere gynnynge of nouembre
The feſte holde the martylege doth remembre

In aſia this emperoure maurice was ſlayn
In the cyte that callyd is calcydonye
All his houſholde and many good romayn
By phocas and preciens as had is in memorie
And phocas after for his vaynglorie
Slayn by Eraclyus he than was emperoure
Foure and twenty wynter and chief gouernoure

Of machomete the fals prophete and howe he beynge dronke was deuoured amonge ſwyne.

After the deth of phocas as I tolde
That Eraclyus to regne fyrſt began
Cam machomet in his tyme I holde
A fals prophete and a magician
[illegible]
Born in Arabya but of lowe kynrede
All his kyne worſhypped ydols in dede

And whan that he grue in to great age
Dyſceyuable in many ſondry wyſes
With camels vſed fyrſt carriage
Fals and double ſubtyll in his dyuyſes
Went to egypt fet marchaundyſes
To Iewes and criſten ſundry tymes ſent
Lerned the olde and the newe teſtament

As bokes olde recorde in that partye
This machomet this curſyd fals man
Out of Egipt faſt gan him hye
Towarde a cuntre called Corozan
With a lady that highte cardygan
Thrugh his ſubtyll fals dalyaunce
By craft he fyll into hir acqueyntaunce

He wrought by his enchauntementys
And by fals menys of nygromancye
Hir enclynynge towarde his ententes
For both he coude flater wele and lye
Sayde opynly that he was meſſie
Iewes abydynge vpon his comynge
As greteſt prophete and their ſouereyn kynge

Thus the peple he brought in greate errour
By his techynge and his fals doctryne
He was among them a great gouernoure
The ſeyd lady alſo he dyd enclyne
As to a prophete which that was dyuyne
Sent from aboue as ſhe dyd vnderſtonde
For which ſhe toke him to hir huſbonde

His lynage gan at yſmaell
Had a ſekeneſſe full oft ſith fyll down
In his excuſe ſayde that gabryell
Was ſent to him fro the heuynly mancion
By the holy gooſt to his Inſtruction
And for the aungell ſhewyd him ſilf ſo ſhene
To ſtonde vpright he might nat ſuſtene

On his ſhuldre were oft tymes ſeyn
Whan he to folke ſhewyd his preſence
Mylke white doues which that pickyd greyn
Out of his erys affermynge in ſentence
They cam by grace of goſtly influence
Him to viſite to ſhewe and ſpecefye
He was the prophete that callyd was meſſye

Newe lawes alſo he dyd ordeyne
Shewyd ſignes by fals apparence
Like moyſes him ſilf he dyd feyne
A prophete of mooſt excellence
And therupon to ſhewe an euydence
Smale pottes with mylke and hony borne
On a great bole were hangyd on eche horne

He made the temple yeue credulyte
To his doctryne and frowarde techynge
By mylke and hony fygured was plente
By the mercye of his gooſtly werkynge
And thus he was at his begynnynge
Take of ſarazyns as they gan to him drawe
Which by fals errour bounde them to his lawe

A Clerke of his callyd Sergius
Wrote his lawes and theſe myracles thre
Fyrſt of theſe doues howe they cam to him thus
As here toforne reherced was by me
Howe mylke and hony were toke of great plente
And of the bole afore by craft made tame
By fals diſceytes to gete him a name

Of Arabyens and ſarazyns I as rede
And of Turkes made prince and gouernour
With Coſmackitis and folke of perce and mede
He gadred peple gan wex a werrour
Agayn Eraclius the mighty emperour
And vſurped to ryde in the cuntrees
Gate aliſaundre with many mo citees

Of tho partyes deſirous to be kinge
Of that purpoſe whan he was ſet aſyde
The peple falſly diſſimulynge
Tolde he was ſent prophete to prouyde
For tho cuntrees for to be their gyde
And for he was lecherous of corage
He made of Venus to ſet vp an Image

Made ſarazyns to worſhip the fryday
Semblably his ſtory doth expreſſe
So as the Jewes halowed the ſaturday
All his werkes concludynge in falſnes
Whan he dranke wyne fyll in dronkeneſſe
To the peple lyke a fals prophete
To drynke water and gode wyne to lete

As I ſayde the heretyke Sergyus
With him of counſayle frowarde and contrarye
Fone to oure feith he and Noſtoryus
From holy church greatly they gan varye
On whos errours bochas liſt nat tarye
More to write of this machomete
A nygromancian and a fals prophete

Who liſt to ſe his lawes euerichon
Youe to ſarazyns his boke can bere witnes
As they be ſet in his Alkeron
Echon in ordre groundyd on falſnes
Lyke a gloton dyed on dronkenes
By exces of drynkynge moch wyne
Fyll in a podell deuoured amonge ſwyne

This was the ende of fals machomete
For all his craftes of nygromancy
The funerall fyne of this ſayd prophete
Dronkewe of kinde callyd him ſilf Meſſie
Whom ſarazyns ſo greatly magnefye
John bochas lete be for a quene of fraunce
More of his errour to put in remembraunce

Howe Brounchilde quene of fraunce ſlough hir kyn / brought the Londe in dyuyſyon / and after was hangyd / and hewen in peces ſmale

ſ

She cam araped nothinge lyke a quene
Hir here vntreſſyd bochas toke gode hede
In all his boke he had afore nat ſene
A more woful creature in dede
With wepynge eyen totorne was all hir wede
Rebukyng bochas he had left behynde
Hir wretchidneſſe for to put in mynde

Unto myn auctoure ſodeynly ſhe abrayde
Lyke a woman that were with wo chekmate
Firſt of all thus to him ſhe ſayde
Sumtyme I was a quene of great eſtate
Crowned in Fraunce but nowe all deſolate
I ſtode for ſoth brounchyld was my name
Which to reherce I haue a maner ſhame

Thou were beſy to wryte the woful cas
Within thy boke of arrynoe
Dydeſt ſeruyce to quene cleopatras
Of Roſamunde thou wrote alſo parde
And amonge all thou haſt forgoten me
Wherby it ſemeth thou doeſt at me diſdeyne
Liſt no parcell to wryte of my peyne

Whan bochas herde this of chere he wex fal
Knowynge no thinge of that ſhe dyd endure
I wiſſe quod he afore I haue nat rad
In no cronycle nor in no ſcripture
Of youre frowarde woful auenture
No quod ſhe I pray you take good hede
So as they fyll I wyll reherce in dede

Bochas with brounchylde gan debate anon
Sothly quod he this is the condicyon
Of you wymen almooſt euerychon
Ye haue this maner without excepcion
Of youre naturall inclynacion
Of youre declarynge this obſeruaunce to kepe
No thinge to ſay contrarye to youre worſhip

Nature hath taught you al that is wronge [illegible]
Undre a curtayne al thynge for to hyde
With ſubtyll grayne youre chaf ye can abuſe
On youre defautys ye liſt nat for to abyde
The gaule touchid all that ye ſet aſyde
Shewe roſys freſſh wedys ye let pas
And fayreſt chere there ye moſte treſpas

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And if ye ſhall tell youre owne tale
Howe ye fall fro fortunes whele
ye wyll vncloſe but a lytyll male
Shewe of youre vices but a ſmall parcele
Broke glaſſe ſheweth brighter than ſtele
And though of vertue ye ſhewe a faire pretence
He is a fole that yeueth to you credence

Quod Brounchylde I do right well eſpye
Thou haſt of women a fals oppynyon
Howe they can flater wele and lye
And ben dyuers of diſpoſycion
Thou mighteſt haue made an exception
Of hye eſtatys and theym that gentyll been
Namely of me that was ſo great a quene

Your hye eſtate by kynde hath no power
To chaunge in nature nouther colde nor hete
But late vs paſſe and leue this mater
Theron to abyde or any more to plete
Of your complaynt ſay to me the grete
By way of ſeruyce to you I ſhall me quyte
As ye declare take my penne and wryte

Take hede quod ſhe and with good quyete
Fro the trouth beware that thou ne varye
Whilom in fraunce regnyd kynge Clowyce
Had a ſon that named was Clotarye
Clothar an heire that named was Lotary
And this lotarie named the ſeconde
Had ſonnys foure in ſtorye it is founde

To the cronycle who can take hede
As it is put in remembraunce
Whan their fadre the mighty kynge was dede
Atwene theſe foure was partyd all fraunce
Ech by him ſilf to haue gouernaunce
By one aſſent as brother vnto brother
Weringe their crownes ech quyt theym vnto other

The ſame tyme I callyd Brounchilde
We lyſt nat varye from the olde wrytynge
Had a fadre named leuechylde
Of all ſpayne ſouereyne lorde and kynge
My ſayd fader to full great hindrynge
Of both realmys the ſame tyme ſo ferre
Twene ſpayne and fraunce gan a mortall werre

The brethern foure in fraunce crowned kinges
Agayne my fadre made ſtronge diffence
Of marciall pryde and fortunat chaunges
Whan they met by mortall violence
Of ſo deyne ſlaughter ſyll ſuch peſtilence
On outher partye the felde lyke a great flode
With the terryble effuſion of blode

To both realmes the werres were importable
Cauſinge of deth paſſynge greate damage
Sought men ys wey by aſſent tretable
Of blode ſhedynge to appeſe the wofull rage
Vpon accorde I was youe in mariage
To Sigebert regnynge tho in fraunce
Twene both realmes to make allyaunce

Nay quod Bochas I deme it was nat ſo
Twene you and me there muſte begyn a ſtryf
Be aduyſed take gode hede therto
The firſt aſſuraunce of mariage in youre lif
Of chylperyk ye were the weddyd wyf
Cronycles ſeyn what euer ye expreſſe
In this mater wyll bere with me witneſſe

Though ſume bokes reherce and ſo ſeyn
Lyke as ye haue made here mencion
Their reherſayle ſtande in no certeyn
For by the aſſent of outher region
Spayne and fraunce in their conuencion
Ordeyned ſo in my tendre age
To ſygebert I was yeue in mariage

Imeneus was nat there preſent
Whan we toke oure chaumbre toward night
For theſyphone hir ſuſtren of aſſent
Infernall goddeſſes bare the torchys light
And as the torches ſhewyd derke and bright
Therby the peple preſentyd one and all
Dempt of the mariage what ſhuld befall

This cuſtom vſed of antyquyte
From their temples of goddys and goddeſſes
At mariages of folke of hye degre
Torches were borne of whom men toke wytnes
As they were derke or ſhewyd their brightnes
The difference ſeen in ech eſtate
If it were towarde or Infortunate.

Of this mariage ſhorte proces to make
The torches brente and yit they were nat bright
Shewed oute combrous ſmokes blake
Of conſolacion loſt was all the light
Thus in derknes waſted the firſt night
Their vers their ſonge of goddys and goddeſſes
Were all togedre of ſorowe and heuyneſſe

Theſe were the tokens the nyght of maryage
Pronoſtykes of greate aduerſite
yit of nature I had this auauntage
Of womanhede and excellente beute
And lyke a quene in ſtones and perre
I was arayed clad in purple wede
With a crowne of golde vpon my hede

Solempnely crowned quene of fraunce
Which for to ſe folke faſt gan repayre
Of all welfare I had ſuffiſaunce
Clombe vpon fortune full hye vpon the ſtayre
A ſonne I had called clotayre
By Sygebert by recorde of wrytynge
Third of that name in fraunce crowned kinge

So wolde god that day that he was borne
He had be put in his ſepulture
In ſaluacion of blode ſhed here toforne
Caused the deth of many creature
As dyuers bokes reporte in ſcrypture
Grounde and gynnynge as made is mencion
Within this londe of great dyuiſion

He with his bretheryn of whom I ſpake late
At hym began the firſt occaſion
Nat ſo quod bochas ye fayled of your date
Who was cheef cauſe of dyuyſion
Sothly quod ſhe in myn opynyon
Amonge them ſilf I dare well ſpecefye
Cheef gynnynge was fraternall enuye

Kepe your more cloos in this mater ye do ſayle
Folowynge the traces of youre condicion
ye halt foule in your reherſayle
For of your owne ymagynacion
ye ſewe the ſede of this diſſencion
Amonge theſe kinges if ye take hede
By which in fraunce many man was dede

Than brounchyld gan to chaunge chere
To bochas ſaide with face full cruell
Nat longe agon thou knewest nat the manere
Of my lyuynge but a ſmall parcell
Me ſimeth nowe thou knowest euerydell
So that ye may without lenger ſtryf
Syt as Iuge that knoweth ſo wyll my lyf

Whan theſe bretheryn ſtode at diſcorde
Ech ageyn other by mortall violence
Vndre a colour to trete of accorde
With many a maner feyned diligence
Chilperyk there beynge in preſence
Whiſom brother to Sygebert the kynge
Was ſlayn amonge them by fals conſpiringe

On whoos deth auengyd for to be
As Sigebert dyd him ſilf auaunce
Amonge the prees he ſlayne was parde
Nat ſo quod bochas but of fals gouernaunce
Of your miſlyuynge fyll this vnhappy chaunce
That ſygebert was murdryd in ſothnes
Only by occaſion of your doublenes

Folowynge the traces of newe fangylnes
Geyn Sygebert he wrought full falſly
Whan ye loued of froward doublenes
Landryk the Erle of chawmpayn and of bry
For by your outrage and your great foly
The kinge was ſlayne and ye dyd aſſent
In a foreſt an huntynge whan he went

Which called was the foreſt of compyne
Alas quod ſhe and brake out in compleynynge
Bochas bochas thou doeſt ſore vndermyne
All the ſurfetys done in my lyuynge
Thou knowest the ſlaughtre of ſygebert the kynge
Which that was wrought alas by myn aſſent
Howe knowiſt thou and were nat there preſent

Of theſe debates and of all the werre
With rebukes rehercyd here in vayn
In reherſayle greatly thou doyſt erre
For I caſt be right wele certeyne
In my diffence to replye ageyn
It was nat I ſhe that thou doeſt mene
It was Fregundys the luſty yonge quene

This Fregundis thou ſhalt vnderſtond
Right womanly and fayre of hir viſage
Chilperyk was whylon hir huſbond
For hir beutye toke hir in mariage
By hir treynys and hir great outrage
He was after the ſtory who liſt rede
At muſcheef ſlayne thou ſhalte ſo fynde in dede

Though ye by langage make ſtronge diffence
In theſe maters which cauſe me to muſe
I haue ageyn you loſte my pacience
That ſo ſubtylly wolde your ſilf excuſe
Contrariouſly your treynes ye abuſe
For Colotayre I haue ſo rad parde
Was nat engendred of Sigebert nor of the

I Remembre full wele that I haue rad
That Chilperyk though ye therat diſdeyne
Recorde of auctours that prudent be and ſad
He in trouth was gendryd of you tweyne
Which in his dyenge me liſt nat for to feyne
Left ſonnes two the ſtory ye may rede
Theobart and Thederyk to ſuccede

Bochas quod ſhe though thou turne vpſodown
The ſayde ſtoryes reherced here in dede
Folowynge the malyce of thyn opynyon
Maugre thy wyll furth I wyll procede
As I began take therto gode hede
The firſt Thederyk thou ſhalt vnderſtande
Coſyn Germayn was to my huſbonde

Kynge of burgoyn that tyme and another
He of hatrede and indignacion
Slough Theobart which that was his brother
His wyf his children for ſhort concluſion
Which in the mighty famous region
Of Antraſie regned as lorde and kynge
What euer thou ſayſt this trouth and no leſinge

Nay nay quod bochas it was all otherwyſe
I may nat ſuffre howe ye go there amonge
All this langage of newe that ye dyuyſe
Brought to a preef concludeth vpon wronge
What ſhulde we lengthe this mater thus alonge
Youre ſelf were cauſe where ye be loth or fayne
By theodoryk the theobarte was ſlayne

The grounde herof gan peell of enuye
By youre frowarde brennynge couetyſe
Which had only to occupye
To rule the londe after youre owne guyſe
And if I ſhall pleynly here deuyſe
Of theſe myſcheues reherced god do bote
Ye were youre ſelf grounde cheef croppe and rote

Quod brounchylde I conceyue well and ſe
Ye for youre pryde haue loſt all reuerence
Youre ſelf enarmed to ſhewe your cruelte
Agayns me touchynge the violence
Of two ſlaughters reherſyd in ſentence
Firſt howe thederyk his brother ſlough in dede
Callyd Theobart a pitous thinge to rede

Him ſelf after ſtranglyd with poyſon
His wyf his chyldren hewe in peſys ſmale
As ye quod bochas make here mencion
Some parte is true but nat all youre tale
For I ſuppoſe ye ſhuld wax pale
For ſhame of thinge which ye can nat excuſe
Whan Thedoryk begynneth you to accuſe

He put on you the cryme of fals treſon
Ye ſlough his wyf and children alſo
Him ſelf alſo ye murdred by poyſon
I wolde wete what ye coude ſay herto
Alas quod ſhe what ſhulde I do
Was neuer woman in hye nor lowe eſtate
All thinge conſydred more infortunate

Fortune of me ſet nowe but lytyll prys
By hir frowarde furious violence
Turnynge hir whele and viſage of malyce
Cauſeth to me that noman yeueth credence
And in deſpite voyde of reuerence
And fortunes mutabilite
Hool adiect and fall in pouerte

O Bochas John for ſhort concluſion
Thou mayſt agayne me thy ſtile nowe auaunce
I haue deſerued to haue punycion
And all the princes and barons nowe in Fraunce
Crye out on me and aſke auengeaunce
Refuge is none nor reſcure in this thinge
Though I with Clotaire my ſonne be crowned kinge

For my diſſautes foule and abhomynable
Before the iuges of all the perlement
I was foriuggyd and founde alſo coupable
Of euery cryme conuyct by Iugement
Myn accuſours there beynge preſente
Of one and other ſtondynge a great route
Markyd with fingers of folke that ſtode aboute

For very ſhame I dyd myn ien cloſe
For them that gaured and caſt on me theyr ſight
But as folke may by toknes wele ſuppoſe
Myn eies were nat ſtopped half aright
Taken by force lad forth by might
By the hangman drawe ouer hill and vale
Diſmembryd after and hewe on peſys ſmall

With my blode the pament all beſprepinte
Thanked be fortune which was myn auenture
The ſoule partyd the body was ſo feynt
Who rad euer of any creature
That moch more torment dyd endure
Prayde bochas to haue all thinge in mynde
Write hir lyf and leue no thinge behinde

Lenuoye.

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E8

Thys tragedye of brounchilde the quene
Loke hir ſtory who liſt yeue attendaunce
Frowarde to rede contageous to ſene
And contrarye to all gode gouernaunce
Born in ſpayne crownyd quene of fraunce
Double of tonge vpſin der of treſon
Caused all that londe ſtande at dyuiſion

From hir traynes there coude noman fleen
Sours and hede ſpringe of ſorowe and myſchaunce.
Shed hony firſt ſtange after as do been
Hir myrre medlyd with ſugred fals pleſaunce
what ſhe ſayde encluded in variaunce
Maiſtreſſe of murdre and of diſſencion
Caused all that londe ſtonde at diuiſyon

Prynces of gaule might nat ſuſtene
Great outrages nor the great greuaunce
Nor the ſurfetys done in their yerys grene
Brought that kingdom almooſt to vttraunce
All of aſſente cryed on hir vengeaunce
The fame aros howe all that region
In hir falſneſſe ſtode at dyuyſion

The knyf of murdre grounde was ſo kene
By hir malyce of longe contynuaunce
Hir corage fret with infernall tene
Sparyd neuther kyn nor allyaunce
Peyſed hir ſurfetys and weyed in balaunce
As bochas wryte ſhe was the occaſion
which made all fraunce to ſtonde at dyuiſion

Bochas marueyleth of the malice and cruelte of
Brounchilde writeth thus

Bochas aſtonyed gan inwardly maruayle
Fyll in a maner ambyguyte
Of brounchildes merueylous rehersayle
Howe any woman of reſon ſhulde be
So full of malyce and of cruelte
To ſle hir kyn and ſet at diſtaunce
By diuiſion all the realme of fraunce

Bochas dempt it was nat credyble
That a woman ſhulde be ſo vengeable
In hir malice ſo venymous and terrible
Of ſlaughter and murdre to be coupable
The ſtorye ſuſpecte helde it but a fable
Only excepte that ſhe dyd him exite
With great inſtaunce hir ſtory for to write

Hir crye on bochas was very importune
To ſet in ordre hir felicitees
With hir vnhappy chaunges of fortune
Hir diſclaundres great aduerſytees
With hir diffame reportyd by cuntrees
No very grounde founde in bokes olde
But of confeſſion that ſhe hir ſelf tolde

That myn auctour reherſyd with ſolempne ſtyle
Reherce ſhulde hir wordes diſclaundrous
Hir flourynge yeres alſo for to compyle
Medlyd with hir daies that were contrarious
Hir fatall ende frowarde and furious
Wherof encoumbryd of very werineſſe
Towarde Eraclius he gan his penne dreſſe

Howe Eraclius the Emperoure ſuſteyned hereſye/ fyll in to dropſye / and ſekeneſſe vncurable/ and ſo dyed.

Fter Phocas with gret honour and glorye
a Crowned emperour of rome the cite
In whos tyme as ſeith the ſtorye
The Romayns ſtode in greate pplexite
By theym of perce that roos with Coſdroye
Which toke vpon him to be lorde and ſyre
As a tyraunte to trouble the empyre

Gate many prouynce and many famous toun
Thrugh all aſye as the cronicle ſeith
Gan approch towarde Jeruſaleem
Afore the towne proudly a ſyege he leithe
As a tyraunt frowarde to cryſtys feith
But eraclyus maugre all his myght
Smet of his hede and ſlough him lyke a knyght

And by grace which that is dyuyne
This famous prince this Eraclyus
In his begynnynge ſlough many proude ſerſyns
Holde in tho dayes notable and glorious
And in his conqueſt paſſynge famous
Dyuers relykes of the croſſe he ſought
And from tho cuntrees many of them he brought

Was none ſo famous holde in his dayes
As Eraclyus the Empyre for to gyde
Nor more manly founde at all aſſayes
Of hye prowes nor in chiualrye
But whan he gan ſuſteyne heresye
God toke from him within a lytyll ſpace
His hap and welfare his fortune and his grace

He gan ſuſteyne and folowe certeyn rytes
Of wylfulneſſe and frowarde fantaſye
Of a secte callyd Monachelitys
Which as a ſecte of frowarde heresye
And ſith that he drough to that partye
The ſtory telleth for all his hygh eſtate
This Eraclyus was neuer fortunate

Where he was firſt drad on ſe and londe
Namely of ſaraſyns for all his chiualrye
Grace and fortune from him withdroughe hir honde
For whan he fyll into heresye
He was trauayled with ſuch a dropſye
That therwithall he had a frowarde luſte
Euer to drinke and euer he was a thurſt

In tho dayes founde was no leche
Alle that they were ſought on eche partye
The ſayde prince that coude wyſſh or teche
Him to reſcue of his dropſye
Made feynt and feble with a greate paleſye
Thus in ſekenes he hath his dayes ſpent
By vengeaunce ſlayne with infernall torment

Of Eraclyus this was the wofull ende
As is rehercyd ſlayn with ſekeneſſe
Oute of this worlde whan he ſhulde wende
All hole the empyre ſtode in great diſtreſſe
Fors of ſaraſyns dyd theym ſo oppreſſe
And day by day drough to declyne
By his ſon called conſtantyne

### Howe Conſtantyne the ſon of Eraclyus ſupportynge errour / and heresye / was murdred in a ſtewe

WHich was his ſucceſſour as made is mencion
In whos tyme through his great folye
Sarazyns dyd great oppreſſion
Spoylynge the cuntres of all lumbardye
And Conſtantyne of wylfull ſlogardye
Waſtyd his dayes tyll he hath brought
All the Empyre almoſt to nought

Geyn criſtes feith in eſpeciall
He gan of malyce his wyttys to applye
And was therto enmy full mortall
And chefe ſupportoure of falſe heresye
And towarde rome faſt he gan him hye
Spoyled temples of many riche ymage
And by water after toke his paſſage

To conſtantynople faſt he gan him hye
By ceſyle the way was almoſte meete
At Syracuſe I fynde that he dyd aryue
And for the ceſon was exceſſyf of hete
Which in his labourre made him for to ſwete
And ſecretly he gan him ſelf remeue
To be bathed in a preuy ſtue

Of enuye there he was eſpyed
His owne knyghtes lyke as it is founde
By conſpyracion certeyn of them allied
Fyll vpon him with ſharpe ſwerdys grounde
And merciles with many mortall wounde
They ſlough him there on him they were ſo wode
Amyd the ſtewe naked as he ſtode

After whoos deth they dyd theym ſelf auaunce
To cheſe a knyght born in armenye
Of the empyre toke the gouernaunce
And to ſupporte falſly their empyre
But Conſtantyne ſuccedinge of allye
Beynge next heyre the trouth for to ſue
To him that was murdred in the ſtewe

CAllyd Conſtantyne as his fader was
Right notable in actys marcyall
More wyſely gouerned ſtode in other caas
Lyke a prince by iugement royall
Of manly herte and corage naturall
The conſpiratoures firſt of all he ſleth
That were aſſentyd to his fadres deth

To great encreſe of his famous renoun
Grace of god dyd him enlumyne
Conſtantynoble in that royall toun
Olde heresye to ceſe and to fyne
Two hundred biſſhoppes eke alſo nyne
He made aſſemble to ſtonde at deffence
Of criſtys feyth of manly prouydence

He was eke beſy churches to reſtore
All heretikes manly to withſtonde
Their opynyons examyned well before
And whan the trouth was well vndreſtonde
Lyke criſtyn knyght lyſt for no man wonde
To punyſſh theym iuſtly by rigoure
without exception of perſon or fauoure

Of hym in bochas lytyll more I rede
Nor of his empyre I fynde non other date
Spared none heretikes nouther for golde nor mede
At conſtantynople he paſſed in to fate
whan bulgarence gan with hym debate
A frowarde peple wylfull and recheles
Gaue theym a tribute for to lyue in pees

## Howe Ciſulphus was ſlayn and his wyf endyd miſcheuouſly in lecherye.

NExt cam Syſulphus to bochas on the ringe
A famous duke and notable in his lyf
with wepynge eyen pytouſly playnynge
with whom alſo cam rymulde his wif
which that lyued euer in ſorowe and ſtryf
yet was ſhe both of birth and of lynage
Right excellent and fayre of hir viſage

Syxe chyldren had this famous quene
By Syſulphus goten in mariage
wonder ſemely and goodly vnto ſene
And fortunat by proceſſe of their age
Albe their fadre felt great damage
By the werres he had in his lyuynge
with Gathamus that was of Narrys kinge

This cathamus with many ſtronge batayle
Is deſcendyd and take the way right
Of Duke Syſulphus the londes ta aſſayle
Togedre met in felde armyd bright
Syſulphus ſlayn his peple put to flight
And cathamus with ſtronge and myghty honde
Toke poſſeſſion conquered all his londe

After whoos deth Rymulde the duches
Greatly aſtonyed pale of hir viſage
To the caſtell of Forgoyll gan hir dreſſe
with hir knyghtes of ſtronge and fell corage
Cathamus made after his paſſage
Layde a ſyege caſt hym to Iupart
His lyf/ his body rather than depart

Aboute the caſtell armyd as he ſtode
Lyke a prince ſat knyghtly on his ſtede
Vpon the walles as rimuldus abode
Freſſhly beſeen in hir purple wede
And of the ſyege gan to take hede
Hir loke vnwarly as ſhe caſt aſyde
And ſawe the kynge afore the caſtell syde

So lyke a prince and a manly knyght
She gan on hym loke wonder narowe
The god of loue perced thrugh hir ſight
Vnto hir herte merkyd with his arowe
Made the lyste ſo plyaunt of hir thought
That of hir caſtell ſhe ſet almooſt right nought

And for to accompliſſh the hole entencion
Of hir fals luſt in any maner thynge
She is agreed by diſpoſicion
To yelde the caſtell in haſt vnto the kynge
Hym for to come without more taryenge
Lyke a duke / a ducheſſe hir ſilf to preſent
where as the kynge ſat armed in his tent

The peple within pryſoners take
Hir foure ſonnes toke theym to the flight
Loue cauſed that ſhe hath forſake
Hir blode hir kyn where it were wronge or right
And rymulde the ſpace of all a night
with Cathamus had all hir deſire
And euer after he had hir in deſpyte

And by the kynge whan ſhe was refuſed
Twelue in nombre that dwellyd in his hous
Mooſt frowardly hir beutye hath abuſed
Of hir nature ſhe was ſo lecherous
And to reherce it is contagyous
Howe ſhe weye after ſo abhomynable
To be aqueyntyd with gromes of the ſtable

It were but vayn to tary on this matere
Or any longe proceſſe for to make
Hir ſtorye is contagyous for to here
But fynally at myſcheef ſhe was take
For a ſpectacle fetchyd on a ſtake
Set vp aloft myn auctour telleth ſo
Dyed in diſtres for conſtraynt of hir wo

### Of Iuſtynyan the fals extorcyoner / exyled by patricyan / after both noſe and iyen kut from his hede.

By exaumple ſo as freſſh armure
Thrugh longe reſtynge leſeth his brightneſſe
Fret with olde ruſt gadreth greate ordure
Is diffaced of his freſſh clereneſſe
Semblably the romayns hye proweſſe
Gan for to appall alas and that was routh
Whan they gaue to neglygence and ſlouth

Who in kinghode liſt haue experience
Muſte eſchewe riotous Idleneſſe
By prudent and entier dyligence
Large with diſcrecion manly with gentylneſſe
To high empryſes his corage dreſſe
And be well ware on eche partye
Him to preſerue from all ſlogardye

The which greatly hath appeyred
As it is remembred of olde antiquyte
Caused romayns to be deſpeyred
By frowarde luſtes hyndred their cite
And appalled their olde proſpite
Of which defautys cam to pleyn blyue
To Iohn bochas emperours fyue

As many kynges of the ſame nowmbre
Which by ſlouth were afore oppreſſed
Whom that ſlouth whilom dyd encombre
Their names by and by here expreſſed
To myn auctour they haue their cours dreſſyd
Lyke their degrees to ſpeke in wordys fewe
Iuſtynyan firſt gan his face ſhewe

Nat Iuſtynyan whilom ſo vertuous
And of prudent gouernaunce ſo notable
But Iuſtynyan Temerarius
Double of his dedys fals and deſceyuable
Of his promys dyuers and vnſtable
Whilom exiled by patrician
For extorcions that he in rome began

His noſe his iyen patricyan gaue in charge
To be cut of by furious crueltie
And of the empyre that was ſo wyde and large
Leoncyus next gouerned the cyte
And thrugh fortunes mutabilyte
The ſame leonce by tybery was caſt down
His iyen put out dyed in priſon

Tyberyus after ſeruyd of the ſame
His noſe cutof from his ſe put down
For a rebuke and a perpetuall ſhame
To a cite that called was cerſon
Without mercy fauour or raunſon
Exyled he was priſoned as a theef
By longe torment dyed at miſcheef

### Howe Philyp the emperour dyed at myſcheef.

Next to bochas cam philip on the ringe
Whos empyre no while dyd endure
Lyke an heretyke curſyd of lyuynge
And odious to euery creature
Bete down ymages and many freſſh pycture
Of holy ſayntes which in their temples ſtode
Wherby romayns dempt that he was wode

Purſued he was by a manly knight
Called Anaſtayſe and put out of his place
And in eclypſe of very force and myght
He dyd his iyen out of his hede arace
By iugement his viſage to difface
Semblably as he by great outrages
Of criſtys feith diffaced the Images

Dyed at miſcheef dyrkyd with blyndneſſe
Than Anaſtayſe toke poſſeſſion
In whoos tyme bokes bere witneſſe
And cronycles alſo make mencion
Of the empyre was made dyuyſion
That firſt was one/ partyd into twayne
Wherof myn auctoure in maner doth compleyne

### Howe Anaſtace was compelled to leue the Empyre to be a preſte and lyue in pouerte.

As he reherceth in his opynyon
And therupon doth a grounde deuyſe
Cauſe and rote of their diuyſion
Toke originall of fals coueytyſe
And ceriouſly he telleth here the guyſe
Into the church whan richeſſe brought in pryde
All perfection anone was ſet aſyde

The pore ſtaffe and potent of doctryne
Whan it was chaungyd and liſt nat abyde
In wylfull pouerte but gan anon declyne
On ſtately paſtures and hye hors to ryde
Short heres were alſo layde aſyde
Turned to copes of purpyl and ſanguyne
Gownes of ſcarlet furryd with ermyn

Slender fare of wyne and water clere
With abſtynence of brede made of whete
Chaungyd tho dayes to many fat dynere
With confect drinke and ypocras ſwete
All ſobreneſſe dyd his boundes lete
Scarſneſſe of fode left his olde eſtate
With newe exceſſe gan wex delycat

Goodly lyuynge in the church appalled
Caused grekes withdrawe them in ſentence
From the pope in petyrs place ſtallyd
And liſt to hym do none obedyence
Fals auarice cauſyd this offence
That the grekes dyd them ſilf dyuyde
Fro the romayns for hir great pride

Thus couetyſe and fals ambicion
Dyd firſt greate harme in the ſpirituall
Brought in diſcorde and dyuyſion
Amonge princes in their eſtate royall
Who clymbeth higheſt mooſt pitous is his fall
Recorde I take of the forſayde Anaſtace
By theodoſie put out of his place

This theodoſie dyd his beſy payne
On Anaſtace ſuch werre for to make
That maugre him he dyd him ſo conſtreyne
That he was fayne the empyre to forſake
For fere and drede he dyd vpon him take
The ordre of preeſt from the Imperiall ſee
Content with lytyll lyued in pouerte

## Howe the hede of Lupus kynge of lumbardye was ſmet of by Grymaldus.

a Fter theſe chaunges remembryd by writinges
Lyke as I haue tolde here in partye
Cam to bochas foure mighty kynges
Regnynge echon of olde in lumbardye
After the maner and guyſe in Barbarye
They were arayed in their paſſage
With here forgrowen body and viſage

Their berdys raught ouer their nauyll down
Their garnementys of coloures manyfolde
With brode baudrykes enbraced enuyron
Large buckles and pendauntes of fyne golde
Their brech enbroudryd after the guyſe of olde
Fret with perle legge ſtuckyd to the kne
Pleynynge to bochas of their aduerſite

Their ſhoon were raced freſſhly to the toon
Richely tranſuerſed with golde wyre
And theron ſet many a ſtronge ſtone
Geyn phebus light ſhone full bright and clere
Theſe lumbarde kynges gan to approche nere
The firſt of all the kynge lupus
Vnto Bochas gan to compleyne thus

Bochas quod he as for my partye
For to reherce by ſhorte concluſion
One grymaldus a prince of lumbardye
Hath me encloſyd out of my region
And cruelly encheyned me in pryſon
And after that dyd a ſargeaunt ſende
Smet of myn hede and there I made an ende

## Howe the hede of Alcyppus was ſmet of by comperton

After this ende reherced of Lupus
For to declare his mortall heuyneſſe
Next in ordre ther cam Alcypius
A lumbarde kynge famous of richeſſe
Which toke on him of ſurquedous proweſſe
For to compace the deſtruction
Of a prince called comperton

Which ware alſo a crowne in lumbardye
Atwyn both was werre and great diſtaunce
But all the peple and lordys of pauye
With mighty honde and marciall gouernaunce
The ſayd alcypius brought vnto miſchaunce
And Comperton eſcaped from all drede
Of mortall vengeaunce lete ſmyte of his hede

Howe Aryperton was drowned with his richeſſe.

fter who as deth pitouſly pleynynge
a Tofore Iohn Bochas cam Aryperton
Of Lumbardye whilom lorde and kynge
Which lyke a fole of high preſumpcion
All cauſeles toke occaſion
Of volunte there is nomore to ſay
Ageyn the duke of Dagaropu to werreye

Theſe princys twayne taken haue the felde
And of Aryperton the partye gan apeyre
His aduerſarye anon as he behelde
His cowarde hert gan diſeſpeyre
Into Pauye for fere he gan repeire
Toke his treſour in purpoos anon right
For very drede to take him to the flight

Toke a veſſell and entred is the ſe
With ſodeyn tempeſt aſſayled and derkeneſſe
His barge periſſhed by greate aduerſite
And was drowned with all his great richeſſe
Lo here the fyne of wordly wretchydneſſe
Namely of theym to gete great treſoure
That gynne werre ageyn their neighbours

Howe Dedierre by pope Adrian and Charles of Frauñce was put to flight and dyed at miſcheef.

NExt to Bochas with hevy loke and chere
kynge of Lumbardye ſhewed his preſence
Called in his tyme noble Dedierre
Notable in armes and of great excellence
And where his fader had done offence
To the pope and full great dureſſe
This kynge caſt the damages to redreſſe

Agiſtolphe was his fadres name
Which to the pope dyd great aduerſite
For which his ſon to encres his fame
Of royall fredom and magnanymyte
And of benygne lyberalite
Gaue to the pope with humble reuerence
A ſtatly cyte that callyd is Faence

Therwith he gaue great treſoure and great gode
As he that lyſt of fredom for to ſpare
A mighty caſtell which on Tybre ſtode
Within the boundys and lordſhip of Ferrare
Which is a cite pleynly to declare
Of antiquite myn auctour telleth ſo
And ſtant vpon the ryuere of the Poo

This Dedierre regnynge in Lumbardye
Gan wexe famous at his begynnynge
Had great name vpon eche partye
But in this erth is no thinge abidinge
All ſtant on chaunge and fortune in werkinge
Is founde vnſtable and double of hir viſage
Which of this kynge chaungyd the corage

There he was large on euery ſyde
Lyberall founde in many ſundry wyſe
His goodlyhede was chaungyd in to pryde
And his larges in to couetyſe
Of doubleneſſe he gan anone dyuyſe
To clayme ageyn as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
His ſayde gyftes out of the popes honde

Which Dedierre had made alyaunce
As the cronycle maketh mencyon
With kinge Pepyne regnynge tho in Fraunce
After whoos deth to haue poſſeſſion
And full lordſhyp of all that region
He gan of newe fall at diſtaunce
Both with the pope and with the kinge of Fraunce

Of preſumpſion theſe werres he began
Ageyn his promys of double varyaunce
Pope in tho dayes was holy Adryan
Which to ſtynt the trouble and greate myſchaunce
Requyred help of the kynge of Fraunce
And great Charles in Bochas as I rede
Cam to the pope to helpe in this nede

Charles that tyme was cheef protectoure
To holy church their partys and diffence
Which of hole herte and dyligent laboure
With Dedierre by manly violence
He met in Tuſkye of knightly excellence
Had a batayle to preue their both might
Charles victor Dedierre put to flight

As I fynde he fled into Pauye
Worthy Charles layde a ſege aforne
Conſtreyned them vpon eche partye
For lacke of vitayle they were almoſte lorne
They wantyd ſocoure greyn and corn
By ſodeyn conſtreynt and great aduerſite
To kynge Charles they yelded vp the cite

Kynge Deſyere was ſent into Fraunce
With mighty cheynes fetred in pryſon
Lyke a wretch in ſorowe and great penaunce
Dyed at myſcheef there gayned no raunſon
Which had afore ſo greate poſſeſſion
After whoos day by olde writinge
Amonge lumbardes was neuer crowned kynge

### Of pope John a woman with childe and put down.

After the princes reherced here toforn
Drowned in terys cam a creature
Lyke a buſſhop rounded and ſhorne
And as a preeſt ſhe had a brode tonſure
Hir apparayle outwarde and veſture
Beynge a woman wherof bochas toke hede
Lyke a prelate ſhape was hir wede

She was the ſame that of yore agon
Vnworthely ſate in petyrs place
Was afterwarde callyd pope Jhon
A berdles prelate none here ſeen on hir face
Of hir byrth named was the place
Maience a cite ſtondynge in Itayle
Vpon the Reen full famous of vitayle

In hir youth and in hir tendre age
Forſoke hir kynne and in eſpeciall
Laſt ſhe wolde for hir auauntage
Gaue hir to cunnynge body herte and all
And in the ſciences called lyberall
In all ſcyen by famous excellence
By great ſtudy ſhe had experyence

Hir name couth in many diuers londe
To ſhewe hir cunnynge firſt whan ſhe began
Serchynge prouynces cam to Inglonde
No wight ſuppoſynge but that ſhe was a man
Cam to rome hir ſtory tell can
Taught gramer ſophiſtry and logyk
Rad in ſcoles openly rethoryk

In the tyme of emperoure Lotarye
After the deth as made is mencyon
Fro myn auctour if I ſhall nat varye
That the pope which called was Leon
The ſayde woman by election
Inſtallyd was no wight ſuppoſinge than
By no tokne but that ſhe was a man

The boke of Fortys after that anon
Of auenture turned vpſo doun
She was named and callyd pope John
Of whos naturall diſpoſicion
Fyll by proceſſe in to temptacion
Quyk with childe the houre cam on hir than
Was delyuered at ſaynt John Lateran

After put down for hir great outrage
I wyll on hir ſpende nomore laboure
But paſſe ouer all the ſurpluſage
Of hir lyuynge and of hir great erroure
Turne my ſtyle vnto the emperoure
Called arnolde and wryte his pytous chaunce
Son to charles the greate kinge of fraunce

To this Charlys as bokys determyne
He was ſonne nat borne in mariage
But begoten of a concubyne
Toke vpon him of ſurquedous outrage
Without title birth or lynage
To ſuccede by fraude and fals laboure
Amonge romeyns to regne as emperoure

He was vngracious ſittinge in that eſtate
In myſcheef ſpent his dayes euerychon
With lys and wormes made infortunate
Thrugh ſkyn and fleſſh fret vnto the bone
Craft of medecyne nor ſocoure was there none
So depe was fret in his entrayle
Dyed in diſtreſſe no leche might auayle

### Bochas counſeyleth prynces to remembre on Arnolde.

My auctour bochas ſtynte here for a whyle
Sharped his penne of entencion
Gan to argue to tranſporte his ſtyle
To write of tyrauntys the tranſgreſſion
More wode and fell than any ſcorpion
Theym counceylinge whan they be mooſt bolde
For to remembre of this proude Arnolde

He ne was not in his pride aſſayled
Nat with wolues tygres nor lyons
With rauynous berys nor wilde bores trauayled
Nouther with other mighty champions
Which haue conquered many regions
But with wormes engenderyd of his kynde
The ſeyd arnolde was murdryd as I fynde

In ſuch diſtoyne the ſeyde arnold ſtode
with lys and wormys fret ageyn nature
That was ſo nye borne of charles blode
Impotent the peyne to endure
which was in ſoth an vncouth auenture
That a prince might nat be ſocoured
Of ſmale wormes for to be deuoured

A greate exaumple who liſt conſidre
To princeps all for to abate their pryde
Late theym conſidre their fragylite
To ſe an emperour to abyde
Thaſſaute of wormes and lay their booſt aſyde
In this arnolde wyſely aduertyſe
Howe god hath power their pompe to chaſtyſe

Deth of arnolde dyd my penne encoumbre
For the greate abhomynacion
Than to bochas cam the twelue in noumbre
Callyd pope John as made is mencion
Entrynge by fraude and fals eleccion
To goddys lawe frowarde and contrarye
Nat lyke a paſtor but like a mercenarye

Called afore he was octauian
Nothinge reſemblynge petyrs gouernaunce
Fro the tyme in rome that he began
To ſit as pope he yaue his attendaunce
To folowe his luſte and his fleſſhly pleſaunce
In hawkynge and huntinge ſtode his felicite
And amonge wymen conuerſaunt for to be

Vnto ſurfete ryot and glotonye
He gaue him holy toke of god no kepe
Greatly deſclaundryd he was of lecherye
Kept in his courte without ſhame or drede
A noumbre of wymen in croupele as I rede
Two cardynalles of purpoſe dyd entende
His vicious lyf to correcke and amende

And of entente theſe cardynalles two
The church eſclaundred caſt theym to redreſſe
Made lettres ſent them to octho
Duke of Saxon that he ſhulde him dreſſe
Towarde rome and of hye nobleſſe
On holy church to haue compaſſion
Make of this miſcheef iuſt informacion

This pope John whan he hath perceyued
Of theſe cardynalles the maner of wrytynge
And howe the duke the lettres hath receyued
He to do vengeaunce made no taryenge

Bode no lenger this Iugement yeuynge
Cut of the noſe ſelly of that one
Hand of that other and ech was callyd John

The emperour dyd his letters ſende
To this pope of hole affeccion
Of his defautys he ſhulde him amende
But there was founde no correccion
For which he was depoſyd and put doun
By cardynalles for his curſydneſſe
We liſt nomore to write of his wretchidneſſe

For his defautys and his greate outrage
This John put down as ye haue herde deuyſe
Myn auctoure after caught a great corage
Seynge this myſcheef in many ſondry wyſe
In holy church which that dyd ariſe
Amonge prelates caſt them ſilf blyue
Their diſfautes openly to deſcryue

Of their pryd· and preſumpcion
And while he gan ſtudye in this matere
He gan remembre anone in his reſon
Vpon a vers wreten in the ſautere
Touch nat my prophetys ne nigh them nat to nere
Nor ageyn them beware in dede and thought
In no wyſe that ye malygne nought

For this cauſe as ye ſhall vnderſtonde
Touchynge this matere pleynly as I rede
Myn auctoure gan withdrawe his honde
Left his purpoſe and furth gan procede
To whoos preſence or that he toke hede
Cam a prince Duke Charles of Loreyn
Him beſought to wryte his greuous peyne

### Of Charles of Loreyn confoundyd with hungre.

This duke of lorreyne as ye ſhall conceyue
Had werre with the kynge of fraunce
Callyd Hugh Capet and I apperceyue
An archbuſſhop to do the kinge pleſaunce
Of hatrede made his ordynaunce
Ageyn this duke awayte vpon him ſet
That he him toke abed whan he ſlept

The ſayde buſſhop gan falſly vndremyne
This worthy duke by full fals treſon
Which as I fynde was called ancelyne
And he was buſſhop that tyme of leon
Which by fraude and fals colluſion
Toke this prince that was duke of lorreyne
And to the kynge he brought him by a treyne

By whom he was delyuered to priſon
To Oſtraunce and with cheynes bownde
What was his ende wasmade no mencion
But in a pytte horryble and profounde
Myſcheef with hunger dyd him ſo confounde
That I ſuppoſe this Duke of Loreyne
Conſumed was for conſtreynt of his peyne

### Howe kinge Salamon whilom kynge of Hungery was put to flight

a Fter to Bochas there cam down
Princys foure and ech for his partye
Their greues tolde and firſt Salamon
That whilom regnyd in Hungerye
Both ſole and cowarde bokes ſpecefye
Voyde of reſon noyſed of ignoraunce
And at a poynt coude no puruεaunce

Fortune alſo dyd at him dyſdeyne
For he was nouther manly nor corageous
Ageyn whom were worthy knightes tweyne
Getta was one with Laudiſalus
Famous in armes notable and vertuous
Both at onys on ſalamon cam down
And made him fle out of his region

Thrugh his vnhappy froward cowardiſe
There was in him founde no defence
Flight was his ſhelde lyſt in no wyſe
Geyn his ennmyes make reſiſtence
Fayled herte to come to preſence
To ſaue his londe he dred him ſilf ſo ſore
Of whom bochas wryte in his boke nomore

### Howe Petro kinge of Hūgery was ſlayne

ANother kynge put here in remembraunce
Called petro regnynge in hungerye
For his defaulte ageyn the kinge of Fraūce
I called Charles of malice and folye
By indignacion that was his tormentrye
His eyen put out there was no better ſocoure
And after ſlayne by dome of the Emperoure

### Howe Dyogenes the Emperoure was taken/ and his eyen put oute.

a Fter to bochas there cā tweyn on the kinge
Duke of Swene formeſt as I rede
Ageyn thēperour firſt maliciouſly werkinge
Henry the Emperoure regnynge tho in dede
But for his malice this was his fatall mede
Banyſſhed to dwell amonge beſtys ſauage
Slayn in a foreſt for his great outrage

Whan Conſtantyne departyd from this life
Which of all grece was lorde and gouernoure
By mariage of hir that was his wyf
A knight Dyogenes was made emperoure
Fortune to him dyd ſo great fauoure
Conſtantinople holdynge in his honde
As ſouereyne prince of all grekys londe

Yit there was ſūme that grutchid therageyn
And had of him greate indignacion
The kynge of perce Belſet Tarquenpayne
Fro him by force toke many a region
Meſopotanye to his poſſeſſion
Toke by ſtronge hande thrugh his chyualrye
Maugre diogenes and almooſt all ſurrye

Belſet tarquenpan made him ſilf ſo ſtronge
By manly force Dyogenes to aſſayle
And for Dyogenes thought he dyd him wronge
He gan ordeyne great ſtuf and apareyle
A day aſſigned they met in batayle
Dyogenes of frowarde auenture
He and his knightes brought to diſconfiture

Take he was and brought by great diſdeyne
In whom as tho there was no reſiſtence
To kynge Belſet called tarqnpan
And whan he cam to his p̄ſence
Ageyne him was youe this ſentence
To lye down plat and that kinge Belſet
Shulde take his fote and on his throte ſet

This was done for an hye deſpyte
Dyogenes brought forth on a cheyne
Withoute reuerence fauoure or reſpite
At great feſtys aſſigned was his payne
And aldrelaſte put out his eyen twayne
The whele of fortune tourneth as a ball
Sodeyn clymbynge axeth a ſodeyn fall

### Howe Robert Duke of Normandye faught with the Turkes / was named to the crowne of Jeruſalem / and dyed at myſcheef.

A worthy prince ſpoken of in many realme
Noble Robert duke of Normandy
Choſe to the crowne of Jeruſalem
But for cauſe he dyd it denye
Fortune vnto him had enuye
The ſame Robert next in ordre was
Than cam to pleyne his fatall vnto bochas

For criſtys feyth this mighty champion
This duke Robert armed in plate and mayle
With manly Godfray Godfray Bollion
Ageyn turkes faught a great batayle
For criſtys feyth that it ſhulde auayle
To ſuſteine the lawe in their entent
To all the kynges of the occident

Of turkes and ſaraſyns was ſo great a noumbre
Seyn criſtys lawe gadred in puiſſaunce
The feith of criſt falſly to encombre
But there were made haſty ordynaunce
By kynges of Englonde normandye and fraunce
Firſt to ſocoure dyd his beſy peyne
Godfrey Bollyon that was duke of Loreyn

Which on ſaraſyns made a diſconfyture
Maugre turkes for all their great might
In which batayle criſt made him recure
The felde that day to ſupporte his right
Where the ſeide robert was founde ſo gode a knighte
That for his nobles by recorde of writynge
Of Jeruſalem was named tobe kinge

Aſſentyd nat to the eleccion
By cauſe of newe that he dyd vnderſtonde
His eldre brother for ſhort concluſion
Icallyd wylliam was ded in Inglonde
Wolde in no wyſe take the crowne on honde
Of Jeruſalem but lyke a manly knight
Cam to Englonde for to cleyme his right

And yit or he cam he had knowlegynge
His yonger brother callyd henry
Had vpon him take to be crowned kynge
Tolde his lordes and princys fynally
He was next heire entryd rightfully
As enheritoure to ſuccede in that realme
His brother beynge kynge of Jeruſalem

God wote the cauſe ſtode all in other wyſe
The ſayde Robert duke of Normandye
Purpoſyd him by marcyall empryſe
From his brother to take the regalye
Toke his princys and his chiualrye
Thought he wolde lyke a manly knight
Aryue in Inglonde and reioyſe his right

Both in one felde aſſemblyd on a day
The brethren tweyne eche with ſtronge partye
To darreyne and make no delay
Eche with other to holde champartye
But whan theſe lordes the miſcheef dyd eſpye
They beſyed them and were nat recheles
Atwene the brethern to reforme pees

The ſeyde brethern were fully condeſcendyd
Vpon this poynt for ſhorte concluſion
As in the acorde was iuſtly comprehendyd
Henry to holde and haue poſſeſſion
Durynge his lyf of all this region
And Roberte ſhulde haue for his partye
A ſõme of golde with all Normandy

Thre thouſande pounde put in remembraunce
Ech yere to Robert ſent fro this region
Of which payment to make full aſſuraunce
Was layde hoſtages as made is mencyon
But yit of newe fyll a diſſencion
Atwene the brethren of hatrede and enuye
For a certeyn caſtell that ſtode in normandye

Which caſtell longed of heritage
Vnto the kynges Juriſdiction
Of which the duke toke his auauntage
Maugre the kynge and helde poſſeſſion
Turned after to his confuſion
And whan the kinge this thinge dyd eſpye
With ſtronge honde cam to normandye

Where the duke was layde a ſege aboute
Made ordenaunce to recure his right
Gate the Caſtell toke his brother oute
Empriſoned him of very force and might
Left him alone out of mennys ſight
Fourtene yere the cronycle wryteth ſo
There he dyed in myſcheef and in woo

While Bochas was beſy in his laboure
His boke taccompliſſh with great diligence
To him apperyd the great emperoure
Called henrye ſhewyd his preſence
Gan compleyne vpon the great offence
Done to him the myſcheef and diſtreſſe
By his ſonnes great vnkyndneſſe

The which ſonne was called eke henry
Greatly accuſed of ingratitude
Cauſe he wrought ſo diſnaturally
Toke his fadre with force and multytude
Entretyd him boyſteouſly and rude
And afterwarde there geyned no raunſon
At great myſcheef dyed in pryſon

### Howe Jocelyne prince of Rage for pryde ſlouthe and lecherye dyed in pouertie.

Next in ordre with triſt and dede viſage
Vnto Bochas to ſhewe his heuyneſſe
Cam Jocelyne lorde and prince of rage
Which is a cite famous of richeſſe
And this prince myn auctoure bereth witneſſe
Was greatly youe to ſlouth and ſlogardye
And all his luſte he ſet in lecherye

Lefte his lordſhyp out of gouernaunce
For lak of wyſdom and diſcretion
In fleſſhly luſt ſet all his pleſaunce
And to the cuntrees aboute him enuyron
He was nat had in reputation
Certeyne princys myn auctoure doth deſcryue
Of his lordſhip caſt him to depryue

Amonge which the prince of alappe
Called ſanguyne the ſtory who liſte ſe
To Jocelyne hauynge great enuye
Layde a ſiege to Rages the cyte
He beynge abſent ferre from that cuntre
And thus for ſlouth and wylfull necligence
Rages was take by mighty violence

And Jocelyne cōmaunded to pryſon
To him fortune was ſo contrarious
Loſte his lordſhyp and domynacion
Loo here the fyne of folkes vicious
Slowe delicat proude and lecherous
Dyed in pouertie in myſcheef and in nede
Of vicious princys lo here the fynall mede

### Howe the emperoure Androuycus ſlough all that were of the blode royall cheriſſhed vicioꝰ peple and after was hanged.

As very heire here and true ſucceſſoure
By election and alſo by lynage
Cam andronycus lorde and emperoure
Of conſtantynople crowned kynge of age
Next to bochas with triſt and pale viſage
Beſechinge him to doo his beſy cure
To remembre his wofull aduenture

Amonge grekys by ſtorye and ſcripture
This andronicus gouernyd nat aright
Agayne lawe and eke agayne nature
Founde with his ſuſtre fleſſhly on a night
Both of aſſent toke them to the flight
Agayn him his coſyn was ſo fell
Lorde of that cuntre callyd Emanuell

For a tyme ſtode as a man exiled
For his diſſencions and many an vncouth ſtryf
By his princes after reconcyled
Stondynge in hope he ſhulde amende his lif
But in the tyme that he was fugityf
He was made lorde and ſtode ſo for a whyle
Regnynge in pontus of Aſie a greate Ile

In this while Emanuell was dede
Fall in great age the ſtorye telleth thus
Hauynge a chylde and he who liſt take hede
Whyle he dwellyd in his faders hous
Amonge Grekes called Alexius
And the tutour he was aſſygned to
I called Alexius was alſo

The ſame that was aſſygned his tutoure
To ſe vpon him all the gouernaunce
And full power as lorde and emperoure
Had all the empyre vndre the obeyſaunce
Princys lordes gaue to him attendaunce
Where that he were preſent or abſent
Ech thynge was done at his commaundement

I mene as thus he had all in honde
Conſtantynople a cyte of great ſubſtaunce
But for extorcyons which he dyd in the londe
On his ſubgettes and for miſgouernaunce
Amonge the lordes it fyll in remembraunce
All of aſſent in herte gan deſire
Call Andronycus agayn to his empyre

By aſſent reſtored and crownyd emperoure
Conſtantynople entrynge the cyte
Lyſyed him by fraudolent laboure
All the blode born of the Imperiall ſe
For to be ſlayne by vengeable cruelte
By Iugement of this Andronycus
Excepte a prince called Iſacyus

Thus in effect the trouth was well ſeyn
He was vengeable laſt in his oldeage
Right as he was in his yerys grene
Felly gouerned full of fals outrage
Laſte of all malicious of corage
Toke to conne elſe in Grece he was thus named
All ſuch as were diſclaundryd or diffamed

Homicydes he had in his houſholde
Tyrauntes that wrought agayn rightwyſneſſe
Cheriſſhed all that hardy were and bolde
Wydowes wyues maydens to oppreſſe
Ribaudye was called gentyleneſſe
Spared nouther he was ſo lecherous
Wymen ſworne chaſt nor folke religious

Had alſo no maner conſcience
To his ſubgettes falſly by rauyne
Toke what him liſte by vniuſte violence
To all vices his youth he dyd enclyne
And all that were of the royall lyne
Were ſlayn echon except Iſacyus
As I tolde erſt by andronycus

And as I fynde for him in haſt he ſent
For this purpos to come to his preſence
To murdre him this was his entente
By dyuers tokenes and many euydence
And fully knewe the fyne of his ſentence
He lyke a prince lyſt come nonere
Smot of the hede of the meſſangere

And after that of manly prouydence
Myd the cyte ſhewyd him lyke a knyght
Prayde lordes to here him audyence
Princys iuges for to do him right
That he might declare in that ſight
Greate iniuryes damages outragyous
Wrought by the emperoure callyd Andronycus

O citezyns that knowe all the gyſe
Of your Emperour called andronycus
Nat Emperoure ſo as ye lyſt aduertiſe
But a tyraunt cruell and furious
A fals mordrere vengeable deſpytous
Hath of newe and frowarde fals corage
Slayn of the empyre holy the lynage

There is a lyue left none of the blode
Saue I alone of the royall lyne
For andronycus lyke a tyraunt wode
Hath ſlayn echon brefly to termyne
His ſwerde of vengeaunce they might nat declyne
Nowe purpoſeth of mortall tyrannye
Sle me alſo that am of their alye

Requirynge you in this conſiſtorye
O Cytezyns that here preſent be
To remembre and call to memorye
Howe this famous Imperiall cite
Hath ay ben redy to do equite
Beſy alſo of their nobleſſe
Wronge of tyrauntes manly to oppreſſe

Philoſophers and poetys eke deuyſe
In their ſawes prudent and notable
Blode of tyrauntes is noble ſacrifyſe
To god aboue whan they be vengeable
And ſith ye be rightfull iuſt and ſtable
In youre werkys voyde of inpacience
Weye this matere iuſtly on balaunce

The peple echon all of one aſſent
For outrages of thys andronycus
Put him down by rightfull Iugement
In whoos place ſet vp Iſacius
The ſayde tyraunte frowarde and vicious
Gan maligne and theym ſilf dreſſe
In his diffence to make a fortereſſe

It holpe him nat to make reſiſtence
So as he ſtode voyde of all fauoure
Spoyled he was and by violence
Maugre his might rent oute of that toure
Spoyled cruelly felt no better ſocoure
Yode all naked quakynge in his peyne
And firſt rent oute one of his yen twayne

And ouermore he had this rewarde
Without helpe ſocoure or reſpyte
Rode on an aſſe his face ſet bakwarde
The aſſys tayle holdynge for deſpyte
Whom to beholde the people hath delyte
To pore and rich through the cite
Him to rebuke was grauntyd lyberte

Affter all this in a carte ſet
And vengeably lad out of toun
By dome hanged on an hye gybet
The peple on him to his confuſion
Made clamoure and terryble ſoun
Wolde neuer fro the galowes wende
Tyll in miſcheef by deth made an ende

### Lenuoye.

IN this tragedye ageyn Andronytus
Bochas maketh an exclamacion
Ageyn all princys vicious
While they haue power and domynacion
By tyrannye vſe extorcion
Concludynge thus that their fals lyuynge
Of right requyreth to haue an euyll endynge

Indifferently this tyraunt Lecherous
Of wyues maydyns made none excepcion
Folowynge his luſte frowarde and diſclaundrous
Spared no woman of religion
Made wyues breke their profeſſion
By violence peyſe well all this thinge
Of right requireth to haue an euyll endynge

Moost in murdre he was contagious
Of Innocent blode to make effuſion
Vengeable alſo ageyn all vertuous
Ageyns his kinrede ſought occaſion
To ſle them fro which that he cam doun
Which conſydryd all ſuch fals werkynge
Of right requyreth to haue an euyll endynge

Bochas manaceth princys outrageous
Which by their proude hatefull abuſion
To god and man of wyll contrarious
Hauynge in herte a fals opynyon
All tho that been in their ſubiection
They may deuoure their power ſo ſerchynge
Which ſhall nat fayle to haue an euyll endynge

Noble princes ye that been deſirous
To perſeuere in youre domynacion
And in all vertue to be victorious
Cheriſſh trouth put falſhede doun
Be mercyable meſured by reſon
Of Andronytus the ſurfetys ſhewynge
That ye by grace may haue a gode endynge

### Of Iſacyus made blynde and taken at myſcheef

AS is reherced whan Iſacyus
Had all the empyre in his poſſeſſion
To auenge the deth of andronytus
Conſtantinople in that royall toun
A brother of his there cam doun
With a bacyn brennynge bright as glede
Made him blynde of him nomore I rede

Except Iſacyus was take at miſcheef
Of him that wrought to his deſtruction
Lyenge awayte as doth a preuy theef
Toke the emperoure put him in priſon
Vengeably dyd execucion
As is remembryd with a bacyn bright
Brennynge rede hote and ſo he loſt his ſighte

A ſonne he had called alexius
Tendre of age caſte him to ſuccede
By his tutour fals and contrarious
Murdred he was at myſcheef as I rede
The ſame tutor purpoſynge as in dede
Of the empyre by fals colluſion
By fraude and mede to haue poſſeſſion

In this chapitre of him nomore I fynde
Reherced here in ordre by writynge
But to myn auctour the proceſſe maketh mynde
There cam in haſt Sangot of Egypt kinge
And with him cam pitouſly wepinge
Mighty princis ſoudanys tweyne
Regnynge in damas their falles to compleyne

Of Aloppe Saleth was that one
Regnynge in Damas of his true right
Cathabadyn there beynge the ſoudan
Which in tho dayes was holde a mighty knight
And right notable in euery mannys ſight
And for the Soudan of Babilon a ferre
Called ſaladyn oppreſſyd was with werre

For ſocoure ſent theſe princys tweyne
To come in haſt with all their chiualrye
Hym to ſupport and do their beſy peyne
Enforce their might to ſuſtene their partye
Whoos requeſt they liſt nat denye
Abode no lenger but made theym ſilf ſtronge
To ſtonde with him were it right or wronge

Of this mater the ſubſtaunce to conclude
These princys cam Salech and Cathabadyn
For their guerdon they founde ingratitude
In this for the ſayde Soudan ſaladyn
Founde him vnkinde pleynly this the fyne
From their eſtate as it was after knowe
Diſgraded them brought them doun full lowe

Of him in ſothe they had none other mede
For their laboure nor for their kindneſſe
what fyll after in Bochas I nat rede
For he furthwith leueth this proceſſe
And vnto robert doth his ſtyle dreſſe
Callyd Farentyne regnynge in Tarence
Loſt his lordſhip by ſodeyne violence

This to ſay he regned but awhile
This ſayde robert loſte his gouernaunce
Next to Bochas cam Quylyam of ceciſe
Kynge of that cuntre lorde of great puiſſaunce
Loſt his kyngdom thrugh fortunes variaunce
His iyen twayne rent out of his hede
After dyed in myſcheef and drede

which Quylyam regnynge in ceciſe
was by diſcente borne nye of allye
To robart guiſcarde as bokes do compyle
That whilom was duke of Normandye
Greatly delytinge in chyualrye
with his brother full notable of renoun
Brought naples to ſubiection

Hys brothers name callyd was Rogere
which had a ſon callyd enheritoure
Called Tancret as ſeith the cronyculere
which toke vpon him to regne as ſucceſſoure
Thus in Ceciſe Tancret was gouernoure
Ageyn whom by title fought a ferre
Of alyaunce he gan a mortall werre

For a mayde that called was conſtaunce
That doughter was to the kinge Rogere
which was ſet of ſpirituall pleſaunce
To be religious of hole herte and entere
And by recorde of the cronyculere
This Conſtaunce hath the worlde forſake
And to religion hath hir body take

Of this conſtaunce the ſelf ſame yere
That ſhe was borne as made is mencion
There was a clerke a great aſtronomere
Tolde of hir byrth by calculacion
She ſhulde cauſe the deſolacion
Of that kingdom by proceſſe of hir age
By the occaſion only of mariage

Some that were to tancret great enmy
By their vngoodly exortacion
Moued the emperour that called was herry
To take conſtaunce from hir religion
And by the popys diſpenſacion
She weddyd was the emperour by his might
By title of hir put tancret from his right

with a greate noumbre of Italyens
The Emperoure entryd into that regyon
But by fauour of cecilyens
Tancret longe tyme ſtode in poſſeſſyon
But thrugh fortunes tranſmutacion
The ſame tyme to conclude in ſentence
The ſeyd Tancret dyed on peſtylence

His ſonne Quylliam that was but yonge in dede
with Cecilyens caſt him nat to faile
To kepe his londe and his right poſſede
Mete the emperoure with ſtatly apparayle
Made him redy with him to haue a batayle
But the emperoure to greate auauntage
Caſt otherwiſe of fraude in his corage

Repenyngly durynge the diſcorde
The Emperoure caſt another wyſe
By a fals coloure to fall at acorde
And yonge Quylyam vngoodly to begyle
Vndre tretye takyn in ceciſe
Falſly depryued of his region
Sent to Naple and throwe in priſon

By weye of trety the ſtory who lyſt ſe
All concluded vndre fals treſon
with Quylliam take were his ſuſters thre
His iyen put out for more concluſion
He perpetually dampnyd to priſon
Dyed in pouerte loſte his enherytaunce
Loo here the fyne of worldly variaunce

Ferther to write as Iohn bochas began
After that Quylyam was put from his realme
To him apperyd Guyot luſynyan
Thoſe afore kynge of Ieruſalem
whoos knightly fame ſhoon like the ſonne beme
which by his nobleſſe he whilom dyd atteyne
Godfrey preſent that was duke of Loreyne

But by the Soudon namyd Saladyne
He was enchaced of that dignyte
All worldly pompe draweth to declyne
So for the conſtreynt of his aduerſyte
The yerys paſſyd of his proſpyte
Went into Cypre as a fugitif
What fyll after I rede nat in his lyf

To make his compleynt after him cam one
Which had ſtonde in great perplexite
Erle of breyenne and was called Iohn
Which afterwarde was kinge of the cyte
Callyd Ieruſalem and alſo parde
A fayre doughtre yonge and tendre of age
Ioyned after to fredryk in mariage

Beynge that tyme lorde and emperoure
Was deſirous aboue all other thinge
Of Ieruſalem to be gouernoure
And of cecyle to be crowned kynge
Which altherlaſt for his ſubtyll werkynge
Conſtreyned was doun fro that partye
To be a capteyn for londe in lumbardye

### Of herry the eldeſt ſonne of Fredryk the ſeconde miſcheuyd by his fadre.

Ext to bochas crokyd halt and feble
n One callyd herry cam for to pleyne
The eldeſt ſonne vnto fredryk
Which by ſekeneſſe had felt great peyne
Megre and pale contract in euery veyne
Of whoos langoure the cheef accaſion
Was that he lay ſo longe tyme in priſon

All his diſeſe at great aduerſyte
Icauſed was for ſhort concluſion
By his faders frowarde cruelte
As bochas after maketh mencion
And this herry by generacion
Sonne vnto fredryk like as it is founde
I mene fredryk called the ſeconde

This herry by diſſent of lyne
Of Cecile firſt was crowned kynge
And of Ieruſalem whos renoun dyd ſhyne
Through many a londe at his begynnynge
And fortune alſo in hir werkinge
Was to this herry paſſyngly notable
In all his werkes Inly fauorable

Of his perſone he had this auauntage
To all the peple he was right acceptable
Well cõmendyd in his flouringe age
Of chere and face and loke right ameable
And of his porte very demure and ſtable
Callyd in his gynnynge ſuch fauoure he hath wõne
Of princys all very light and ſonne

But oft it falleth that a glad mornynge
Whan phebus ſheweth hir bemys fayre and bright
The day ſūtyme therupon folowynge
With ſome derke ſkye is eclipſyd of his light
And ſemblably through fortunes might
This ſayde prince by hir fals variaunce
Fonde in hir whele full noyous fell greuaunce

Who may the furyes of fortune appeſe
Hir troubly wawes to make them calme and pleyn
Where men moſt truſte they fynde mooſt diſeaſe
Where double corages ſtonde in no certeyn
A ſhynynge day is oft meynt with reyne
Thus of fredryk the great vnſtableneſſe
Hath brought his ſonne in miſcheef and diſtreſſe

This Frederyk ſet vp in a greate fauoure
By the popes diligent beſyneſſe
Unto the ſtate lift vp of emperoure
But through his fatall frowarde vnkyndneſſe
Of couetiſe fyll in ſuch exceſſe
Toke vpon him patrymony to gyde
Of criſtys church that parte to occupye

Fyll in the popes indignacion
Counſeyle nor trety might none auayle
But of malyce and preſumpcion
Caſte with the pope to haue a great batayle
The ſayde herry his fadre gan counſayle
Agayn the church to do no violence
But him ſubmytte with humble obedience

This ſtryf enduryng atwene theſe great eſtates
Fredryk made his ſonne to be accuſed
To him of cryme leſe mageſtatys
Wolde nat ſuffre he ſhulde be excuſed
But lyke a man maliciouſly refuſed
By his fadres curſed fals treſon
He was cōmaundyd to dye in pryſon

Sũme bokes ſey he was takyn and brought
To his fader of dome to haue ſentence
But lyke a man paſſed ſorowe and thought
Which to his lyf had none aduertence
Furiouſly and with great violence
As he was lad alas on horſbak
His hors fyll down and ſo his necke he brake

Some bokes reherce of him and ſeyn
His fader toke ageyn him occaſion
And whan he had longe in cheynes leyne
At great miſcheef he dyed in priſon
And ſome ſay that he fyll down
Of a bridge bochas reherceth here
And drowned was in a depe Ryuere

### A comendacion of bochas of ſuch as be kynde to their kynrede.

Ext in ordre myn auctour dyd his cure
n To make a ſpecyall cōmendacion
Of ſuch as be diſpoſyd by nature
And by their kyndly inclynacion
As blode requyreth and generacion
To aquyte theym ſilf in thought wyll and dede
Without feynynge vnto their kynrede

Specially that none vnkyndneſſe
Be founde in theym for none aduerſite
To conſidre of naturall gentilneſſe
To them appropryd is mercy and pyte
And to auoyde the fals duplicite
That was in Frederyk which ſo vnkindly
Lete ſle his ſonne that callyd was herry

Pyte is appropryd to kynrede
Fadre and modre by diſpoſycion
To cheriſſh their children and eke fede
Tyll ſeuene yere paſſe lawe maketh mencion
And as they be bounde of naturall reſon
That tyme paſſed their tendrenes to enclyne
Vnto fortune by vertuous diſciplyne

Than afterwarde in their adoleſcence
Vertuouſly to teche them and chaſtyſe
Noriſſh them in doctryne and ſcience
Foſtre in vertue vices to deſpyſe
To be curteys prudent ſad and wyſe
For whan they gynne with vertue in that age
Gladly after they do great outrage

As it longeth to euery gentyll lyne
And blode royall by kindly Influence
To fader and moder ſhewe theym ſilf benygne
Of humble hertes do the in reuerence
Ay to remembre in their aduertence
On ſyx princys that wrought the contrary
For which fortune was their aduerſarye

Euerich to other founde was vnkynde
In curſyd blode may be no kyndneſſe
Of one lynage fauoureth tre and rynde
The frute alſo bereth of the tre wytneſſe
And ſemblably the fadres curſydneſſe
With mortall ſwerde in nature reprouable
Ageyne the childe is oft ſeen vengeable

Amonge which Brutus is rekned one
Next in ordre foloweth manlius
Slough their children by recorde euerichon
Philip manlyus and alſo Caſſyus
And cruell herode fell and malycious
Fredryk alſo mooſt vengeably
Slough his ſonne that called was herry

Thys fredryk ay benigne and contrarye
Towarde his ſon nat gracious nor benygne
From holy church vngoodly he gan varie
And there ageyn frowardly maligne
And lyke a man obſtynat and vndigne
Dyed a curſyd through miſgouernaunce
Without confeſſion or repentaunce

### Howe Manfroye kynge of poyle was ſlayn.

Next to bochas of poyle cam the kynge
Began his fall and compleynt ſpecefye
Callyd manfroy and for his fals werkinge
Put down and ſlayne cauſe of his tyrannye
Loo what auayleth ſceptre or rigalye
To a tyraunte which of violence
Lyſt to godwarde haue none aduertence

### Howe Encys kinge of Sardany died in pryſon.

With loke down caſt dedly pale of chere
Of Sardanpa Lucyus next cam down
Kynge of that londe to tell the manere
Howe he werrayed agayn the mighty town
Called Bonya to his confuſion
By theym venquyſſhed and with cheynes rounde
Dyed in priſon ſo longe he lay there bounde

Folowynge myn auctoure called Bochas John
In Sardanya as he maketh mynde
Serpent nor wulf in that londe was none
Hauynge a well which of very kynde
Theuys iyen the water maketh blynde
To true folke as he doth dyuyne
Water therof was helth and medecyne

There groweth alſo an herbe as bokes ſaye
Which that is ſo dyuers of nature
Who taſteth therof laughynge he ſhall dye
No medecyne may helpe theym nor ſocoure
The touch therof ſtante eke in auenture
If it entre his mouth on any ſyde
He ſhall alyue for laughter nat abyde

### Another Frederyk was ſlayne by iugement of hys brother.

There was another frowarde frederyk
Sonne of alphonce that was kynge of caſtyle
Of corage wode and eke frentyke
His own brother falſly to begyle
Began a werre laſtynge but a whyle
Whoos purpos was his brother to deſceyue
And the crown of Caſtyle to receyue

This frederyk cam with a great batayle
Agayn his brother for the ſame entente
Of his purpoſe yit he dyd fayle
God nor fortune were nat of aſſent
Take in the felde and by Jugement
Of his brother for his great treſpace
Slayne openly had no better grace

### How manymettus and Argones dyed at myſcheefe

Manymettus of perce lorde and kinge
Cam next in piteu deſtreſſyd in great peyne
Vpon fortune pitouſly playnynge
His aduerſite dyd hym ſo conſtreyne
For there was one which at hym dyd dyſdeyn
Called argones voyde of tytle or ſigne
Geyn manymettus proudly gan maligne

Which Argones for his preſumpcion
Take at myſcheef by ſodeyn violence
His dome was gyuene to dye in priſon
Of no power to make reſiſtence
But fortune that can no difference
On his chaungys atwene frende and foo
Cauſed them dye at miſcheef both two

### Howe Charles kynge of Jeruſalem, and of Cecile for auaryce and auoutrye died at myſcheef.

Fter theſe forſayde reherced in ſentence
a As Bochas reherſith in his ſtyle
Cam noble Charles vnto preſence
Kynge of Jeruſalem and alſo of Cecile
Of whoos comynge myn auctour a great whyle
Aſtonyed was to ſe his knyghtly face
With ſuch chere come into place

For by his port who behelde him wele
Conſydryd firſt his loke and his viſage
It ſemyd he trade vpon fortunes whele
And of his noble marcyall corage
Had of hir power goten auauntage
Shewynge him ſelf on eche partye
Hir and hir might dyd vtterly dyffye

Firſt to comende his royall hye lynage
And of his vertuous famous alyaunce
And by wrytynge and prayſynge of langage
The name of hym ſpecially to auaunce
Seyth he was born of the blode of fraunce
And to encres mooſt ſouereynly his pryſe
Writeth he was brother vnto ſeint Lowys

Gaue to fraunce this comendacion
So as phebus paſſeth eche other ſterre
Right ſo that kingdom in compariſon
Paſſeth euery londe both nye and ferre
In polycye be it pees or werre
For it tranſcendeth in pees by prouydence
And in werre by knyghtly excellence

Theſe wordes be nat take of myn auctoure
Entitled here for a remembraunce
By one Laurence which was tranſlatour
Of this proceſſe to commende fraunce
To preyſe that londe was all his pleſaunce
Seith Influence of that royall londe
Made charles ſo worthy of his honde

Of whoos nobleſſe pope Urban had Ioye
Him to encres for vertuous lyuynge
Which that tyme was duke of Angeoy
After choſen of cecile to be kynge
Of pope Urban required by wrytynge
Towarde rome that he ſhulde him dreſſe
Of kinge manfroy the tyrannye to oppreſſe

Ageyn the pope and holy church right
This ſayde manfroye dyd great extorcion
Noble Charles as goddys owne knight
Cam with ſtronge hand up to rome town
Which in his cōmynge gaue poſſeſſion
To Gyot manfort for to haue the garde
In his paſſage and gouerne the vauwarde

To rome with greate ordenaunce
They paſſed ouer the boundes of Italye
This manly knight this charles born in fraunce
Lad with him many ſtronge batayle
The popes enmy manly to aſſayle
But all this while to ſtonde at diffence
This ſayde Charles founde no reſiſtence

Entringe rome to be their protectoure
Full well receyued at his firſt entrynge
Choſe and preferred for cheef ſenatoure
By the pope moſte glad of his cōmynge
Of Cecyle was after crowned kinge
And of Ieruſalem as made is mencion
Graunted to him full poſſeſſion

Which in his gynnynge bare him ſo wele
Entringe that londe with knightly apparaile
Of Caſſyne gate firſt the ſtronge caſtele
At Boneāment had a great batayle
With kynge manfroye whoos partye dyd aſſayle
To reherce ſhortly his auenture
Charles made on him a diſconfiture

In which batayle kynge manfroye was ſlayn
And noble charles toke poſſeſſion
Wherof romayns were full glad and fayne
yet in Cecile there was rebellyon

But they were brought unto ſubiection
yet Corandyne recorde of all wrytynge
Son of Conrade claymed to be kinge

Gan make him ſtronge proudly toke his place
At alygate a famous olde cite
Noble charles with knightly chere and face
Fyll upon him made him for to flee
And to ſet reſt in the cuntre
To auoyde trouble and make all thynge certayn
Gaue Iugemorte Corandyne to be ſlayn

Amonge kinges notable and glorious
Charles was put as made is mencyon
Lyke a prince ſtronge and victorious
In full peſyble and hole poſſeſſion
Of Cecile and all that regyon
Ageyns whom was no diſobeyſaunce
yeldyd of hole herte to his gouernaunce

By tytle alſo of his alyaunce
Fortune greatly dyd him magnefye
For as it is put in remembraunce
The noble princes that called was marie
Doughtre to Stephene regnynge in hungerie
Ioyned was and knyt in mariage
To charles ſon to encres of his lynage

This ſame charles by auctorite
So as him lyſt to ordeyne
Was made kinge of the great cyte
Called Ieruſalem of townes mooſt ſouereyne
By which tytle he bare crownes tweyne
His brothre lowys olde bokes ſaye
The ſame tyme in Egypt gan werreye

Gate all the cuntrees aboute enuyron
Which that ſaraſyns dyd falſly occupye
Brought them ageyn to ſubiection
Of Ieruſalem that londe to magnefye
Cartage in Affryk with all their Rygalye
And all the cuntrees beynge aforne contraire
To kynge charles becam tributayre

This while he ſat higheſt in his glorye
Lyke phebus ſhynynge in his myddaye ſpere
With many conqueſte and many great victorye
Whan his nobles ſhone mooſt bright and clere
The ſame tyme with a frownynge chere
Fortune gan from Charles turne hir face
And him beraft hir fauoure and hir grace

This lady fortune doth ſeeld in one contune
She is ſo geriſſh of condicion
A ſorcereſſe a traytoure in cõmune
Caſt a fals mene to his deſtruction
One of his ſonnes ſlayne with poyſon
Which dyd eclipſe myn auctour doth expreſſe
A full great partye of his olde gladneſſe

He was deſclaundred of all the vice
Which aperteyneth vnto tyrannye
I mene the vice of frowarde auaryce
Which is contrarye greatly vnto his chiualrye
Diffamed alſo of fals auoutrye
Which was ſuſteyned thrugh his mayntenaunce
Within the londe by a knight of fraunce

The ſame knight abidinge in his hous
All cercle troubled with that dede
The greate offence was ſo diſclaunderous
Thrugh all the region it began to ſprede
For thilke woman playnly as I rede
Was wyf to one which ſuffred this offence
And to be vengyd dyd his diligence

Iohn Proſith pleynly was his name
Which caſt him fully auengyd for to be
That kynge Charles ſhulde bere the blame
Sleen all the french men that bode in that cuntre
Without grace mercy and pyte
And for to do full execucion
Requyred was the kinge of Arogon

Loſt of Cecile hole the region
With obeyſaunce of many cuntre
And of Ieruſalem the poſſeſſion
Fyll by proceſſe in great aduerſite
And laſt conſtrayned with greuous pouerte
To god mooſt mekely with full heuy chere
Sone to be dede was his prayere

Supprized he was with ſorowe in his corage
Loſte his force fyll in to maladye
Langwyſſhed forth tyll he gan fall in age
Ageyn fortune founde no remedye
And by occaſion of fals auoutrye
Fyll to miſchief and for ſorowe and drede
This charles dyed nomore of him I rede

### Lenuoye.

l yke as phebus in ſome freſſh mornynge
After aurora the day doth clarefye
Falleth oft that his bright ſhynynge
Is derkyd with ſome cloudy ſkye
A lykeneſſe ſhewyd in this tragedye
Expert in charles the ſtory dth o well preue
Youth and age rekned truely
The fayre day men do prayſe at eue

The noble fame of his freſſh gynnynge
To ſaynt lowes he was nigh of allye
Right wiſe/ right manly/ right vertuous of lyuinge
Callyd of knighthode floure of chyualrye
Tyll mayntenaunce of auoutrye
Cam into his courte to hurte his name and greue
His lyf his deth put in iupartye
The fayre day men do prayſe at eue

Lyke deſertys men haue their guerdonynge
Vertuous lyf doth princes magnefye
The contrarye to them is great hindrynge
Folke experte the trouth may nat denye
Serch oute the rewarde of curſyd lecherye
Where it is vſed the houſholde may nat preue
In this matere to charles haue an iye
The fayre day to prayſe towarde eue

Noble princes all vices eſchuynge
Youre high corage late reſon gyde
Withdrawe youre honde fro ryotous watchinge
Fle fleſſhly luſtys and vicious companye
Oppreſſe no man do no tyrannye
Socoure the nedy pore folke do reſcue
Late men reporte the prudent policie
Of youre laſt age whan it draweth to eue

### Of Hugolyne Erle of Pyſe/ ſlayne in pryſon.

After charles ſtorye rad the wofull fyne
As ye haue herde the manere and the gyſe
To Iohn Bochas apperyd Hugolyne
Callyd whilom the Erle of pyſe
Tyll they gan ageyn him aryſe
Mooſt vengeable cruell and vnkynde
Slough him in priſon nomore of him I finde

Saue his children of hatrede and enuye
Were murdred eke in a depe priſon
Next with his compleynt the kynge of armonye
Cam tofore Bochas that callyd was athon
A criſten prince full famous of renoun
For oure feith from which he liſt nat erre
Geyn tartarius longe tyme he helde great werre

the [illegible] kinge

This manly kynge in knyghthode full famous
It was ſhewyd his ſtory who liſt ſe
Had a brother fell and deſpytous
Called Sabath deſyrous to ſuccede
Stede of his brother the kyngdom to poſſede
By fals treſon reuyd of his right
Kept hym in holde and put out of his ſight

This ſabath loſte both happe and grace
His other brother as made is mencion
By ſtronge hande put hym from his place
Chaced hym out of that region
Take by force and fetryd in priſon
Dyed there noman liſt hym viſite
Lo howe god can treſon and murdre quyte

### Howe [redacted] Boneface the viii was take by the lynage de Columpnys/ ete his hondys and dyde in priſon

Amonge theſe woful prynces thre
Which ſhewyd theym ſo vggly of their chere
[redacted] Boneface by great aduerſite
The viii of that name gan to approch nere
A thouſande iii C accompted was the yere
Fro criſtys birth by computacion
Whan that he made his lamentacion

This ſame [redacted] caught occaſion
Which vndre petre kept gouernaunce
To Interdicte all the region
Tyme of kynge philyp regnynge tho in fraunce
Dyrect bulles down into conſtaunce
To Nycolas made by Boneface
Archidiacon of the ſame place

Of holy church the prelates nygh echon
Buſſhoppys of fraunce fully haue declared
Puruynge by poyntes many mo than one
In a great ſynne pleynly and nat ſpared
By hym the church was hurte and nat repared
Put on hym crymes of great myſgouernaunce
Denouncynge curſye to all the londe of fraunce

Put on hym many great outrage
Wrongly howe he had done offence
To a Cardynall born of the lynage
De Columpnys a byſſhop of reuerence
For which cauſe he kept hym abſence
Out of the court drough where he was born
By which occaſion the [redacted] his lyf hath lorn

De Columpnys the lynage hath ſo wrought
Toke Bonyface for his olde cruelte
With great force and power they haue hym brought
Vnto a caſtell which ſtode in the cite
Called ſancti angeli gaue auctorite
To a Cardynall and by commyſſion
Power to do full execucion

Of theſe maters hangynge in balaunce
Atwene partyes were it right or wronge
Both of romayns and prelates eke of fraunce
The [redacted] ay kept within the caſtell ſtronge
Of auenture abydynge there nat longe
Fyll in a ſlype and afterwarde for nede
For hunger ete his handys as I rede

Houre of his dyenge it is made mencion
Aboute the caſtell was merueylous lightnynge
Where the [redacted] lay fettred in priſon
None ſuch afore was ſeyn in their lyuynge
And while Bochas was beſy in writinge
To write the fall of this Bonyface
The ordre of templers cam tofore his face

### Howe the ordre of Templers was foundyd/ and with other of the ordre brent.

Cronyculers the trouth can recorde
Callynge to mynde the firſt fundacion
Of olde auctours therwith accorde
Of theſe Templers howe the religion
Gan that tyme whan Godfray Bullion
Had wonne that noble knyghtly man
Jeruſalem that ordre firſt began

By certeyne knyghtes which dyd their beſy peyn
Whan the cite was firſt I wonne
By noble Godfray duke whilom of loreyn
There crownyd kynge this ordre they begonne
Olde bokes well reherce konne
Takynge a grounde of pouerte and lackeneſſe
To founde this ordre dyd their beſyneſſe

Their begynnynge gan of deuocion
The grounde Itake of wylfull pouerte
And made firſt their habytacion
By the temple nat ferre from the cite
In tokne of clenneſſe ſworne to chaſtyte
Of the temple lyke to their deſires
Toke that name and called were Templeres

[redacted] Honorye gaue them auctoryte
Of holy church beynge that tyme hede
A whyte habyte they bare that tyme for chaſtyte
Eugenyus after gaue them a croſſe of rede
And to defende pylgrymes out of drede
Geyne ſarazyns thrugh their high renoun
This was cheef poynt of their profeſſion

Whyle they lyued in wylfull pouerte
These croſſed knightes in mantell clad of white
They are ſpred in many ferre cuntre
For in perfeccion was ſet all their delyte
Folke of deuocion caught an appetyte
Them for to encres gaue great almeſſe
By which they gan encres in great richeſſe

By proceſſe within fewe yerys
The noumbre great of their religion
And the fame of the ſaide Templers
Gan ſprede wyde in many region
With their ſodeyn ryſinge of their profeſſion
With toures caſtellys they gaue them to deſires
Appalled in vertue which brought in many vices

It were to longe to rekne them all
But amonge other I fynde there was one
A manly knight folke Jaques dyd him call
Great of auctorite amonge them euerichon
As cronycles remembre of yore agon
The which Jaques in the realme of fraunce
Was borne of blode to great enheritaunce

The ſame Jaques holde a manly knight
In his gynnynge freſſh luſty of corage
Had a brother by elder title of right
Occupyed all hole the heritage
Bycauſe Jaques yonger was of age
Which might nat by no condicion
No thinge cleyme of that poſſeſſion

Hys elder brother occupyed all
While this Jaques but lowe was of degre
Wondre deſyrous to be with him egall
Alway put backe by frowarde pouerte
And to ſurmounte if it wolde be
Fonde oute a meane lyke to his deſires
Was choſyn mayſter of the templers

Was promotyd by fre eleccion
By them that ſhulde cheſe him of right
Wherby he had great domynacion
Rycheſſe / treſoure/ great power and might
Of his perſone was eke a manly knight
The ſame tyme put in remembraunce
Philyp la Bele crowned kynge of fraunce

Which had of Jaques greate indignacion
To all the templers and all the chyualrye
Caſte wayes to their deſtruccion
Gaue auctorite his luſte to fortefye
Down fro the [redacted] hokes ſpecefye
Clement the concludinge if ye may
All the templers deſtroyed them on a day

For certeyn crymes horryble to here
All atones were ſet in pryſon
By their frendes touchinge thys matere
Counceyled to aſke mercy and perdon
That they ſhulde by playne confeſſion
Requerynge him knelinge on a rowe
And as it was their treſpas been aknowe

Jaques was take and with him other thre
Kept in holde and to priſon ſent
And the remenaunt of their Iniquyte
Ordeyned were by open Jugement
To mighty ſtakes to be tyed and brent
The kynge in manere lyke to do them grace
So they wolde confeſſe their treſpace

But all for nought they were ſo indurate
All of acorde and of one corage
To aſke mercy were obſtynate
The fyre redy all with one langage
Whan the flame approched their viſage
Full pleynly ſpake cryed pytouſly
Of their actes which they were nat gylty

Fro their purpos they lyſt nat to declyne
But with one voys echon and one ſoun
Fully affermed tyll they dyd fyne
Howe their ordre and their religion
Igroundyd was upon perfection
And their deth verely in dede
Compaſſed was of malyce and hatrede

The ſayde Jaques of whom I ſpake tofore
Brought to a place which called was leon
Tofore two legates or that his lif was lorn
All openly made his confeſſion
He was worthy for ſhort concluſion
For to be dede by rightfull Jugement
This was his ende to aſſhes he was brent

Bochas here cōmendeth Theodorus with other two philoſophers for their pacience notably.

Gyuynge a prys to philoſophers thre
Bochas cōmendeth with great diligence
Howe eche of theym was in his cuntre
Soueraynly by vertuous excellence
Of olde commendyd for their pacyence
Which may be ſet and crowned in his ſtall
As Empereſſe amonge vertues all

Monge cecilians firſt theodorus
For pacience had in great reuerence
Amonge grekes the ſtorye telleth thus
Artaxerſes for his magnyficence
By force of vertue grounded in pacience
Bycauſe he was vertuous and wys
For ſuffraunce gaue him a ſouereyn prys

Amonge romayns put in remembraunce
Sceuola both philoſopher and knight
For his marcyall harde ſtronge conſtaunce
Whan that he helde amyd the flame light
Hande and fynges amonge the coles bright
Tyll the Joyntes fallynge here and yonder
From the wreſt departyd were aſondre

First theodorus borne in the famous Iſle
By pacyens great peynes enduryng
Chief philoſophere called of Cecile
With cheynes bounde vpon the grounde lyenge
On his bodye layde gaddes rede brennynge
Suffringe his peyne liſt it nat refuſe
By kynge Jerome the tyraunte ciracuſe

For comon profyte ſuffred all his peyne
Longe tyme afore lyinge in priſon
Which by aſſent of mo than one or twayne
Was the moſte chief by cōſpyracion
To bringe the tyraunt to his deſtruction
For no peyn that he might endure
The coniuracion he wold nat diſcure

Rather he chaſe in miſcheif for to dye
Than by name openly declare
Of him that ſlough the tyraunt ſothly to ſeye
Though of right no man ſhulde ſpare
For comon profyte helth and welfare
To ſle a tyraunt demynge for the beſt
All a region for to ſet at reſte

For which tytle he liſt ſuffre deth
All his torment toke mooſt paciently
Theodorus tyll he yeldyd vp the breth
Grutchyd nat with noyſe nor loude crye
Amyd whoſe herte rotyd was feythfully
Comon profyte bochas write the ſame
Amonge Ceciliens to gete him a name

Grekes alſo commende aboue the ſterres
Anexerſes and greatly magnefye
Cauſe that he to ſtynte mortall werres
Lyſt nat ſpare to acquyte his partye
In rebukynge manly the tyrannye
Of Neocreon tyraunt full mortall
Regnynge in Cypre in his eſtate royall

Spared nouther for deth ne drede
Him to rebuke by vertuous langage
The tyraunt had cut of his hede
His tunge in haſt but he with ſtronge corage
Sayde he ſhulde haue none auauntage
Of that membre which with all his might
Had tolde him trouth in the peples ſight

Of his manace ſet but lytyll tale
But of his tunge of ſtronge corage
Chewyd it all on peces ſmale
Of manly hert thought it no damage
Spitte it oute into the viſage
Of the tyraunte gate ſo the victorye
To put his name euermore in memorie

And Sceuola egall to theſe twayne
For comon profite by iuſt compariſon
Put him in peces dyd his beſy peyne
To ſle porcenna cumyn to rome toun
For to accompliſſh his entencion
Toke a ſtronge darte right paſſyngly tenchaunte
With all his might caſt at the tyraunte

Of his meke cauſe he dyd fayle
To ſle his enmye after his entente
Which in Tuſkan by many ſtronge batayle
Seyng romayns with his knyghtys went
This Seuola his owne hande brente
Cauſe that he fayled of his arte
To ſle porcena with caſtyng of his darte

To declare the force of his manhede
Put hym ſilf auenged for to be
As I haue tolde in coles rede
His hande he brent for loue of his cyte
Only to aquyte his magnanymyte
Of feruente loue his cite to auayle
To ſle the tyraunte cauſe that he dyd fayle

Thus for to put the martyrall ſuffraunce
Of theſe noble philoſophers thre
In perpetuall mynde and remembraunce
Howe they them quyt ech lyke his degre
For their pure partye vnto the comonte
Cauſe all their ioy and inwarde deſire
Was for auayle to the comon profyte

Firſt theodorus put hym ſilf in pres
For Leciſiens to dye in priſon
And for grekes noble artaxerſes
His tonge tore felt great paſſion
And Seuola for Romayns and their toun
Suffred his hande by ſhort auyſement
Of very trouth in coles to be brent

A martyrdom it was in their manere
Of their corage to haue ſo great conſtaunce
Were ſo ſtable of herte body and chere
For comon profyte of face and countenaunce
Unto the deth without variaunce
Gate the tryumphe by ſouereyn excellence
With laurer crownyd for their pacience

Lyke as phebus paſſeth the lytell ſterre
Hyeſt vp rayſed in his myddday ſpere
So this vertue in trouble pees and werre
Called pacience mooſt freſſhly doth appere
Amonge vertues to ſhewe his bemys clere
For pacience knyt with humylyte
Where they abyde may none errour be

Tyrauntys hertis thys vertue doth appeſe
Modefyeth their cruell fell wodeneſſe
Rage of lyons who liſt lyue in eaſe
Of folke proſtrat his malice doth repreſſe
All oure Ioye gan firſte with mekeneſſe
For of Iuda the hardy ſtronge lyon
A maydens mekenes fro heuene brought down

In batayle and mighty ſtronge ſheltrons
A vyce with ſufferaunce wynneth the victorye
Pacience vanquiſſhith champions
Lowneſſe in vertue by many olde hiſtorye
And mekeneſſe ꝑpetuell of memorye
All to conclude grounde on reſon
A maydyns mekeneſſe wrought oure redempcion

### Bochas here commendeth humylite

VErtue of vertues o noble pacience
wᵗ laurer crowned o victo⁹ ꝯſtaũce
Laude honoʳ price and reuerence
Be youe to yᵉ prīces moſt pleſaũce
Moſt renomed by olde remēbraũce
Of whom the mighty martyrall armure
Geyn all vices lengeſt may endure

Grounde and gynnynge to ſtonde at diffence
Ageyn Sathans infernall puiſſaunce
Laureat quene where thou arte in preſence
From outrages haue no gouernaunce
Condute hede ſprynge of plenteous habundaunce
Cryſtall well celeſtyall of fygure
Geyne all vices which lengeſt may endure

Cheef founderreſſe by ſouereyne excellence
Of goſtly byldynge and ſpirituall ſubſtaunce
Empereſſe of mooſt magnyfycence
With heuenly ſpirites knyt of allyaunce
With lyf euerlaſtynge thy tryumphes to auaunce
And Ioye eternall thy nobleſſe to aſſure
In the aureat throne perpetually to endure

Thre Ierarchyes there ſprynge in preſence
With whom humylyte hath ſouereyne acqueyntaũce
Where oſanna with deuoute diligence
Is ſonge of aungels by longe continuaunce
Tofore the throne kepynge their obſeruaunce
Synge Sanctus ſanctus recorde of ſcripture
With voys memoryall ꝑpetually to endure

The brennynge loue of cherubyn by feruence
Parfite in charite diligent obeyſaunce
And Seraphyn with humble obedyence
And orderd nyne by heuenly concordaunce
Domynacions with vertuos attendaunce
Afore the trynyte ſynge: freſſhly by meſure
With wys memoryall ꝑpetually to endure

Suffraunce of paynemes hath but an apparence
Done for veyneglorye: hangynge in balaunce
But criſtys martirs in very exiſtence
Liſt ageyne tyrauntys make no repugnaunce
Rather dye than ſhewe god diſpleſaunce
Shewyd in no myrrour lykneſſe nor pycture
Take full poſſeſſion for euer with criſte to endure

[illegible]uffraunce for vertue hath the preemynence
In theym that ſet in god their affiaunce
Recorde of Stephene Vyncent and Laurence
Blyſſed Edmonde by longe perſeueraunce
Suffred for oure feith victorious greuaunce
Kynge/ mayde/ and marter/ a palme to recure
In the heuenly courte perpetually to endure

And for to ſet a maner difference
In bochas boke tolde euery circumſtaunce
Howe for oure feyth by full greate violence
Dyuers ſayntes haue ſuffred great penaunce
Stable of their chere viſage and countenaunce
Neuer to vary for none auenture
Lyke criſtys champyons ꝑpetually to endure

Whoos fundacion by notable prouydence
Grounded on criſte their ſoules to auaunce
Graue in their hertes and in their conſcience
Voydynge all trouble of worldly perturbaunce
Chaunges of fortune with hir double chaunce
Loued god and dred aboue eche creature
In hope with him ꝑpetually to endure

Howe philyp la Bele kynge of fraunce was ſlayn with a wyld bore and of his thre ſonnes and their weddynge.

han bochas had wrytyn of pacyence
w And cōmended the vertue of ſuffraunce
Philyp la Bele cam to his preſence
Firſt of yͤ name crowned kynge of fraūce
Gan compleyn his vnhappy chaunce
And on fortune of cuſtome that can vary
Which was to him cruell aduerſarye

Wounded he was with a greuous ſore
Gan his cōpleynt to bochas determyne
Howe he was ſlayne with a wylde bore
In a foreſte which called was compyne
Tolde howe he was ſclaundred and all his lyne.
Ones in Flaundres with many a worthy knyght
Venqueſſhyd of flemmynges and felly put to flyght

Procedynge ferther gan touch of his lynage
Howe in his tyme he had ſonnes thre
Lowes philip and Charles yonge of age
The fourth Robert alſo a doughter had he
Called Iſabell right excellente of beute
The ſeide roberte the ſtorye is well kougth
Which that dyed in his tendre youth

To this ſtory who lyſt haue good rewarde
The circumſtaunce wyſely to deſcerne
His doughter Iſabell was wedded to Edwarde
Carneruan the boke ſo doth vs lerne
This yonge philyp weddyd in Nauerne
The kynges doughter a ſtatly maryage
Callyd Iane whyle ſhe was tendre of age

The ſame philyp after crowned kynge
Of Nauerne his fadre of aſſente
Fyue ſonnes he had lyuynge
Of which fyue as in ſentement
Thre in nowmbre be right pertynente
The matere who ſo liſt to loke
And the proceſſe of the ſame boke

The eldeſt ſonne callyd was lowys
To whom his fadre gaue poſſeſſion
Of Nauerne by cauſe that he was wys
For to gouerne that noble region
Philip his brother for his high renoun
Was afterwarde by iuſte enheritaunce
And rightfull tytle crowned kynge of Fraunce

The thyrd brother was by title of right
Made Erle of march and named was Charles
Eche of them in the peples ſight
Were famous holde and paſſynge of great prys
And for they were right manly and right wys
Philip and Charles toke in tendre age
The Erles doughter of burgoyne in mariage

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But as the ſtory reherceth in certeyn
To their nobleſſe fortune had enuye
And by a manere of malyce and diſdeyn
Brought in proceſſe vpon the partye
Of their two wyues frowarde auoutrye
Cauſynge the deth of theſe wyues thre
Whan they mooſt floured in their felicite

After theſe thre prynces glorious
Tofore bochas to ſhewe their entente
A mighty duke notable and famous
Cam to compleyn Charles of Tarent
Which in his tyme to florence went
To make pees in his royall eſtate
Twene Guelffe and Gebellyns ſtondinge at debate

The ſayde Charles borne of the blode of fraunce
A manly knight the ſtory doth dyuyſe
By whoos vnhappy fatall frowarde chaunce
In the werres twene florence and pyſe
On horſbak ſittinge on knightly wyſe
Hurt with an arowe full lowe down to grounde
Wherby he caught his laſte fatall wounde

A man of armes beynge a ſoudyoure
With the Pyſanes were it wronge or right
Of fals dyſdeyne that day dyd his beſy laboure
To trede on charles in the peples ſight
Whan he lay gruffe wherfore he was made knight
By their capteyn for a manere pride
Which gouerned the Gybelynes ſide

And in his ſtody with full heuy chere
Whyle John bochas bode ſtyll on his ſete
To him apperyd and gan approch nere
Daunte of florence the laureat poete
With his dytes and rethoryques ſwete
Demure of loke fulfylled with pacience
With a viſage notable of reuerence

Whan Bochas ſawe him vpon his fete he ſtode
And to mete him he toke his pas full right
With great reuerence auaſed cappe and hode
To him ſeyde with humble chere and ſight
O clereſt ſonne / o very ſothfaſt light
Of oure cyte which callyd is florence
Laude vnto the honoure and reuerence

Thou haſte enlumyned Itayle and Lumbardye
With laureat dites in thy flourynge dayes
Grounde and gynnynge of prudent polecye
Monge florentynes ſuffredeſt great affrayes
As golde pured prouyd at all aſſayes
In trouth madyſt vnkely thy ſilf ſtronge
For comon proffyte to ſuffre peyn and wronge

O noble poete touchinge this matere
Howe florentynes to the were vnkynde
I wyll remembre and wryte with gode chere
Thy pytous exile and put here in mynde
Nay quod Daunt here ſtante one behynde
Duke of Athenys turne towarde him thy ſtyle
His vncouth ſtory breuy to compyle

And if thou liſt do me this pleſaunce
To deſcryue his knightly excellence
I wyll thou put his lyf in remembraunce
Howe he oppreſſyd by myghty violence
This famous cyte callyd florence
By which ſtorye pleynly thou ſhalt ſe
Which were frendes and foos to the cite

And which were able to be excuſed
If the trouth be clerly apperceyued
And which were worthy to be refuſed
By whom the cite full falſly was deſceyued
The circumſtaunce notably conceyued
To rekne in ordre by euery ſyde
Which ſhulde be chaced and which ſhulde abyde

### Howe duke Gaulter of Florence for his tyrannye/ Lecherye and couetyſe endyd in miſchef

AND whan bochas knewe all the entencion
Of the ſayde daunt he caſt him anon right
To obey his mayſtre as it was reſon
Toke his penne and he caſte his ſight
Alyte aſyde and he ſawe nomaner wight
Saue duke Gaulter of all the longe day
For Daunt vnwarly vanyſſhed was away

This ſeide Gaulter breuely to procede
Lyke as it is put in remembraunce
Touchinge his lyne and his royall kynrede
He was deſcendyd of the blode of fraunce
By longe proceſſe and knightly purueyaunce
His fader firſt by diligent laboure
Of athenys was lorde and gouernoure

Stode but a whyle in clere poſſeſſion
Grekes to him had full great enuye
Caſt of [illegible]ent to put him down
And depryue him of his famous duchie
To their entent a leyſer they dyd eſpye
Toke him at myſcheef quakinge in his drede
Of hye deſpyte in haſte ſmot of his hede

Upon whoos deth auenged for to be
This ſayde Gaulter with myghty apparayle
Caſt he wolde aſyege that cyte
But of his purpoſe longe he dyd fayle
And in thys whyle with many ſtronge batayle
Two mighty princes were come down of pyſe
Leyde a ſyege to Luke in knightly wyſe.

[illegible]rentynes to Luke were fauourable
And to delyuer the ſyege from the town
With multytude almoſt Innumerable
Made ordynaunce and knightly cam down
Which turned after to their deſtruccion
For it fell ſo of mortall auenture
On florentynes fyll the diſconfiture

The noyſe and fame of this great batayle
Gan ſprede ferre by reporte of langage
In Lumbardye and in Itayle
Monge ſoudyours luſty of corage
And amonge other feynynge a pylgrym age
The ſayde Gaulter by vnware violence
Cam fro Naples down into florence

The florentynes helde firſt a parlement
For the ſaluacion and garde of their cite
By great prudence and great auyſement
Of ſuch as were hyghiſt of degre
By one aſſent they gaue the ſouereynte
Them to gouerne hopynge to theire encres
With ſtatutes made both for werre and pees

The greteſt ſtates rulers of the town
Called magnates tho dayes in ſothneſſe.
To gaulter gaue this dominacion
Of entent the comons to oppreſſe
And marchauntes to ſpoyle of their richeſſe
Streyne men of craft by frowarde violence
Ageyn their lybertees vſed in florence

The temple alway in a wayte lyinge
To be reſtored vnto their lyberte
Gan grutch ſore amonge them ſelf pleynynge
For great extorcion done to their cite

The great alſo of moſt auctoryte
Had leuer to ſuffre Gaulter regne
Than their actions to modefye or reſtreyne

The ſayde Gaulter in full ſubtyll wyſe
By a fals maner of Symulacyon
Enemye in herte vnto their fraunchiſe
All that he wrought for ſhorte concluſion
Was done only to their deſtruccion
With a pretence feyned of frendlyhede
To his promys contrary ay was the dede

Clambe vp by proceſſe to full hye eſtate
By fayned ſpech and ſubtyll flaterye
In his herte wey pompous and elate
His werkynge outwarde no man coude eſpye
Lite and lytyll drough to his partye
That to conclude ſhortly for to ſeye
All florence his luſtys dyd obeye

Gan ſubtilly pleaſe the comonte
For to accompliſſh falſly his deſyres
Made promyſe to encres their liberte
To ſuch as were frowarde of maners
Made an othe to deſtroye their officers
But they wolde of their fre volunte
Graunte vnto him larger lyberte

Gretter power and domynacyon
To encres his might on euery ſide
Gan manace the greteſt of the town
And day by day encres in his pryde
Felly he gan felly he dyd abyde
Therupon kept clos in their entrayle
The florentynes greatly gan meruayle

In this whyle there was one Reymere
Of greate auctoryte and of great reuerence
A myghty ſargeant and a great offycere
To whoos byddynge obeyed all florence
Which with Gaultere accordyd in ſentence
With ſoudyours had ſtuffed eche hoſtrye
For to ſuſteyne of Gaulter the partye

And treytourly for to fortefye
The entent of Gaulter fell and ambicious
To haue theſtate only by tyranye
As their cheef lorde frowarde and ſurquedous
To regne in florence the cas peryllous
When two tyrauntys both of one aſſent
With multitude to accompliſſh their entent

Which thinge conſydred by their gouernours
And magnates callyd in the cyte
Whan they founde amonge them no ſocours
To remedye their great aduerſite
Fyll to accorde of neceſſite
Gaue their aſſent without variaunce
That Gaulter ſhulde haue all the gouernaunce

And condeſcendyd they were to this iſſu
That gaulter ſhulde in all his beſt wiſe
Upon the body be ſworne of cryſt Jheſu
Them to reſtore vnto their fraunchyſe
Uſed of olde and for no couetyſe
From their promys for lyf ne deth declyne
As the conuencion liſt to termyne

Herupon was blowe a trumpet
For to aſſemble the ſtates of the town
A parlyment was holden gaulter firſt ſet
Holy to pronounce the conuencyon
With euery percell entytled by reſon
Lyke their accorde declarynge anon right
Stode vp a notet in the peplys ſight

With men of armes in ſtele armyd bright
Unto their paleis chief and principall
The ſeid Gaulter conueyed anon right
Set in a ſete mooſt ſtatly and royall
And the peple with voys memoryall
Gan crye loude concludynge in ſentence
Gaulter for euer chief lorde of florence

Wo to perſeuer durynge all his lyf
Toke in the paleys full poſſeſſyon
There durſte none agayn it make ſtryf
Graunted to him the dominacion
Of all the caſtell aboute enuyron
Tuſkan areth and caſtell Florentyne
With all lordſhyppes to Mounte Appenyne

As ye haue herde gaulter thus began
By his owne furious dyuynayle
Seyde he was borne to be lorde of Tuſkan
And a great partye alſo of Itayle
Tolde he was lad and conueyed by a quayle
Seyde euermore were it right or wronge
That was the ſentence of the birdes ſonge

The ſame byrde brought him firſt to florence
All the way afore him toke his flight
With ſoote ſyngynge dyd him reuerence
Eye in the [illegible] of corage glad and light
Wolde neuer part oute of his ſight
Gaue him tokens to ſet his herte afyre
That of florence he ſhulde be lorde and ſyre

The ſame byrde he bere in his deuyſes
Full richely enbrauded with perre
Toke vpon him many great empriſes
As chief lorde of Florence the cyte
Sate in Jugement gouerned the countre
Drough to him flaterers and folke that coude lye
Baudes Ribaudes where he might them ſpye

Of that cyte toke meruelous truages
Crocheth to him richeſſys of the town
Of lecherye vſed great outrages
Of maydyns wyues made none excepcion
Voyde of mercy/ grace/ and remiſſyon
Founde quarell for to be vengeable
That to reherce it is abhomynable

Where he hateth/ mercyles he ſleeth
Brake fraunchiſes and olde lybertees
The peple playned deſyred ſore his deth
Cryed vengeaunce aboute their cities
For tyrannye done in their countrees
Which was cauſe of greate diuiſyon
And of their cite almooſt ſubuerſion

Thus they were amonge them ſilf deuyded
For their greuous ſodeyne oppreſſion
Lak of forſight that they were nat prouyded
To ſe miſcheues that ſhulde fall in the town
This is very ſoth where is deuyſion
By witneſſe and recorde of ſcripture
May no kingdom nor cyte longe endure

For which they gan compleyn one and all
Both of the great and of the comonte
And of accorde amonge themſilf they fall
To reforme the hurte of their cyte
And fynally they condeſcended be
By a maner full coniuracion
To procede to his deſtruccion

Upon a day they armyd in ſtele bright
Magnates firſt with comons of the town
All of aſſent roos vp anon right
Gan to make an hydous ſoun
Late ſe this tyraunt late vs pull him down
Leyde a ſyege by mighty violence
Afore his paleys where he lay in florence